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THE NEW YORKER

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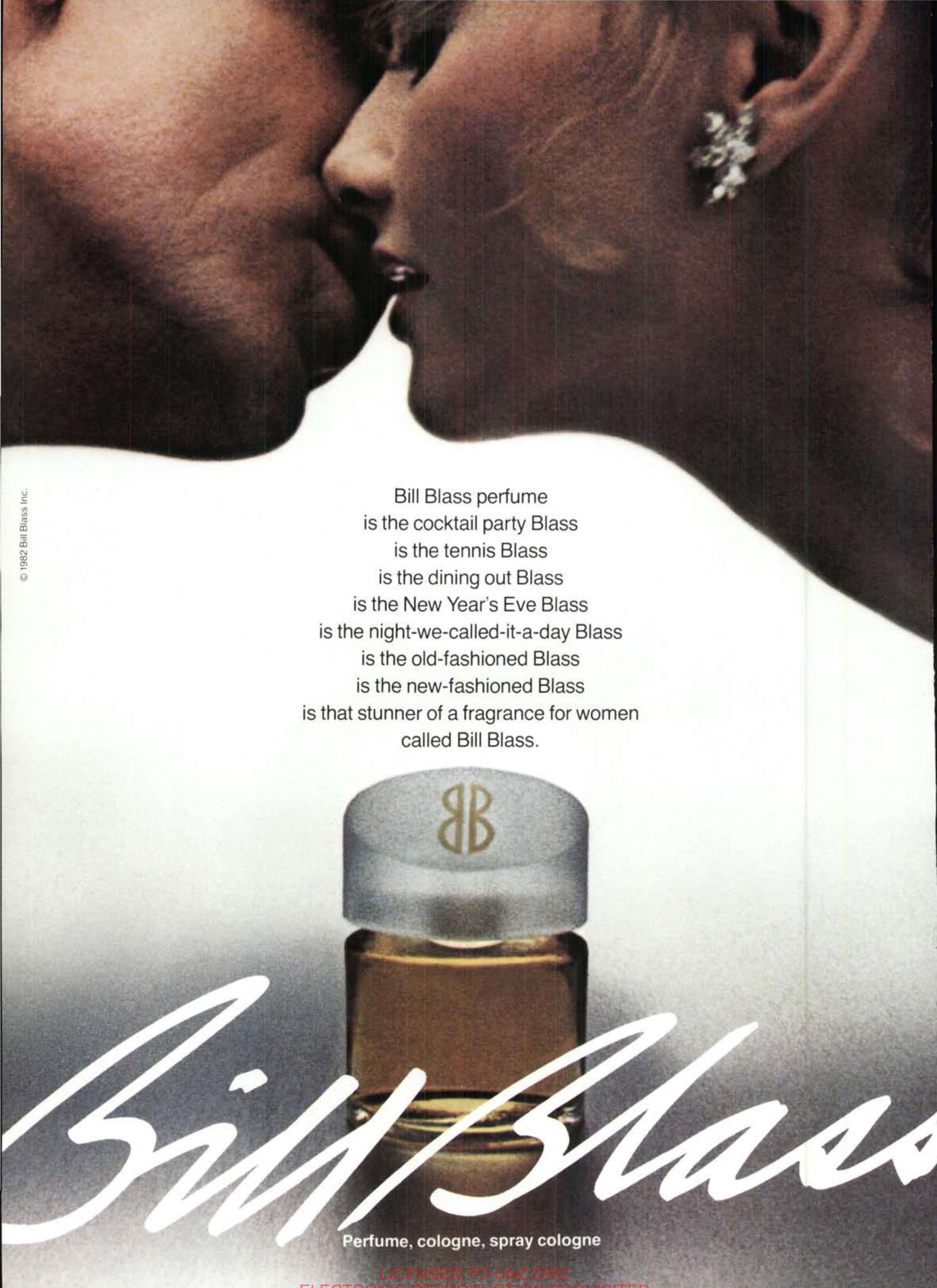

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Mondays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. No performance on Friday, Sept. 16.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3: No performances Wednesday, Sept. 7; Tuesday, Sept. 13; and Friday, Sept. 16.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, and half a dozen other first-rate actors in a rousing revival of the Herman Wouk melodrama. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Corn Is Green—The British playwright Emlyn Williams wrote this semi-autobiographical account of his rise from the Welsh mines to elmy Oxford a long time ago, and its age shows. Cicely Tyson has misconstrued the role of the schoolteacher, the implacable Miss Moffat, but Peter Gallagher is admirable as young Williams. (9/5/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

The Knack—This tame and rather listless revival of Ann Jellicoe's comedy about three young men in a basement flat in London and a young woman who pokes her head through an open window and then joins them is almost redeemed by the spirited, witty performance of Daniel Gerroll. (9/5/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 11.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, Sept. 11: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Sept. 14: THE MIKADO. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orgasmo Adulto Escapes from the Zoo—Estelle Parsons in a one-woman performance of eight short plays by Dario Fo and Franca Rame. The plays are being presented in two parts. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Part I: Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Part II: Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Selections from both parts: Tuesdays at 8. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

Preppies—A foolish, harmless musical spoof. (Promenade, Broadway and 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling

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DRAWINGS: *Edward Koren, Chon Day, James Stevenson, William Steig, Robert Weber, George Price, Mick Stevens, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Robert Mankoff, Burt Silverman, Warren Miller, Charles Saxon, Mischa Richter, Roz Zanengo, Frank Modell, Joseph Farris, Roz Chast, Lee Lorenz*

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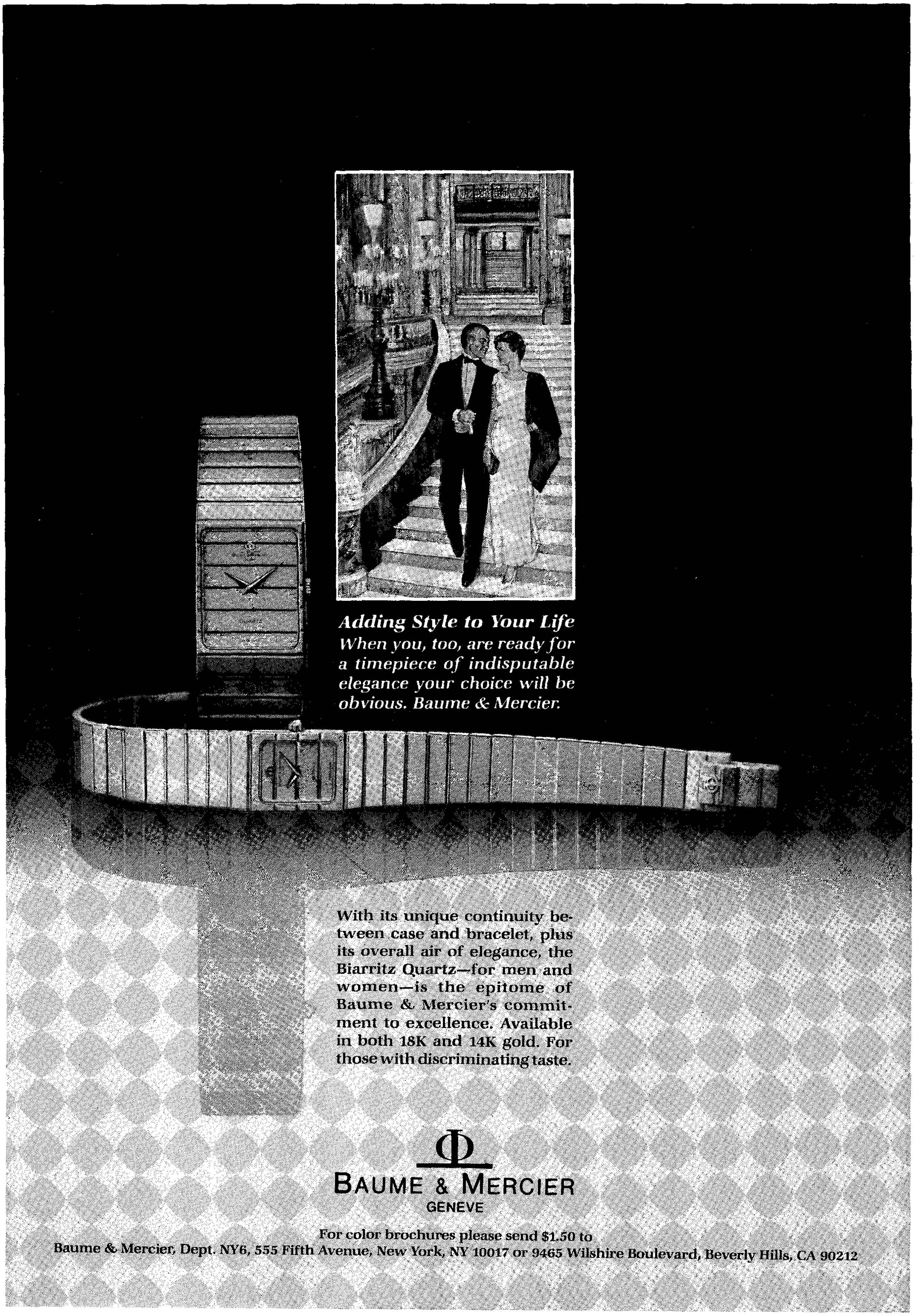

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comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 11.)

YELLOW FEVER—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Eddie Albert heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Birney plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; John Thomas Waite plays the hapless Mozart; and Maureen Moore plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EXTREMITIES:** Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,720 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

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MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE—A two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Sept. 18. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 8.)

NATIONAL DANCE THEATRE COMPANY OF JAMAICA—A six-performance engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 14-16, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 18, at 7:30.)

GLENN-LUND-DANCE—Appearing for two performances. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 14-15, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The weekend jazz crew: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, the **JAKI BYARD** trio, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, the **HAL GALPER** trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 7-8, **TITO PUENTE;** Friday through Sunday, Sept. 9-11, **MONGO SANTAMARIA;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 13-14, **DOM SALVADOR;** Thursday and Friday, Sept. 15-16, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, the comedy team of **MONTEITH & RAND** and singer **BONNIE KOLOC;** Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 12-13, Patrick Moraz and Bill Bruford; Thursday, Sept. 15, ex-Byrd **ROGER MC GUINN;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, singer **JON LUCIEN.** Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The very fine piano and bass hands: **STEVE KUHN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Saturday, Sept. 10, and **FRED HERSCH** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** beginning Monday, Sept. 12. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ'S** trio performs from eleven to two. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist Peter Nero will take up residence in the Café Carlyle beginning Tuesday, Sept. 13. Sets at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Bebop pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** will return to the Bemelmans Bar at nine on Monday, Sept. 12.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the delicate, elegant, reclusive pianist, is the star here nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Sept. 7, the Daughters, the Abductors, and Holy War; Thursday, Sept. 8, Cody Lee & the Walk, the Young Hegelians, and the Seclusions; Friday, Sept. 9, Oh-OK, Band of Outsiders, Mode I.Q., and Richard X. Heyman; and Saturday, Sept. 10, the Europeans, the Cries, and Last Goodnight. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-

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4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** who wrote "Downhearted Blues" in 1922, is singing here with her trio Wednesdays through Saturdays, at nine-thirty. Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 11-13, Peter Dean will sing and play piano at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Saturday, Sept. 10, **SKYLINE,** a bluegrass band led by banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA,** and Saturday, Sept. 17, the Critton Hollow String Band. Music from nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Sept. 11, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will guide a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Mondays from eight-thirty belong to Ed Polcer's quintet, and the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. West Coast trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** leads a quintet through Sunday, Sept. 11, and on Tuesday, Sept. 13, three singers—**HELEN MERRILL, SHEILA JORDAN,** and **SHIRLEY HORN**—will take charge. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, **QUEEN IDA & THE BON TEMPS ZYDECO BAND,** a Bayou-blues-and-Cajun outfit; Sunday, Sept. 11, comedienne Jane Brucker; Tuesday, Sept. 13, Gerry Devine & Andy Pasternack, D. A. Jones, and David Roche; Wednesday, Sept. 14, the Big Boys, the Hose, and Jazzy Jay; Thursday, Sept. 15, C'est What!; Friday, Sept. 16, the Microscopic Septet; and Saturday, Sept. 17, **BIG JOE TURNER.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 7-8, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, singer Val Eley's trio; Sunday through Wednesday, Sept. 11-14, pianist **RAHN BURTON;** and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 15-17, pop-soul pianist Kenny Brawner. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 7-11, will be claimed by the Jack Fragomeni trio; Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 14-18, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** will head a trio that will feature pianist **DON FRIEDMAN;** Mondays, pianist Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups play from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten, and Baba Motta has the same hours on Sundays.

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HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) The pianists: **DICK WELLSTOOD** through Friday, Sept. 9; **RICHARD WYANDS** on Saturday, Sept. 10; **MIKE ABENE** on Sunday and Monday, Sept. 11-12; **DICK WELLSTOOD** and **ART HODES** on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 14-15; and **DICK WELLSTOOD** on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Closed Tuesday, Sept. 13.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; from eight on Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. The Tuesday-through-Saturday slot is now the property of **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER;** the Sunday and Monday men are **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for ex-patriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, Sept. 7, the **LEGENDARY BLUES BAND,** which features pianist **PINETOP PERKINS,** and the Loners; Thursday, Sept. 8, Willie Winfield, the Harptones, and Arlene Smith & the Chantels; Sunday, Sept. 11, guitarist and occasional pianist **LARRY CORYELL** and Brian Keane; Monday, Sept. 12, the **KENDALLS;** Tuesday, Sept. 13, Fat City and the Screamin' Honkers; Wednesday, Sept. 14, Kinky Friedman; and Thursday, Sept. 15, jazzer **MC COY TYNER.** Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 8-11, **ALIVE!,** a Berkeley-based all-woman quintet, will be onstage; Tuesday, Sept. 13, (E. J.) Eddie Allen will lead his combo; and Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 14-18, will belong to Rare Silk. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer-pianist Buddy Barnes, who used to be Mabel Mercer's accompanist, performs a program entitled "To Mabel Mercer, with Love." Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday, Sept. 7, Bobby Roman; Thursday, Sept. 8, Vivian Prince; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Wednesday, Sept. 14, Keith Loving; Thursday, Sept. 15, Alvin Fields; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, Noel Pointer. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster: Wednesday, Sept. 7, Pinch, Lemmy Caution, and Jeffe Bullitt; Thursday, Sept. 8, the Spencers, J'zzing, and the Boobs; Friday, Sept. 9, oboe specialist **PAUL MC CANDLESS,** vibraharpist **DAVE SAMUELS,** and pianist **ART LANDE;** Saturday, Sept. 10, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH;** Sunday, Sept. 11, Mark Suozzo; Monday, Sept. 12, the Street Kid Band, the Next, and Broadway Station; Tuesday, Sept. 13, comedienne Nancy Parker and Chicago City Limits; Wednesday, Sept. 14, Pep and the Cat, Cliff Eberhardt, and Zoots; Thursday, Sept. 15, Line Drive, Toxic Waste, and Chris Bond; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, Badfinger. Shows start at ten. Sundays are reserved for a jam session. Dining and dancing.

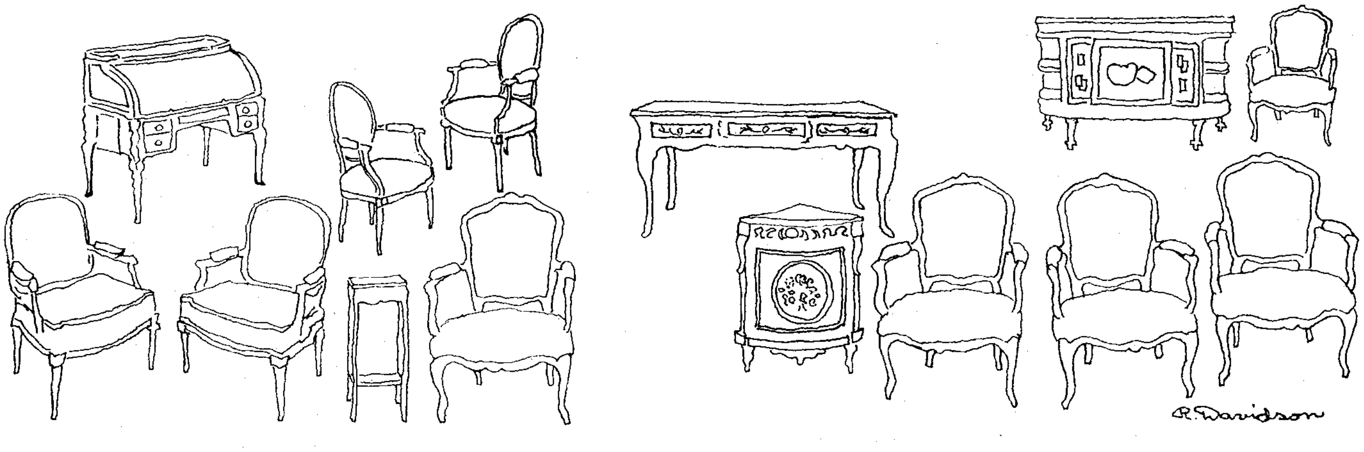
PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show. Friday, Sept. 9, the **FLESHTONES** and the Del-Lords; Saturday, Sept. 10, the Europeans and the Rescue; Friday, Sept. 16, the **BUSH TETRAS;** and Saturday, Sept. 17, Our Daughter's Wedding. Music from way past your bedtime.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet here on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, Sept. 8, Yellowman; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, Big Country; Wednesday, Sept. 14, Red Rockers; Thursday, Sept. 15, Dennis Brown; Friday, Sept. 16, Mitch Ryder; and



Bill Blass
and
The Almost-Perfect Suit

In his sleepless quest for the perfect suit, Bill Blass went back to the beginning.

Well, not quite the beginning. He felt that developing a year round, crease-resistant sheep would require years of exile in the Falklands, so he left the sheep alone and went to Square Two. The spinning.

The spinning process can produce yarns of various thickness, and therefore, cried Blass, why not various shapes? Why not a rounder yarn? It would have greater resilience, hence crease-resistance, and greater porosity for comfort.

When you're Bill Blass, and you ask for a rounder yarn, people hop to it.

Introducing 'Rounder Cloth.'

It is all wool. (All but the buttons, and doubtless he is even now working on a button-bearing sheep, or button-mutton.)

It is comfortable 10 months of the year. Mr. Blass, who can afford to be honest, says that in temperatures below 15 you will need long johns, and over 98 you will need ice cubes in the pockets.

Because of the rounder yarn, it is more crease-resistant. Not totally crease-resistant, but if that's your priority you will have to slither around in polyester, smooth as shrink-wrap and shiny as a wet fish.

A crease here and there is your badge of ovine authenticity.

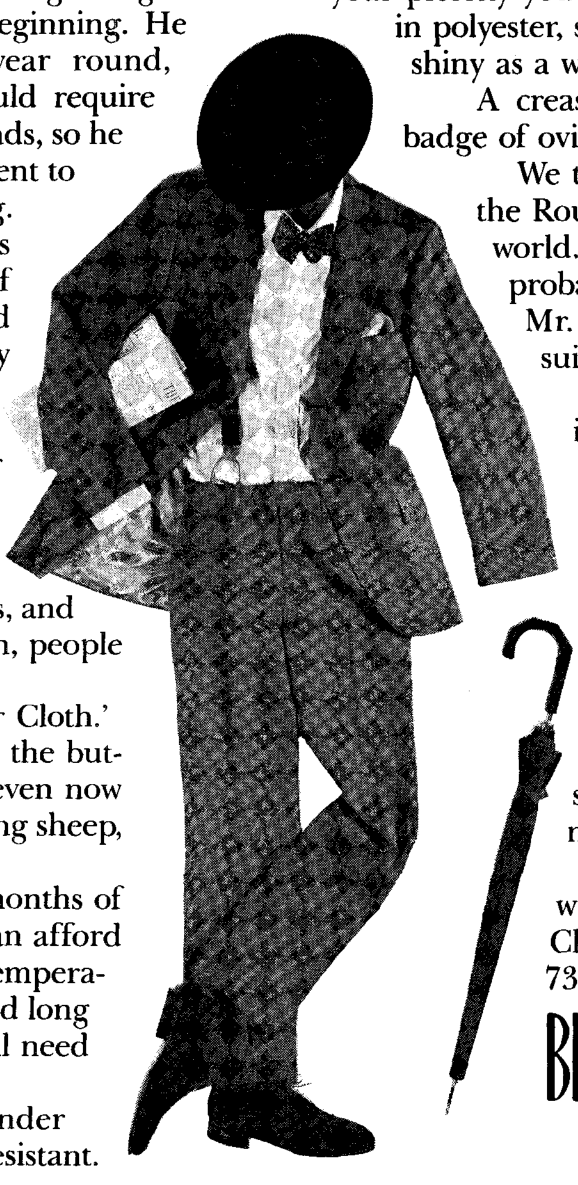
We take pleasure in presenting the Rounder Cloth to the civilized world. It seems to us, though probably not to the ever-striving Mr. Blass, the perfect travel suit.

We hesitate to describe it as a scientific achievement, which sounds as if Bill Blass had developed the first non-flammable polyurethane suit fully wired for sound. We think of it as a natural achievement.

Based, as all proper suits should be, on the sheep, the whole sheep and nothing but the sheep.

For a local merchant, write: Bill Blass Tailored Clothing, a Division of PBM, 734 Fifth Ave., N Y 10022.

BILL BLASS



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Sept. 17, Mari Wilson. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, Sept. 7, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO;** Thursday, Sept. 8, guitarist **CHUCK LOEB;** Friday through Sunday, Sept. 9-11, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** and a sextet; Tuesday, Sept. 13, La-Juana Green; Wednesday, Sept. 14, singer **CLARICE TAYLOR,** pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND,** bassist **CAMERON BROWN,** guitarist **KELVYN BELL,** and drummer **RONNIE BURRAGE;** Thursday, Sept. 15, Jocelyn Brown; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Sept. 7, percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS;** Thursday, Sept. 8, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; Friday, Sept. 9, Brazuca; Saturday, Sept. 10, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Sept. 13, Cigano; Wednesday, Sept. 14, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA;** Thursday, Sept. 15, Bungo's African-American Hi-Life; Friday, Sept. 16, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** and Saturday, Sept. 17, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**AHMAD JAMAL,** a popular, controversial pianist—some people think he's gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis has called him a genius—performs here through Sunday, Sept. 11, and on Tuesday, Sept. 13, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** will arrive with his quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday after nine is salsa night in the barnlike downstairs room: on Sept. 12, **JOHNNY VENTURA** and Grupo Fascinación will be present along with guest jazz soloist trombonist **STEVE TURRE.** On Friday, Sept. 9, guitarist **JOE PASS** will move in for a while. Mr. Pass has in the past several years been increasingly revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike, who generally make up a good part of his audiences. He is a masterly soloist, drawing on every technical resource of the guitar—bass lines, chording, and contrapuntal melodies. And if he tends to be a bit hammy on up-tempo songs he downright glows on slow, medium-tempo ones, such as "Have You Met Miss Jones?" and "Here's That Rainy Day"—guitarists' stock-in-trade favorites—playing them with just the right amount of subtle fervor so they don't hang in the air but, instead, really move. Sharing the bill with Mr. Pass will be drummer **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, and tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17. Shows at nine and eleven nightly, except Monday. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** handle the piano-bass duties on Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine-thirty to one and on Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Pianist **KEITH JARRETT** works with drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** and bassist **GARY PEACOCK** through Sunday, Sept. 11; on Tuesday, Sept. 13, pianist **MAL WALDRON** will descend the stairs with trumpeter **WOODY SHAW,** tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL.** Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights, which in September feature guest solo appearances by trumpeter **JABBO SMITH.** Music after nine-thirty.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings with her backing crew Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave. at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays, Esther Blue is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Tony Regusis. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The Haywood Henry quartet is onstage through Saturday, Sept. 10; Sunday, Sept. 11, will be given over to altoist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ;** and starting Wednesday, Sept. 14, Django's Music, a hot-jazz combo, will come in. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. The pianists and bassists: **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** through Sunday, Sept. 11, and on every Sunday thereafter, and **ALBERT DAILEY** and **RON CARTER** starting Monday, Sept. 12. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Air Supply—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 8.

Ashford & Simpson—With Kashif. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Sept. 9, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 10, at 8 and midnight.)

Laura Branigan—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Sept. 9, at 8.

Chris Anderson Trio—With Lodi Carr. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, at 10, 12:30, and 1.)

Stevie Nicks—With Joe Walsh. (Radio City Music Hall. Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 12-13, at 8.)

Earl Coleman—With his trio. (Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Tom Butter—A sixteen-foot sculpture of translucent, colored fibre glass which has taken root in the Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden like some flamboyant botanical sport. Through Sept. 30. (Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Oscar de Mejo—Naïve paintings depicting scenes of the American Revolution. Through Sept. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Judith Dolnick—Recent abstract paintings on paper and on linen, some of them mounted on freestanding screens. Through Oct. 1. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Doug Hilson—Striking, life-size portraits made by deft erasures on a canvas blackened with graphite. Through Saturday, Sept. 10. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Matta—A hundred and twenty etchings and lithographs from the past four decades, touching on subjects as diverse as Dante and Vietnam. Through Oct. 16. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Ernesto Tatafiore—New figurative paintings by this Italian, a number of them with themes drawn from the French Revolution. Through Oct. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Troels Wörsel—Paintings from the past two years by an artist who lives and works in Cologne; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 1. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: A stimulating show of new drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Oct. 8. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Realist works on paper (by both current and not-so-current artists), most of them either landscapes (Alexander Calder; Barbara Cushing) or figurative works (George Grosz; William Bailey). Through Sept. 28. . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Roughly thirty-five paintings and works on paper made in New York by such artists as William Glackens, Milton Avery, Howardina Pindell, and Saul Steinberg frame an exhibit that shows how the availability of work and living space has affected artists in Manhattan since the turn of the century. Background documents include maps and models. Through Saturday, Sept. 17. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Three French artists—Pierre Buraglio (wood-and-glass constructions based on windows), Bertrand Lavier (painted filing cabinets and other recognizable objects), and Georges Rousse (color photographs of picaresque murals he paints inside abandoned houses). Through Saturday, Sept. 10.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Arthur McKinley—This photographer got himself and his camera into a number of executive suites around Manhattan, and came up with a series of color prints providing views of the city (from the Mobil Building across to the Chrysler Building; from CBS to ABC) as seen by those at the top. Through Friday, Sept. 16. (Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Mondays and Thursdays, 9:30 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 9:30 to 6; Saturdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

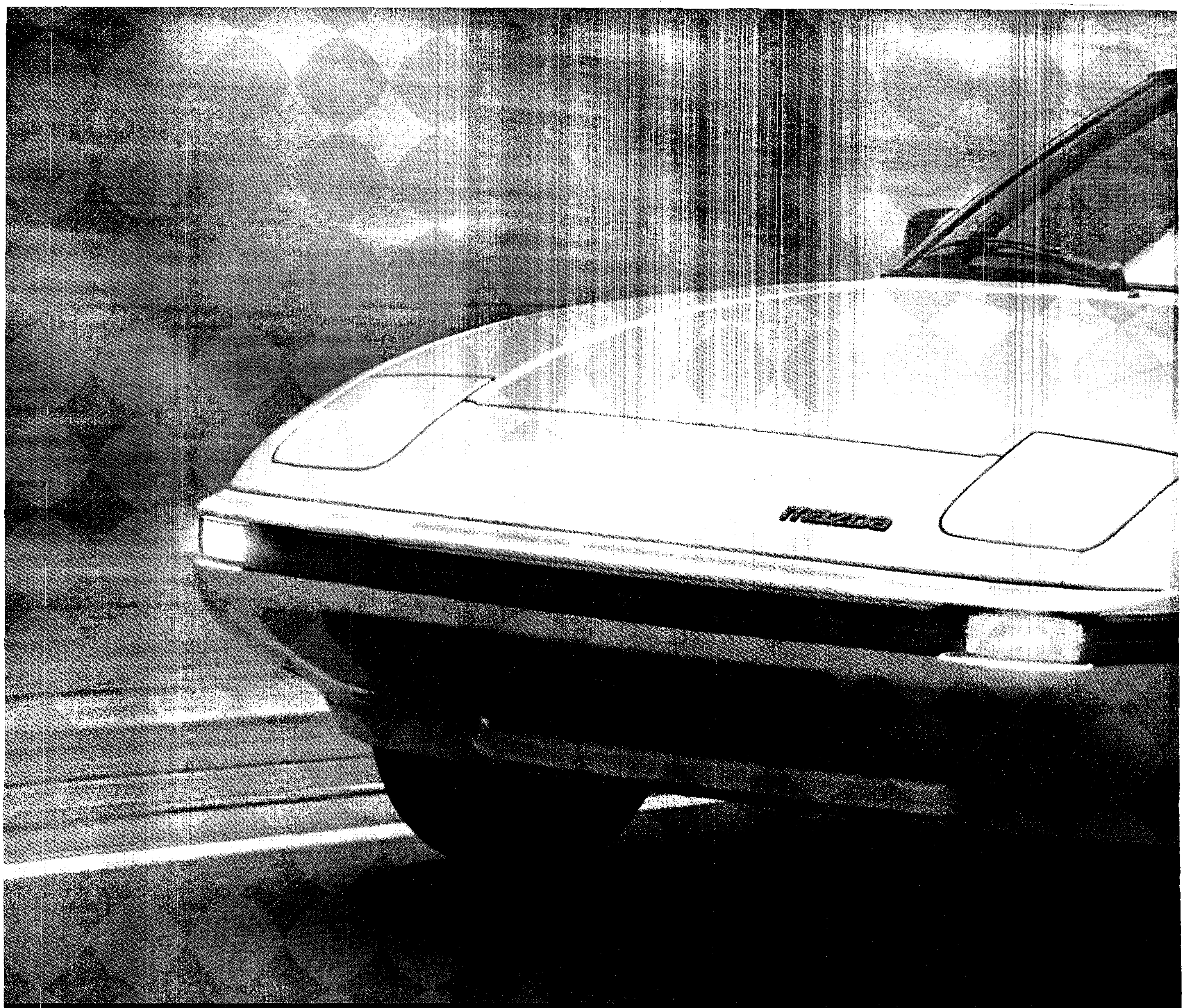
Ruth Orkin and Michael George—Two photographers showing their prints of Central Park in Central Park. Through Sunday, Sept. 11. (The Dairy, in the Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Closes at 4:30.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred and fifty photographs from the National Archives catalogue people and events in American history from 1860 to 1960—Clara Barton, for instance, or the San Francisco earthquake. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ About forty prints, by O. Winston Link, of the old Norfolk & Western steam-powered locomotives in action. Most of them were taken at night. Through Sept. 22. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: About thirty vintage photographs, mostly from the twenties, taken by artists whose names are associated with Surrealism (Magritte, Man Ray, and Hans Bellmer, among them). Through Oct. 29. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Edouard Manet retrospective has nearly two hundred paintings, drawings, pastels,

Polo Ralph Lauren



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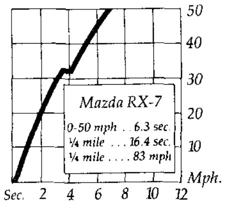

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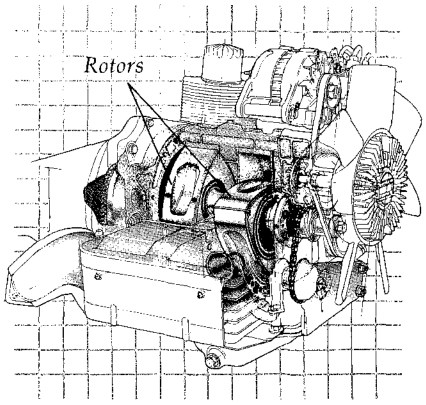

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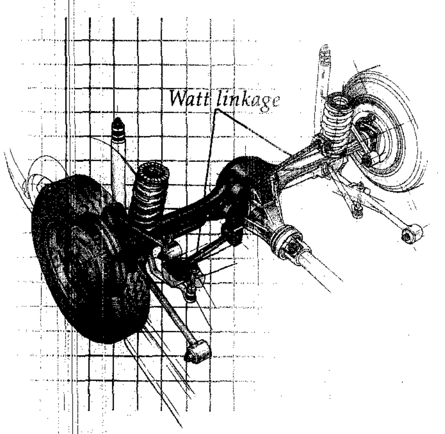

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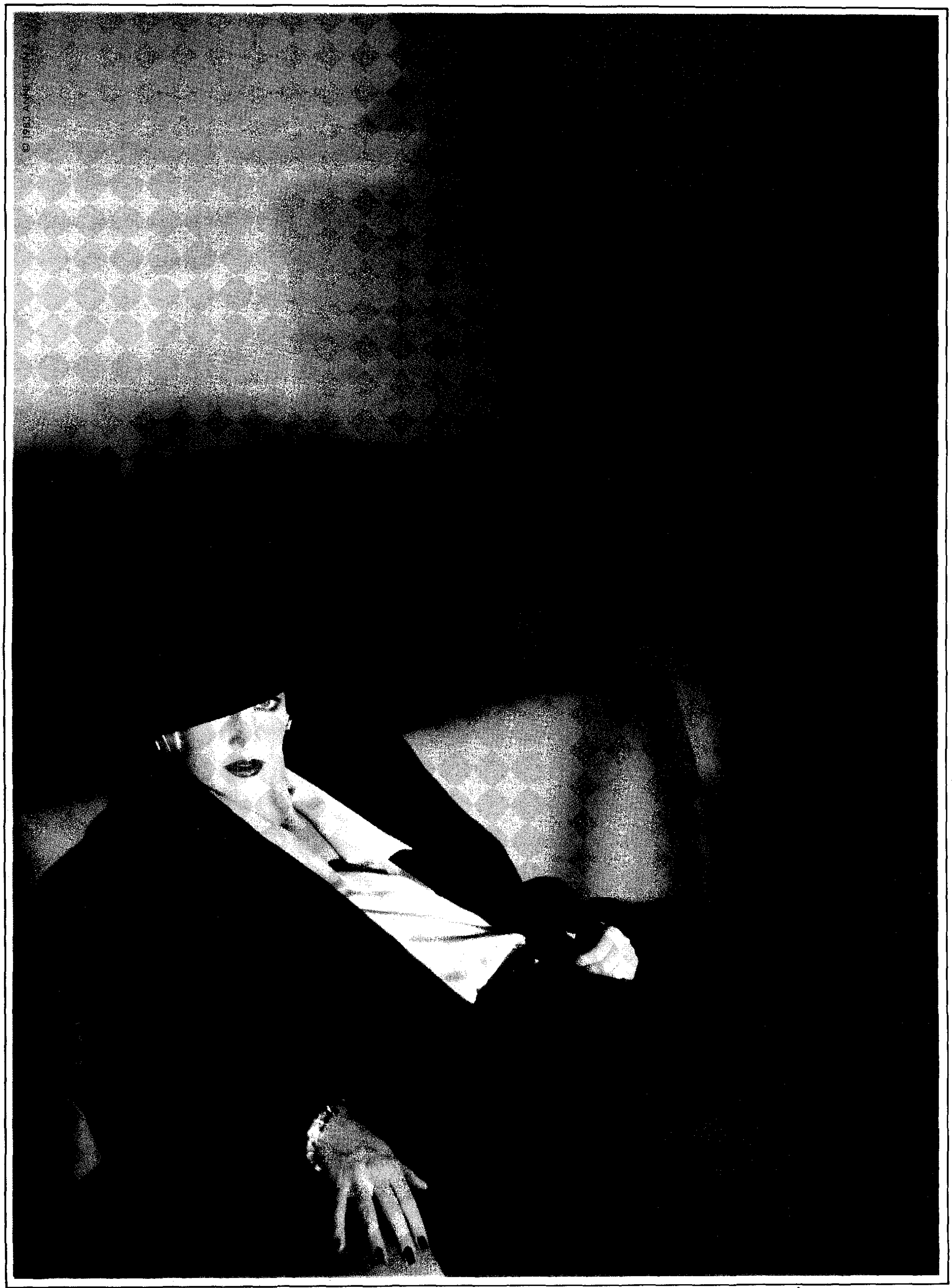
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and prints (a good number of them on loan) from all stages of the artist's career, including "The Fifer" and "A Bar at the Folies-Bergère." Starts Saturday, Sept. 10. . . . ¶ A survey of Henry Moore's career contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; included among the seventy-five works are ten recent acquisitions not previously exhibited in public, among them an O'Keeffe and a Mondrian. . . . ¶ A hundred or so portraits by French printmakers, sixteenth century to early twentieth. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibit that points up the working methods of Piet Mondrian by a display of cardboard compositions as he arranged them on the walls of his last studio. Also, the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting that was unfinished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Some Contemporary Prints," a show offering just that; all of them are large and are recent acquisitions, and represent the efforts of (among others) Jennifer Bartlett, Francesco Clemente, Georg Baselitz, and Eric Fischl. Through Tuesday, Sept. 13. . . . ¶ A display of the color lithograph that Jim Dine made for the Metropolitan Opera's hundredth-anniversary poster. Also, nine trial proofs. Through Oct. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Postwar European paintings by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tâpies. Through Sunday, Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ On Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 9, Ron Rocco will present, in the rotunda, a performance (employing audio-visual equipment and incorporating dance, music, light displays, and a two-hundred-foot-long rope which will be made into a cat's cradle) whose theme is Eskimo mythology. (For information about tickets, call 360-3557.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, forty prehistoric bowls found in the Southwest which show that good design is timeless and that American Indians were good designers. Through Sunday, Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearlstein offers more than a hundred paintings and drawings. Through Sept. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

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COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaboration with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. More than a hundred original drawings (many shown for the first time), plus original photographs, sculpture, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of paintings, drawings, prints, illustrated books, and models, covering four centuries of costume and set design from the late Renaissance to the present, has been set up to mark the centennial of the Metropolitan Opera. Through Oct. 8. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Four Centuries of Opera," a comprehensive show (also with the Metropolitan Opera in mind) offering original manuscripts, rare printed editions of scores and librettos, and drawings for stage designs representing a hundred or so works by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Massenet, and Gilbert and Sullivan, to name just a few. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The Treaty of Paris, by which, in 1783, the thirteen colonies were formally recognized as "free Sovereign & independent States" and the Revolutionary War was ended, is on view—opened to the page bearing signatures and personal seals of John Adams, John Jay, and Benjamin Franklin. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of forty models, plus nearly twice as many drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Thursday, Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Yet another nod to the Met, this one a backward glance at opera in nineteenth-century New York, the uptown migration of opera houses in the city, and the early years of the Met itself. Photographs, engravings, and memorabilia—including material from the first opera performed in New York, "The Barber of Seville," in 1825. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A look at Central Park at the time it was being designed and developed (the eighteen-sixties and seventies) includes drawings and watercolors of the Park's bridges, fountains, and the like, as well as correspondence among Frederick Law Olmsted, Calvert Vaux, and their horticulturalist, Ignaz Pilat. . . . ¶ More than a hundred photographs of people and places document Washington Square from 1830 to the turn of the century, in a show augmented by material related to Henry James: a first edition of "Washington Square," published in 1881, additional photographs, prints, letters, etc. Both shows through Oct. 18. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A selection from the museum's permanent collections includes more than seventy paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and drawings. Through Sunday, Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424 and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

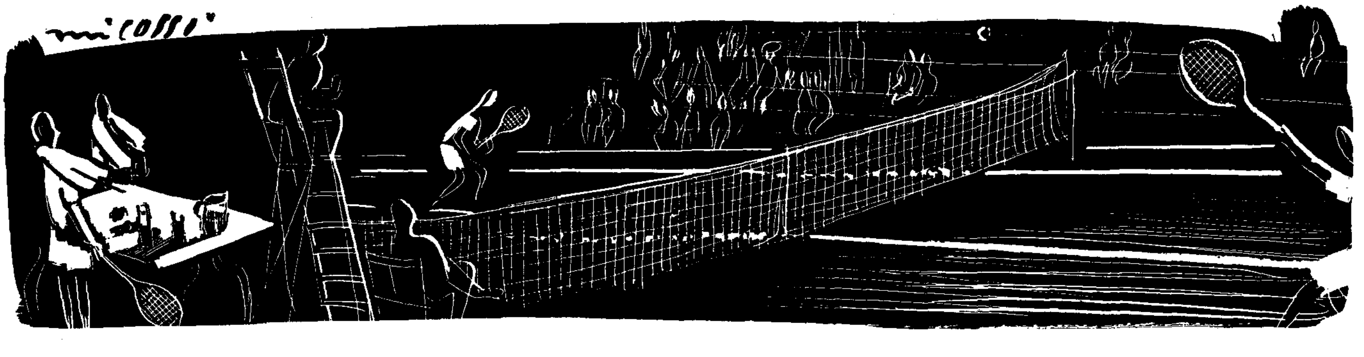
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 26—Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8: A nonsubscription concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8; Friday, Sept. 16, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 7:30: A William Schuman–Beethoven program; no soloists.

NATIONAL GAY CHORAL FESTIVAL—At **ALICE TULLY HALL.** Thursday, Sept. 8, at 8: The Chicago Gay Men's Chorus, the Madison Gay Men's Chorale, and the Gay Men's Chorus of Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 9, at 8: The Denver Gay Men's Chorus, the Men's Chorus of Orange County, and the Gay Men's Chorus of Washington, D.C. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 10, at 8: The New Orleans Gay Men's Chorus, the Artemis Singers, and the Seattle Men's Chorus. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Sunday Sept. 11, at 8: The Stonewall Chorale, the New York City Gay Men's Chorus, the Artemis Singers, and nine combined choruses under the direction of Gregg Smith.

10 GRAND—Ursula Oppens, Walter Hilse, Allen Shawn, and seven other pianists in a one-hour concert of a composition by Wendy Chambers that incorporates ethnic folk melodies. (Lincoln Center North Plaza. Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 8. Rain date, Sept. 14. No tickets necessary.)

CHAMBER OPERA THEATRE OF NEW YORK—A double bill in English: The première of Lee Hoiby's "The Italian Lesson" and Kurt Weill's "He Who Says Yes" ("Der Jasager"), conducted by Henry Mollicone and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. The first of six performances. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, Sept. 14, and Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 570-1888.)

DENNIS KOSTER—Classical and flamenco guitar-



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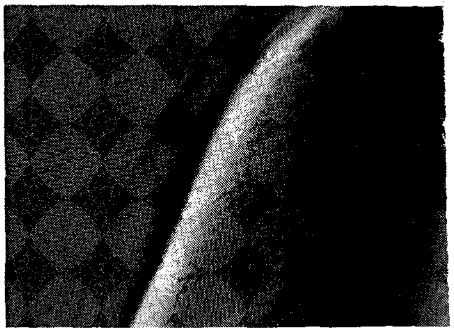

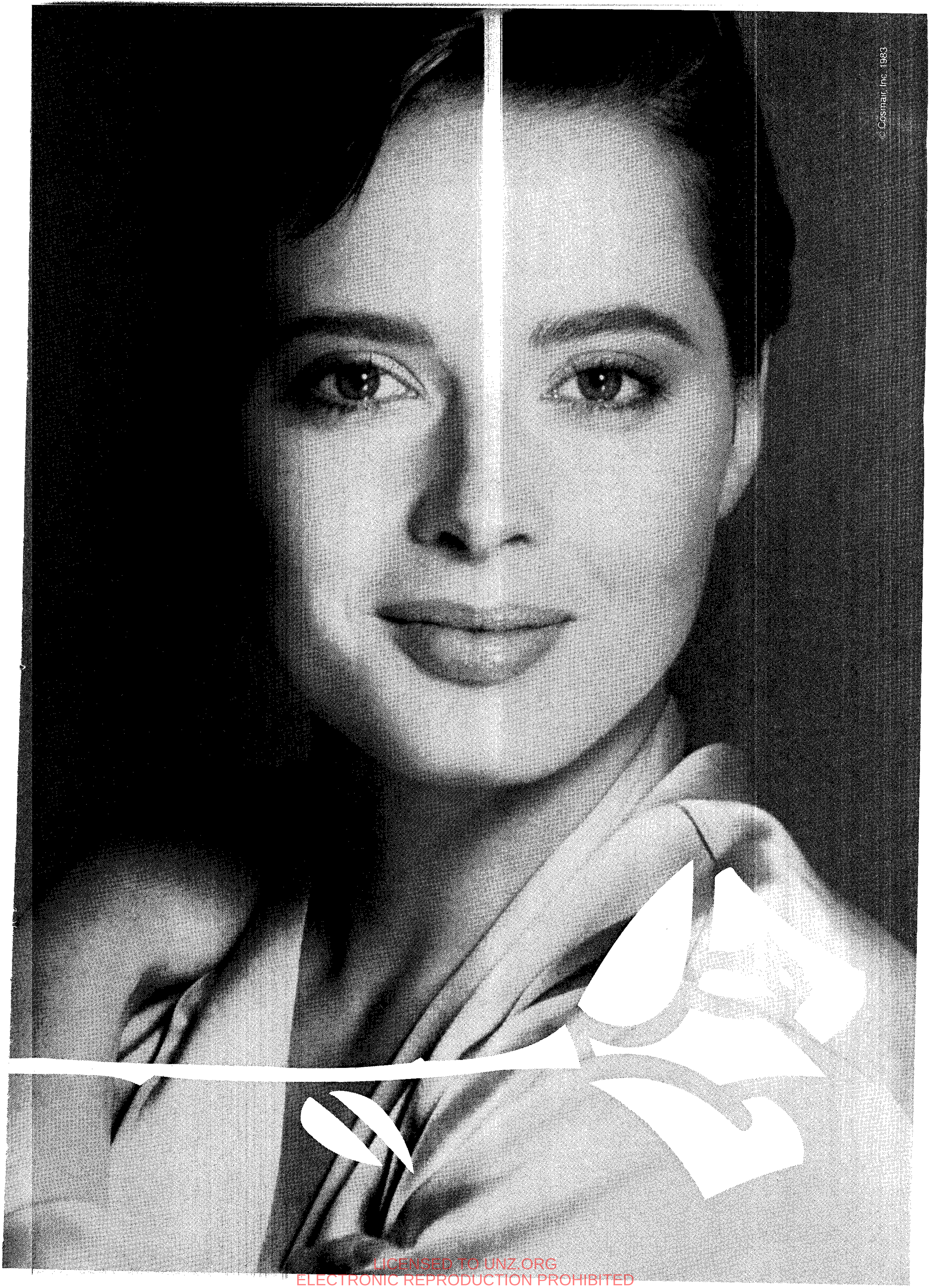

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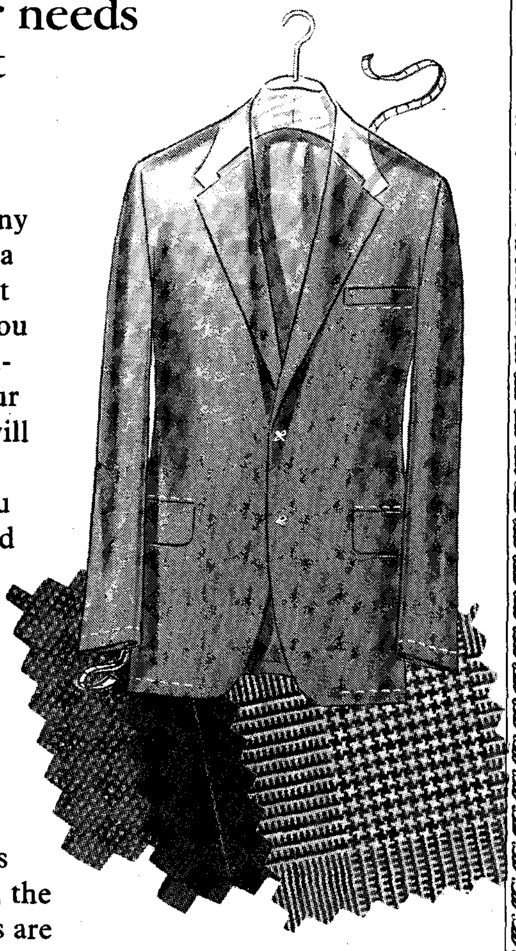

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Troy • Tysons Corner • Washington, D.C. • Willow Grove

ist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—An all-Bach program, with Eriko Sato, violin; Lucy Shelton, soprano; and Elizabeth Mann, flute. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 14-15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Sept. 16, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 17, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Friday, Sept. 9, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 10, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); and Sunday, Sept. 11, at 2. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 12-14, at 8.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 10:** Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. John's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 17:** Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Catholic University, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Siena, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston College, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 6:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 11: Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Shea Stadium, at 4. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta.

Hockey—Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, in an exhibition game. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Friday, Sept. 16, at 7:35.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 17. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 10, and the Flower Bowl Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Wednesday, Sept. 14, through Friday, Dec. 9.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 7-8, at 11 and 7:30; Friday, Sept. 9, at 10:30; Saturday, Sept. 10, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 11, at noon. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

Yachting—America's Cup Races. (Newport. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 13.)

ET ALIA

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of the upper West Side sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 10-11, starting at the park side of Central Park West and 73rd Street at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ A conducted tour of SoHo sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 11, starting at the corner of Spring and Lafayette Streets at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 10-11, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18, from noon until sundown.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 2: Jewelry. (Exhibition hours: Saturday, Sept. 10, and Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 12-13, from 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday, Sept. 14, from 10 to noon.) . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. (Exhibition hours: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, from 10 to 4:30; Sunday, Sept. 11, from 1 to 4; and Monday, Sept. 12, from 10 to 4.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

ALL THIS WEEK

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A program of films from Columbia Pictures. Some days are devoted to a special genre or a particular person, for example, Sept. 7, four Barbara Stanwyck films; Sept. 9, five Joan Crawford films; Sept. 10, five sci-fi films with special effects by Ray Harryhausen; Sept. 14, four early Budd Boetticher films; and Sept. 17, five Grace Moore films.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"A Star Is Born" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 8: "Flashdance" (†); and "The Lords of Discipline" (directed by Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.
Sept. 9-15 (tentative): "WarGames" (†) and "Poltergeist" (†).
From Sept. 16: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 8: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
From Sept. 9: To be announced.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Zelig" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 3: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Risky Business" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†)

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Risky Business" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"La Passante" (Jacques Rouffio; in French), with Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 8: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno. From Sept. 9 (tentative): "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson; and "The Road Warrior" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.
Theatre 2: "Daniel" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Grey Fox" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.
Theatre 2: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Zelig" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (†).
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Gandhi" (†).

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 8: "Flashdance" (†).
From Sept. 9: To be announced.

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Stryker" (Cirio H. Santiago), with Steve Sandor.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno.
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "Below the Belt" (1980, directed by Robert Fowler), with Regina Baff. From Sept. 14: "The Tiger of Eschnapur" (1958) and "The Indian Tomb" (1959), both films in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Debra Paget.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "Jom" (1982; Ababacar Samb; a Senegalese film, in Wolof). Sept. 14-15: "Katzelmacher" (1969; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla, Harry Baer, and Fassbinder himself; and "Signs of Life" (1981; Werner Herzog; in German). From Sept. 16: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (†) and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Twelve Chairs" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Grey Fox" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 8: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret. From Sept. 9: "The Moon in the Gutter" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo. From Sept. 14: "I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster.
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"WarGames" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Staying Alive" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). This fifteen-hour film is being shown in five three-hour segments, changing weekly. Part I will be shown through Sept. 8; Part II, Sept. 9-15; and Part III, Sept. 16.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Sept. 13: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
From Sept. 14: "Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Sept. 14: "I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster.
From Sept. 15: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Sept. 8: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
From Sept. 9: "The Moon in the Gutter" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gandhi" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lonely Hearts" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: Part V of "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). From Sept. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
Theatre 2: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 8: "The Twelve Chairs" (†). From Sept. 9: "City News" (Zoe Zinman and David Fishelson).
Theatre 2: "Don't Look Back" (†).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 8: "Flashdance" (†). From Sept. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 8: "Risky Business" (†). From Sept. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 8: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines. From Sept. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 8: "The Grey Fox" (†). From Sept. 9: To be announced.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 2: "Zelig" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†) and "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Revenge of the Ninja."
Theatre 3: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 4: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Yor" (directed by Anthony M. Dawson), with Reb Brown.
Theatre 2: "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 4: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno.
Theatre 5: "Private School" (Noel Black),

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.

Theatre 6: "Octopussy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Flashdance" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "WarGames" (†).

Theatre 3: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Flashdance" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "Stryker" (Cirio H. Santiago), with Steve Sandor.

Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

Theatre 2: "Last Fight."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Ninja."

Theatre 2: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Through Sept. 8: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.

Sept. 9-10: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" *1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish*); and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

Sept. 11-12: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Sept. 13: "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Sept. 14: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell,

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Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

Sept. 15: "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter; and "Kiss of Death" (1947; Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy.

Sept. 16-17: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "Yojimbo" (1961), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131).

Sept. 7: "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; *Jiří Menzel; in Czech*); and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965; Miloš Forman; in Czech).

Sept. 8: "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, and Leopoldo Trieste; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

From Sept. 9: "Lucie sur Seine" (1983; Jean-Louis Bertucelli; in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 8: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Lord of the Flies" (1963; Peter Brook), with a cast of children.

Sept. 9-10: "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder.

Sept. 11-13: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953) and "Mon Oncle" (1958), both films in French, directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Sept. 14-15: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

Sept. 16-17: "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; and "Fortune *and* Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Sept. 7: "Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane" (1980; William Peter Blatty), with Stacy Keach, Scott Wilson, Jason Miller, and Ed Flanders.

Sept. 8-11: A four-day program of films directed by women.

From Sept. 12: "Barry Lyndon" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Sept. 7: "The Long Good Friday" (1982; John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren; and "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976; John Carpenter), with Austin Stoker and Darwin Joston.

Sept. 8-10: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton.

Sept. 11-12: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuko Mori, and Takashi Shimura.

Sept. 13-14: "High Noon" (†); and "Johnny Guitar" (1954; Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine.

Sept. 15-17: "The Road Warrior" (†); and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 8: "King Solomon's Mines" (1950; Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton), with Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson; and "Zulu" (1964; Cy Endfield), with Stanley Baker, Jack Hawkins, and Michael Caine.

Sept. 9-10: "Casablanca" (*1942; Michael* Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

Sept. 11: "An American in Paris" (†); and "Singin' in the Rain" (†); and "Les Girls" (1957; George Cukor), with Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, and Kay Kendall.

Sept. 12-13: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

Sept. 14-15: "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers" and "Common Law Cabin," both films directed by Russ Meyer. X-rated.

Sept. 16-17: "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor; and "Blow-Up" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Sept. 7: "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; and "The Lacemaker" (1977; Claude Goretta; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton.

Sept. 8: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke.

Sept. 9: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1953; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Sept. 10: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French) and "Playtime" (1968), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Sept. 11: "Ben-Hur" (1959; William Wyler), with Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins, and Stephen Boyd.

Sept. 12: "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "The Paper Chase" (1973; James Bridges), with Timothy Bottoms, Lindsay Wagner, and John Houseman.

Sept. 13: "Two Daughters" (†) and "Pather Panchali" (†).

Sept. 14: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (†).

Sept. 15: "The Marrying Kind" (1952;

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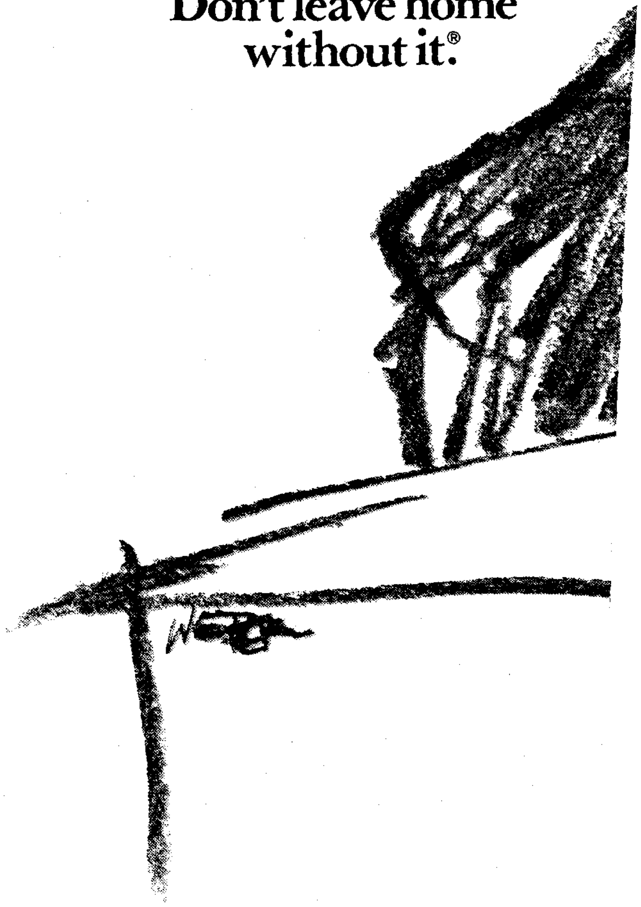

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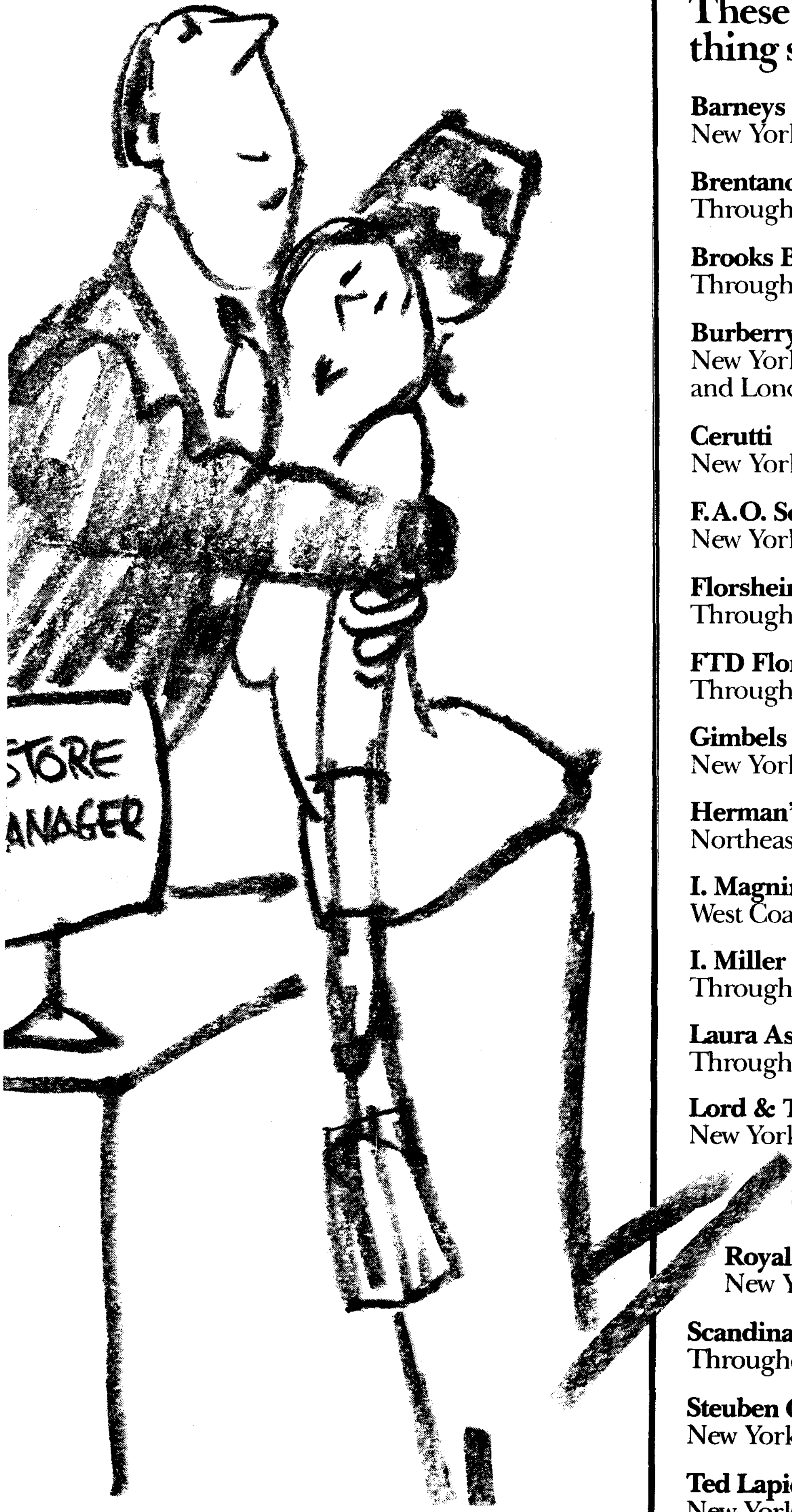

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George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray; and "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon.

Sept. 16: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (†); and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.

Sept. 17: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Blue Angel" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 7: "Ragtime" (1981; Miloš Forman), with James Cagney and Howard E. Rollins, Jr.

Sept. 8-10: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Cover Girl" (1944; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers.

Sept. 11-12: "Strawberry Blonde" (†); and "The Roaring Twenties" (1939; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart.

Sept. 13-14: "Coogan's Bluff" (1968; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood; and "Serpico" (†).

Sept. 15-17: "On the Town" (†) and "The Band Wagon" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 7: "Bandit vs. Samurai Squad" (1978; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese); and "Sword of the Beast" (1965; Hideo Gosha), with Mikijiro Hira.

Sept. 8: "Inside Daisy Clover" (1966; Robert Mulligan), with Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer, Robert Redford, and Ruth Gordon; and "Sparkle" (1976; Sam O'Steen), with Philip M. Thomas, Irene Cara, and Lonette McKee.

Sept. 9-10: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

Sept. 11: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1954; Luis Buñuel), with Dan O'Herlihy and James Fernandez; "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel), with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself; "Land Without Bread" (1932; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal.

Sept. 12: "Rio Bravo" (†); "Man Without a Star" (1955; King Vidor), with Kirk Douglas, Jeanne Crain, and Claire Trevor; and "Northwest Outpost" (1947; Allan Dwan), with Nelson Eddy.

Sept. 13: "The Beggar's Opera" (1953; Peter Brook), with Laurence Olivier; and "Pennies from Heaven" (1981; Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters.

Sept. 14: "The Ephemeral Samurai" (1961; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "Ninja Assassin Goemon Will Never Die" (1963; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa.

Sept. 15: "Deliverance" (†) and "Klute" (†).

Sept. 16-17: "La Signora de Tutti" (1934; Max Ophuls; in Italian), with Isa Miranda; and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 7: "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest; and "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor.

Sept. 8: "City for Conquest" (1940; Anatole Litvak), with James Cagney and Ann Sheridan; and "Taxi" (1932; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney and Loretta Young.

Sept. 9-10: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe) and "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Sept. 11: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall.

Sept. 12: "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech); and "The Shop on Main Street" (†).

Sept. 13: "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (†); and "The Great Lie" (1941; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

Sept. 14: "The Clock" (1945; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland and Robert Walker; and "The Voice of the Turtle" (1947; Irving Rapper), with Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, and Eve Arden.

Sept. 15: "Tovarich" (†); and "Three-Cornered Moon" (†).

Sept. 16-17: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Saboteur" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Sept. 8 at noon: "Une Certaine Tradition de la Qualité (1945-55)" (directed by Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2:30: "Minne l'Ingénue Libertine" (1950; Jacqueline Audry; in French, with English subtitles), with Daniele Delorme. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 6: "Monsieur Ripois" (1954; René Clément; in French and English), with Gérard Philipe, Joan Greenwood, and Valerie Hobson. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at noon: "Une Certaine Tradition de la Qualité." . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2:30: "La Justice Est Faite" (1950; André Cayatte; in French, with English subtitles), with Valentine Tessier and Claude Nollier. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: "Un Chant d'Amour" (1950; Jean Genet; a French film, with no dialogue); and "Le Rideau Cramoisi" (1953; Alexandre Astruc; a French film, in English), with Anouk Aimée. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at noon: "Mat" (1926; Vsevolod Pudovkin; a Russian silent film, with English intertitles), with Vera Baranovskaya and Nikolai Batalov. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2:30: "Pot-Bouille" (1957; Julien Duvivier; in French, with English subtitles), with Danielle Darrieux, Gérard Philipe, and Anouk Aimée. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 5: "La Fête à Henriette" (1953; Julien Duvivier; in French, with English subtitles), with Dany Robin and Hildegard Knef. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at noon: "Mat." . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2:30: "French Can-Can" (1955; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Françoise Arnoul, and Marie Félix. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 5: "Monsieur Ripois." . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2:30: "Thérèse Raquin" (1953; Marcel Carné; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone, and Sylvie. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 6: "Un Chant d'Amour" and "Le Rideau Cramoisi." . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2:30: "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Fernand Gravey, Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook, Isa Miranda, Simone Simon, and Odette Joyeux. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 6: "Pot-Bouille." . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 2:30: "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Madeleine Renaud, Danielle Darrieux, Claude Dauphin, Gaby Morlay, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 6: "Les Diaboliques" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret, Véra Clouzot, Paul Meurisse, and Charles Vanel. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 2:30: "Les Miracles n'Ont Lieu qu'une Fois" (1951; Yves Allégret; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Marais and Alida Valli. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 6: "French Can-Can." . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at noon: "The Unholy Three" (1930; Jack Conway), with Lon Chaney, Lila Lee, Harry Earles, and Elliott Nugent. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 2:30: "Les Grandes Manoeuvres" (1955; René Clair; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Michèle Morgan, and Brigitte Bardot. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 5: "Les Belles-de-Nuit" (1952; René Clair; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Martine Carol, and Gina Lollobrigida. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with demagogic delusions. In German. (Film Forum; starting Sept. 16.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the two dancing lovers have infectious grins and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. The songs include "I Got Rhythm," "Embraceable You," and "'S Wonderful," and Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. Written by Alan Jay Lerner; choreographed by Kelly; art direction by Cedric Gibbons and Preston Ames. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 11.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain" (see below), but there have been few screen musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. Actually, Buchanan's dancing and his rosy-ripe way with his lines (satirical cant about the theatuh) have such style and flourish that he steals the picture. (His role is a parody of Orson Welles.) The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for a series of urbane revue numbers, which includes "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "That's Entertainment," "Triplets" (featuring Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray), and culminates in the "Girl Hunt" dance sequence—a parody of Mickey Spillane's bloody boudoir fiction, with Astaire as the detective and Charisse as the good-bad women in his life. When the bespangled Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven anything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in one of his best movie roles (he and Fabray play at being Comden and Green), and James Mitchell. Directed by Vincente Minnelli; the choreography is by Michael Kidd; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. The title and three of the songs are from a 1931 Broadway revue that starred Astaire and his sister Adele; Cyd Charisse's singing was dubbed by India Adams. (Regency; Sept. 15-17.)

Barry Lyndon (1975)—Thackeray wrote a skittish, fast-moving parody of romantic, sentimental writing. It was about the adventures of an Irish knave who used British hypocrisy for leverage. However, it must have been Barry's ruthless pursuit of wealth and social position rather than his spirit that attracted Stanley Kubrick. His images are fastidiously delicate in the inexpressive, peculiarly chilly manner of the English painters of the period—the mid-eighteenth century—and it's an ice pack of a movie, a masterpiece in every insignificant detail. Kubrick suppresses most of the active elements that make movies pleasurable. The film says that people are disgusting but things are lovely. And a narrator (Michael Hordern) tells you what's going to happen before you see it. It's a coffee-table movie; the stately tour of European high life is like a three-hour slide show for art-history

GIORGIO BEVERLY HILLS

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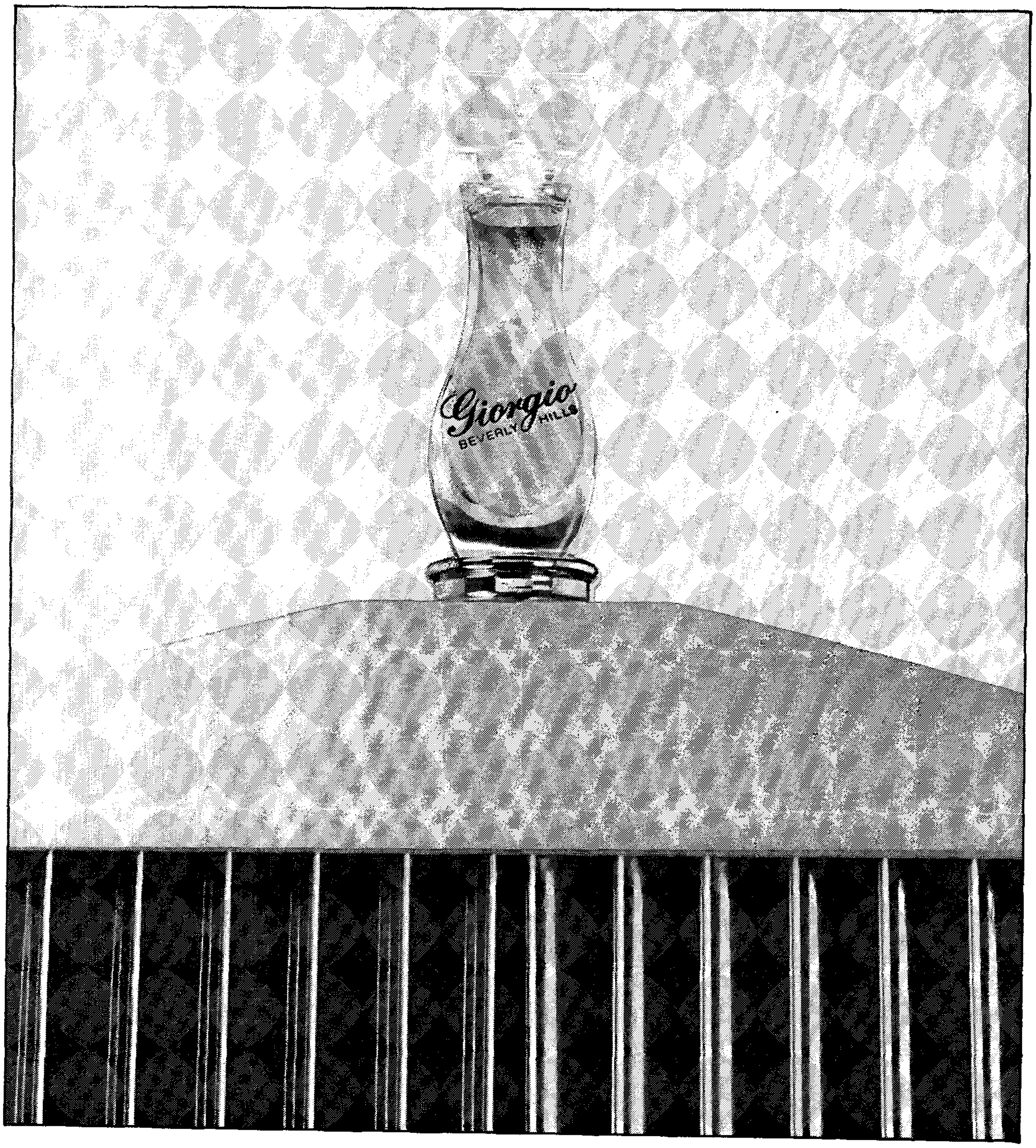

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majors. With Ryan O'Neal, Marisa Berenson, Patrick Magee, Hardy Krüger, Diana Koerner, André Morell, Murray Melvin, Godfrey Quigley, Leonard Rossiter, Gay Hamilton, and Marie Kean. Production design by Ken Adam; cinematography by John Alcott; adaptation by Kubrick. (185 minutes.) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 12.)

Blow-Up (1966)—When the film came out, Michelangelo Antonioni's mixture of suspense with vagueness and confusion seemed to have had a numbing fascination for some people, which they associated with art and intellectuality. He conducts a leisurely tour of "swinging" London, lingering over the flashiest routes and dawdling over a pot party and a mini-orgy, while ponderously suggesting that the mod scene represents a condition of spiritual malaise in which people live only for the sensations of the moment. Yet despite Antonioni's negativism, the world he presents looks harmless, and sex without "connecting" doesn't really seem so bad. The best part of the movie is an ingeniously edited sequence in which the fashion-photographer hero (David Hemmings) blows up a series of photographs and discovers that he has inadvertently photographed a murder. With Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, Verushka, Jane Birkin, and Peter Bowles. Freely adapted by Antonioni and Tonino Guerra, from a short story by Julio Cortázar, with English dialogue by Edward Bond. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 16-17.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—The director Josef von Sternberg had been working in Hollywood for more than fifteen years when he went to Germany, at Emil Jannings' request, to direct this film; he had directed Jannings in "The Last Command," one of the two American silent films that had won Jannings the Academy Award in 1927-28, and Jannings wanted him to guide his first sound film. They set in motion the Marlene Dietrich myth that was eventually to surpass their own fame. Adapted from Heinrich Mann's novel "Professor Unrath," this film deals with the breakdown of an authoritarian personality. Jannings plays the inhibited, tyrannical high-school instructor who is prudishly indignant about his students' visiting Lola Lola (Dietrich), the singer at the Blue Angel; he goes to the café to put a stop to it and instead succumbs to her callous, impassive sexuality. Dietrich's Lola Lola is a rather coarse, plump young beauty; as she sings "Falling in Love Again," her smoldering voice and sadistic indifference suggest sex without romance, love, or sentiment. The pedant becomes her husband, her slave, her stooge; he travels with the café troupe, hawking dirty pictures of his wife. Dietrich is extraordinary, and "The Blue Angel" is a movie you can admire sequence by sequence, because it's made in an imaginative, atmospheric style, yet you may feel that you don't really like it on an emotional level; the sexual humiliation gets very heavy in the scenes in which the teacher, now a clown, returns to his home town and to his old classroom. With Hans Albers. Songs by Friedrich Hollaender (later Frederick Hollander). A 1959 American remake directed by Edward Dmytryk starred Curt Jurgens and Mai Britt. In German. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 17.)

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La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Gramercy; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 13.)

Daniel—Sidney Lumet directed, from E. L. Doctorow's script, based on his 1971 novel "The Book of Daniel." The quasi-modernist novel is a personal fantasy that plugs into the persecution fears that the Rosenberg case stirred up. Doctorow went right for the torn, bleeding heart of the matter: the emotions of the two young children orphaned by the electric chair. It's a mussy, mixed-up, passionate book—demagogic and harrowing. The movie is all those things, too, except it's not passionate, and so it doesn't carry you along. When Lumet gets into one of his chronicles of agonized morality, it seems as if his normally high energy level sinks, and the melodramatic materials he's working with thicken and become clotted. The action here jumps back and forth among four decades shot in slightly different color ranges, and nothing takes hold now or then or in between. Timothy Hutton is Daniel, the son of the "Isaacsons," who is searching for the meaning of his dead parents' lives, and Amanda Plummer is his driven-mad younger sister; Lindsay Crouse and Mandy Patinkin are the parents. The cast includes Ellen Barkin, Ed Asner, Carmen Matthews, John Rubinstein, Maria Tucci, Julie Bovasso, Tovah Feldshuh, and many other well-known players; some of them must have flinched when they saw their performances here. Paul Robeson's voice rolls across the soundtrack during perhaps a half a dozen sequences. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/83.) (Coronet.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Thalia; Sept. 15.)

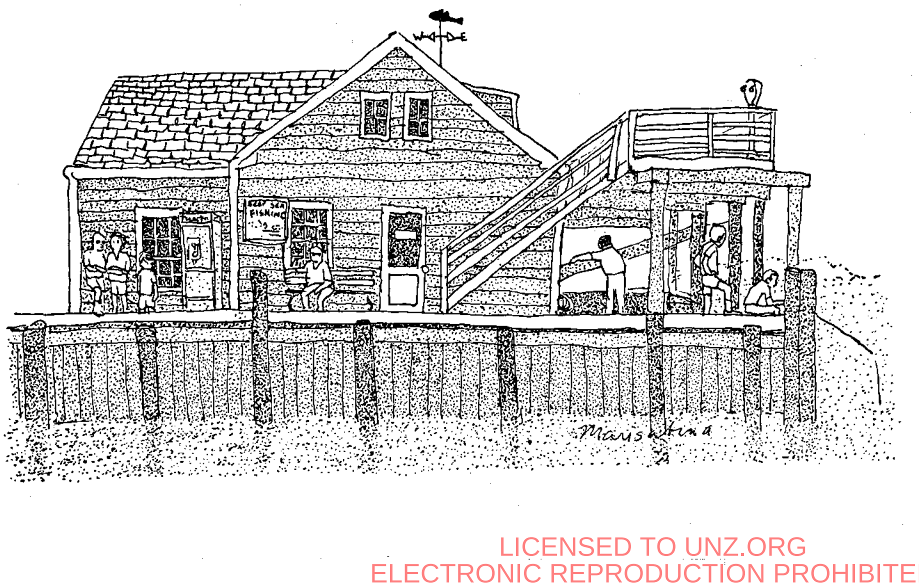
Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in an affected cinema-verité film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Cinema II.)

The Earrings of Madame de . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is set, ironically, in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. But Ophuls loved Mozart and Stendhal, and he also calls up a third master: Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" is the opera that gives the film its musical theme. The performances by Danielle Darrieux as Madame de, by Vittorio De Sica as her lover the Baron, and by Charles Boyer as her husband, Monsieur de, a general, are quite likely the finest each has given. Ophuls' lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are used to evoke the protection that style and manners and wealth provide, and to demonstrate that passion destroys it all. Even the fashionable and secure become rash, make fools of themselves. Boyer, the general, attempting to use military discipline to cure his wife of her unseemly displays of emotion, is as helpless as she is. Anna Karenina gets her lover but she finds her life shallow and empty; Madame de's life has been so shallow and empty that she cannot keep her lover. She is destroyed, finally, by the fact that women do not have the same sense of honor that men have, or the same sense of pride. When, out of love for the Baron, she thoughtlessly lies to him, how could she know that he would take her lies as proof that she did not really love him? What he thinks dishonorable is merely unimportant to her. She places love before honor (what woman does not?), and neither her husband nor her lover can forgive her. With Jean Debucourt as the jeweller, and Lia de Léa as the general's mistress. Based on Louise de Vilmorin's novella "Madame de . . . ," which is far more astringent than the film; the script is by Marcel Achard, Annette Wademant, and Ophuls. Cinematography by Christian Matras; sets by Jean d'Eaubonne. In French. (Thalia: Sept. 16-17.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a gener-



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It wasn't Harry's fault entirely (Harry Bright is our New Zealand Advertising Manager in Wellington).

Harry was off snorkeling around Hen & Chickens Islands and the good wife at home thought our telegram asking for the "whole batch" meant her famous Kiwi Biscuits (chocolate chip cookies), not Harry's advertisement layouts.

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ous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Sept. 8.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically, the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Olympia Quad, Embassy 1, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 8.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Grey Fox—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy. Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (D. W. Griffith, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 8.)

High Noon (1952)—The Western form is used for a sneak civics lesson. Gary Cooper is the marshal who fights alone for law and order when his cowtown is paralyzed by fear. Much has been made of the film's structure (it runs from 10:40 A.M. to high noon, coinciding with the running time of the film); of the stark settings and the long shadows; of the psychological insight of the screenwriter, Carl Foreman, and his buildup of suspense. When the film came out, there were actually people who said it was a poem of force comparable to "The Iliad." But its insights are primer sociology, and the demonstration of the town's cowardice is Q.E.D. It's a tight piece of work, though—well directed by Fred Zinnemann; it was produced by Stanley Kramer. With Grace Kelly, Katy Jurado, Lee Van Cleef, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Bridges, Henry Morgan, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Otto Kruger. The cinematography is by Floyd Crosby, and the score is by Dimitri Tiomkin (who took an Academy Award for it). Cooper won the Best Actor award, and the editors were also honored. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 13-14.)

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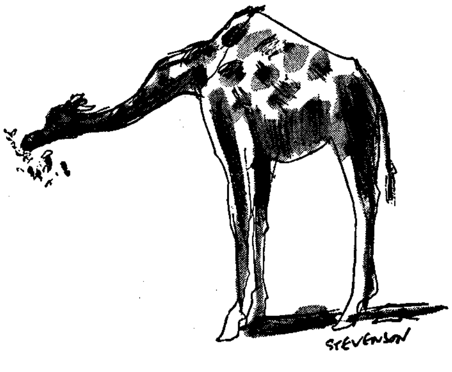
Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as Bree, an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties—it has the lurking figures, the withheld information, the standard gimmick of getting the heroine to go off alone so she can be menaced by the big-shot sadistic sex fiend, and so on. But there's no conviction in Pakula's use of those devices; they're hokum—the shadows and crazy camera angles are as silly as a fright wig. But at the center is a study of Bree's temperament and drives, and here the picture is modern. The life surrounding Bree's profession frightens her, but the work itself has peculiar compensations—she enjoys her power over her customers. She's maternal and provocative with them, confident and contemptuously cool. She's a different girl alone—huddled in bed in her disorderly room. The suspense plot involves the ways in which prostitutes attract the forces that destroy them. Bree's knowledge that as a prostitute she has nowhere to go but down and her mixed-up efforts to escape make her one of the strongest women characters to reach the screen. And Fonda is very exciting to watch: the closest closeup never reveals a false thought and, seen on the movie streets a block away, she's Bree, not Jane Fonda, walking toward us. With Donald Sutherland, Charles Cioffi, Roy Scheider, Dorothy Tristan, Rita Gam, Richard Shull, and Anthony Holland. Written by Andy and Dave Lewis; cinematography by Gordon Willis; edited by Carl Lerner; music by Michael Small. (Thalia; Sept. 15.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Quad Cinema.)

Nosferatu, the Vampyre (1979)—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his fierce magnetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Film Forum; starting Sept. 16.)



Octopussy—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

On the Town (1949)—This musical about three sailors with twenty-four hours leave in New York has an undeservedly high reputation. Yes, Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen (as Miss Subways), Florence Bates, Tom Dugan, and Alice Pearce are all in it, and it's the Comden and Green musical with the Bernstein score. But its exuberant love of New York seems forced, and most of the numbers are hearty and uninspired. Kelly and Stanley Donen choreographed and directed. (Regency; Sept. 15-17.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—(Variously translated as "Song of the Road," "The Lament of the Path," etc.) This first film by the masterly Satyajit Ray—possibly the most unembarrassed and natural of directors—is a quiet reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village. Beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love, it brought a new vision of India to the screen. Though the central characters are the boy Apu (who is born near the beginning) and his mother and father and sister, the character who makes the strongest impression on you may be the ancient, parasitic, storytelling relative, played by the eighty-year-old Chunibala, a performer who apparently enjoyed coming back into the limelight after thirty years of obscurity—her wages paid for the narcotics she used daily. As "Auntie," she is so remarkably likable that you may find the relationship between her and the mother, who is trying to feed her children and worries about how much the old lady eats, very painful. Ray continued the story of Apu in "Aparajito" and "The World of Apu," and the three films, all based on a novel by B. B. Bandapaddhay, became known as the Apu Trilogy. (Robin Wood's study, "The Apu Trilogy," does the films justice.) Cinematography by Subrata Mitra; music by Ravi Shankar. In Bengali. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 13.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer serves up this innocuous sex roundelay with excellent control. It's all low-key conversation, and there's a thin veneer of chic over everybody. Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). The self-centered, self-deluding Marion flirts and babbles, and Rohmer lets us know what he thinks of her by showing her walking away from the camera in a tight, wet bathing suit that's squeezing her. Pauline is quiet and intelligent and her bathing suit fits her with nary a wrinkle or a crease. Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. (She and her adolescent lover, played by Simon de la Brosse, are so "natural" they go to bed together without a stab of fear or self-consciousness; does anybody believe this?) The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Poltergeist (1982)—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Exorcist" without morbidity, or, more exactly, it's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. But he isn't really thinking in this film—he's just throwing ideas and effects at us, and there's no rationale for the forms that the poltergeists (there seem to be multitudes of them) take on or for what they do. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family itself in its tract home, full of toys, in a fast-expanding new subdivision. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. When the ghostly manifestations start in the kitchen, what happens seems so benign that the mother reacts as if her household objects were staging a vaudeville show for her—she's turned on by it. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind and brings the film to a momentary halt, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Steven Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 9-15, tentative.)

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex (1939)—Bette Davis, well painted and dressed for the role of the shrewd old Queen, looks the part and gives a magnetic, tough performance, but an impossible task was set for her, since as Essex Errol Flynn couldn't come halfway to meet her. His talents were in other directions; the role was totally outside his range, and the poor man seemed to know it. Davis's performance is bound to suffer from comparison with Glenda Jackson's multifaceted Elizabeth on television, but Davis's Elizabeth is a precursor of Jackson's—it might almost be a sketch for the Jackson portrait. Michael Curtiz directed this adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. With Olivia de Havilland, Henry Daniell, Leo G. Carroll, James Stephenson, Vincent Price, Donald Crisp, and Ralph Forbes. Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 13.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his archenemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—push for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (Embassy.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Rio Bravo (1959)—Howard Hawks directed this semi-satiric Western pastiche (mainly of old Hawks movies), with John Wayne as John T. Chance, Dean Martin as a drunk called Dude, Ricky Nelson as Colorado, Walter Brennan as Stumpy, and Angie Dickinson as Feathers. Jules Furthman and Leigh Brackett provided the script, Dimitri Tiomkin the score. Silly, but with zest; there are some fine action sequences, and the performers seem to be enjoying their roles. (Thalia; Sept. 12.)

Risky Business—At seventeen, the high-schoolboy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (34th St. East, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 8.)

The Road Warrior (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max" and known as "Mad Max 2" in other countries, is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. George Miller, who directed, may have been content to make an openly sophomoric bash in "Mad Max"—it was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon—but this time he's in the mythmaking business. The film is one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. There are perhaps ten minutes of spectacular imagery, and if you think of George Miller as one of the kinetic moviemakers, such as John Carpenter and George A. Romero, he's a giant, but he's pushing for more and he apparently doesn't see the limitations of the kind of material he's working with. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence as the stork-legged aviator and Vernon Wells as Wez; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Manhattan; starting Sept. 9, tentative. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 15-17.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; the screenplay is by Waldo Salt and Wexler, based on

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the book by Peter Maas. Directed, sloppily but effectively, by Sidney Lumet. (Regency; Sept. 13-14.)

The Shop on Main Street (1965)—An apocalyptic folk tale set in a German-occupied Slovakian village in 1942. A simple, poor carpenter (Josef Kroner) with a nagging wife is appointed by his brother-in-law to be the "Aryan controller" of a button shop run by an aged Jewish woman (Ida Kaminska), and he expects to make his fortune. But the old woman is penniless, has nothing to sell, and is so deaf she doesn't understand that he has come to take over. She assumes he has been sent to be her assistant; he slips into that role, and the two innocents become friends. The story deals with his confusion and spiritual crisis when the Jews are deported. This film has been much honored, though it pulls at the viewer's emotions and its folkishness is laboriously whimsical. Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, who co-directed, allow us to be too aware of the acting; Kroner's impersonation of a "little man" looks like hard work—in the Paul Muni tradition. Based on a story by Ladislav Grossman. In Czech. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant satire of Hollywood in the late twenties, at the time of the transition from silents to talkies, is probably the most enjoyable of all American movie musicals. The teamwork of the stars, Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds, is joyful, and the material is first-rate—ranging from parodies of the Busby Berkeley style of choreography to the Charleston and Black Bottom performed straight. The film falters during a too long love song on a deserted studio stage and during a lavish oversize Broadway ballet, but these sequences don't seriously affect one's enjoyment. With Jean Hagen as an imbecile movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, Rita Moreno as a flapper actress, Madge Blake as a syrupy columnist, and Douglas Fowley as a distraught director. Directed by Kelly and Stanley Donen from a witty, affectionate script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. The songs, by Nacio Herb Brown, with lyrics by Arthur Freed, include "All I Do Is Dream of You," "Make 'Em Laugh," "I've Got a Feeling You're Fooling," "Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Fit as a Fiddle," "Should I?," "You Were Meant for Me," "Good Morning," "You Are My Lucky Star," and, of course, "Singin' in the Rain." The song "Moses" is by Comden and Green and Roger Edens. Cinematography by Harold Rosson. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 11.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Eastside Cinema.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (R.K.O. Century Art.)

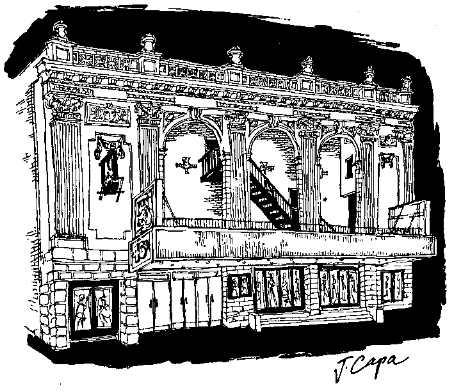
Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the whambams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Ziegfeld.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a screen version of "One Sunday Afternoon," a play by James Hagan about life at the turn of the century. Cagney is an unnervingly energetic dentist who is crazy about Rita Hayworth but who goes and marries de Havilland. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Regency; Sept. 11-12.)

Three-Cornered Moon (1953)—This Paramount Pictures comedy about a prosperous, easygoing Brooklyn family (Mary Boland is the vague, likable mother) and what happens when the stock-market crash wipes them out begins promisingly. It has a good cast, including Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, Lyda Roberti, and Wallace Ford, and with a little more intelligence and discretion it might have gone well. Instead, we get the younger generation whimpering about "what'll we do now?" Elliott Nugent directed, from a Broadway play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 15.)

Tovarich (1937)—The thirties stage play about a penniless Russian prince and his grandduchess wife who are happy to get jobs as servants in a Paris household. It's the sort of vehicle that comes to life in the theatre, because of the opportunities it affords dazzling technicians, but in the movie version, although Charles Boyer has a devilish cuckoo quality and Claudette Colbert is very charming, the whole thing seems rather attenuated. It's pleasant, but there's no energy in it, and the director, Anatole Litvak, who had demonstrated a highly developed visual style when he worked with Boyer only the year before (in "Mayerling"), seems paralyzed by the stagy material. With Basil Rathbone, Isabel Jeans, Anita Louise, Morris Carnovsky, Melville Cooper, Montagu Love, and Fritz Feld. From the play by Jacques Deval, adapted for the American stage by Robert E. Sherwood; the screenplay is by Casey Robinson. (Another version was made in France, in 1935.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 15.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews State.)



The Tree of Wooden Clogs (1979)—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 14.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed this comedy-fable, has given himself only a small role at the beginning, and the picture never quite recovers from the loss of him. The plot, which is about three men hunting for a fortune stuffed into one of twelve chairs, is set in pre-revolutionary Russia. This gives Brooks an opportunity to show his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods—such as burlesque and the mad-Russian accents of early radio—but, gifted as he is, he still doesn't go beyond gag comedy. The exteriors, which were shot in Yugoslavia, have a sprightly, picturesque Grandma Moses atmosphere; the whole enterprise is a little forlorn, though. Not bad, really—just so-so. The three leads are Ron Moody, who has a great moment toward the end clutching a piece of chair; Dom DeLuise; and Frank Langella, who comes across as supercilious in the witlessly written role of the handsome juvenile. Based on the same Ilf-and-Petrov novel as the 1945 Fred Allen picture "It's in the Bag." (Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 8.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Originally the film had three stories and was called "Three Daughters." Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster"—a story of betrayal—is a pure and simple small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some memorable scenes, beauty, and wit but also has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful—and a little wearying. In Bengali. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 13.)

WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Guild, Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 9-15, tentative.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and New Yorker.)

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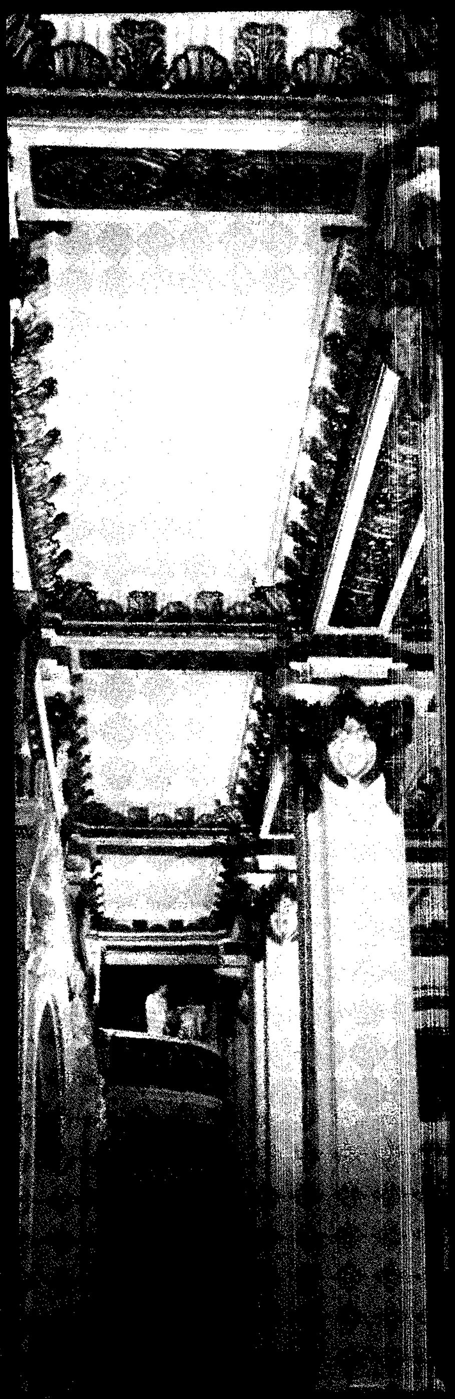

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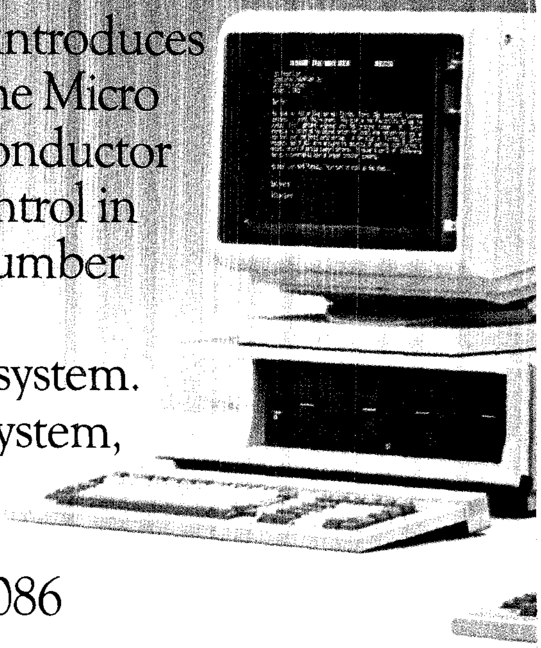

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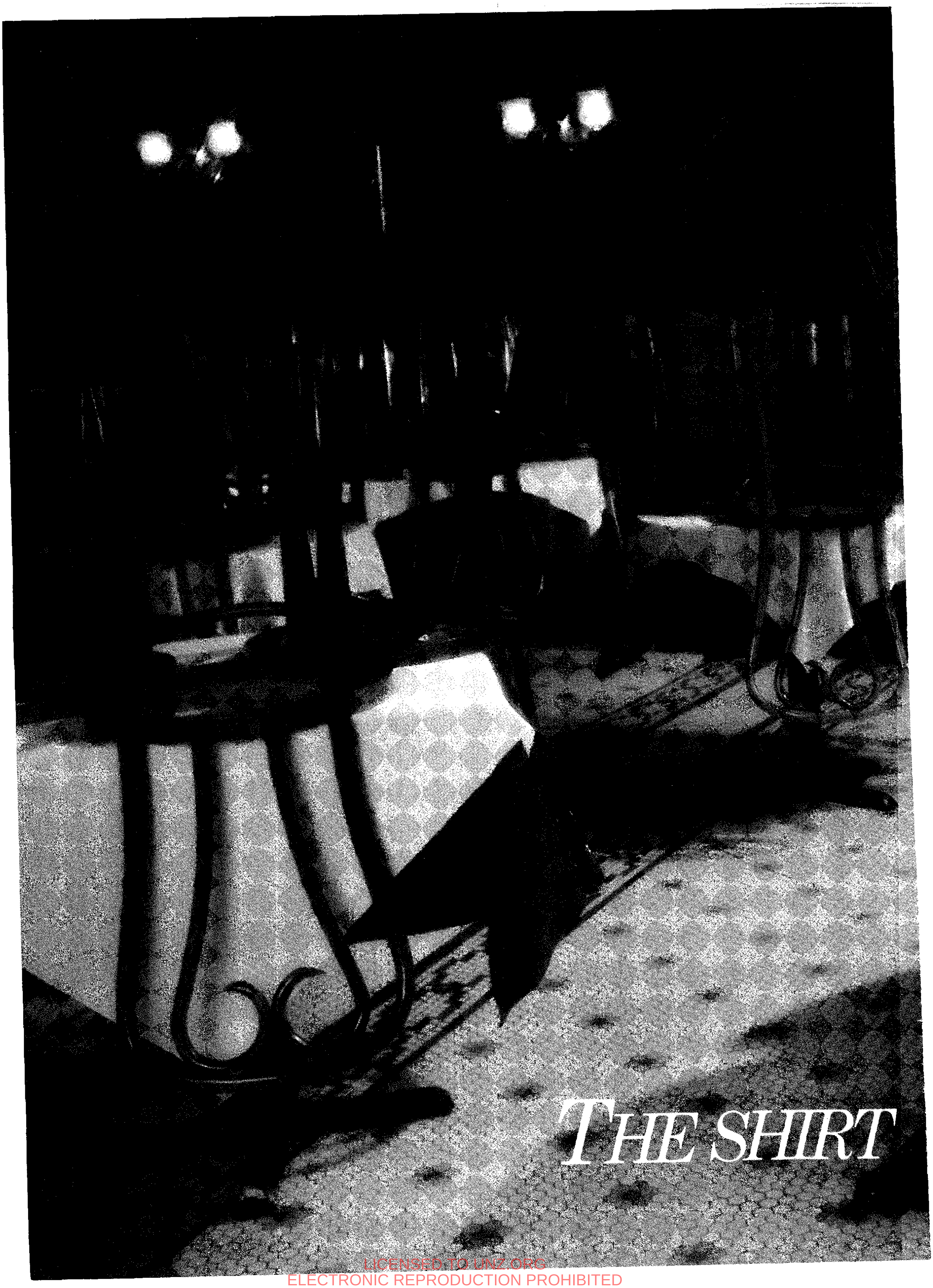

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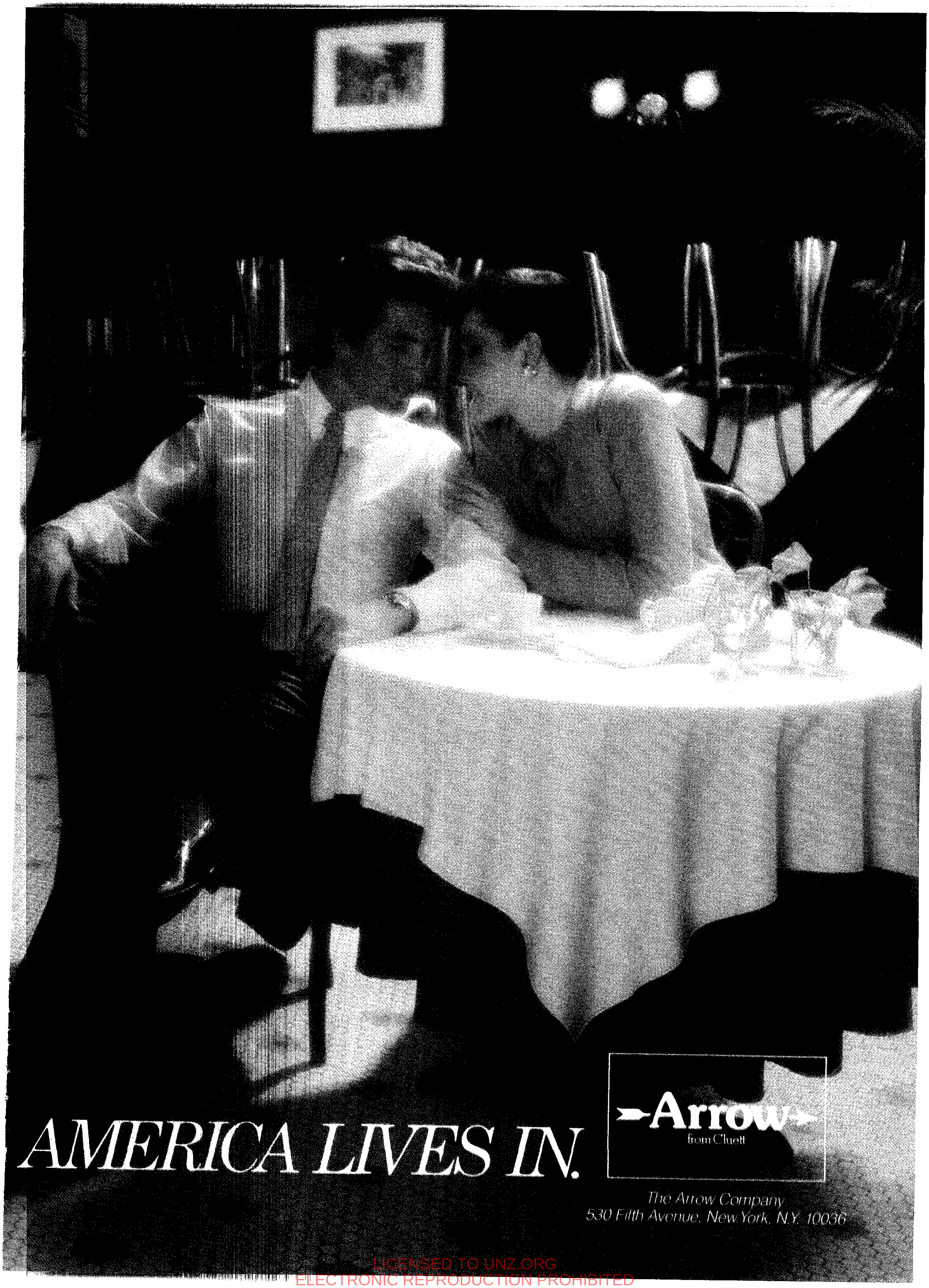
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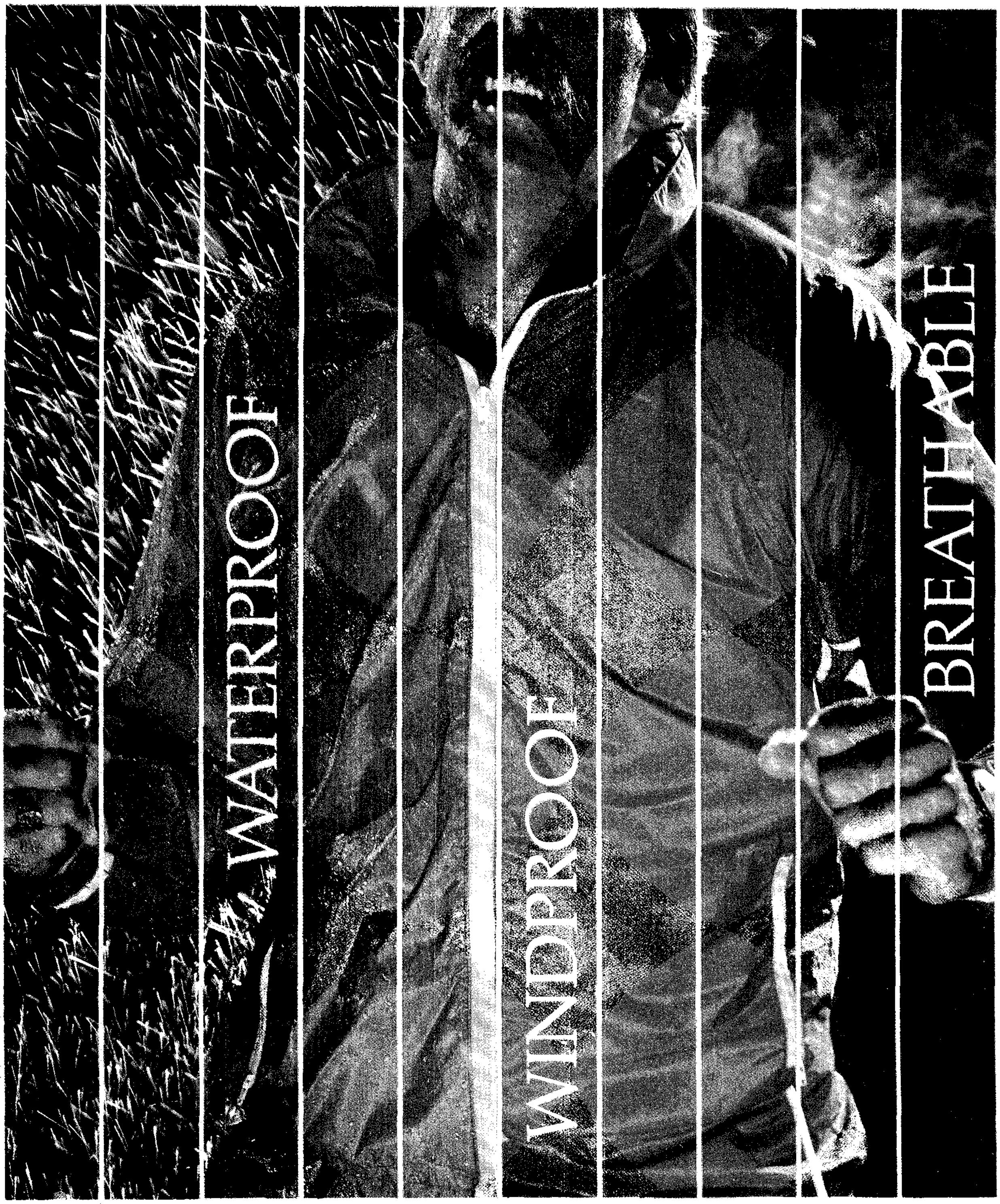
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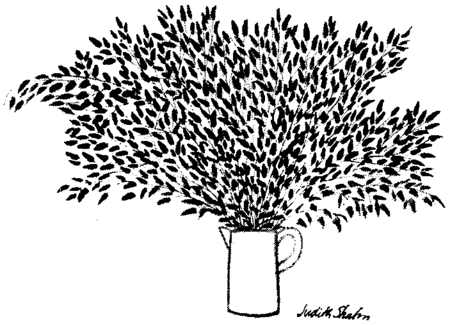
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHAT are the sources of fundamental change in our society? From what spring will justice roll down like water? That mighty stream of righteousness—how do we find it? Martin Luther King, Jr., in his "I Have a Dream" speech, delivered at the Lincoln Memorial as the climactic event of the 1963 march on Washington—and in a hundred other sermons—located that spring inside people: in their hearts, or souls, or whatever the organ is called that can override selfish calculation and act instead on love. His strategy called for conversion—if not of the policeman brandishing the club, then at least of the bystanders watching on TV. At its root, the strategy, a new one to this nation, involved an attempt to fundamentally alter the moral anatomy of Americans. Far more than he wanted the Voting Rights Act, far more than he wanted the freedom to eat at dime-store lunch counters, far more than he wanted black elected officials, King wanted the change of heart in individual Americans which would make those political developments possible. Late last month, twenty years after Dr. King's speech, people of good will—civil-rights leaders, feminists, trade unionists, environmentalists, peace activists, and ice-cream salesmen—converged once more on the reflecting pool beneath the Lincoln Memorial, to mark the anniversary, take inventory of gains, and talk about the future. Preacher after mayor after folksinger pointed out that large parts of the King agenda are now both the law and the custom of the land—the parts about eating in the same restaurants and drinking from the same fountains and voting in elections and sitting next to each other in school (public school, at least). But other items on the checklist have not been ticked off. As others who spoke that day pointed out, there are more people unemployed today than there were in 1963, and the current figure includes more than half the country's young blacks. People go hungry in this nation. Fifteen per cent of all Americans live below the poverty level. Neither the tally of achievements nor the scorecard of failures came as a surprise, of course; these facts are the givens in the American debate about social progress. What we ourself were struck by was that the strategies people proposed for putting an end to the remaining tragedies differed subtly but decisively from the King approach. Instead of looking to individual hearts for change, the men and women who stood before the microphones last month in Washington were looking to the legislatures, to the polling places. Altering the political landscape, not the moral anatomy, concerned them; in speech after speech, the stress was on trouncing Reagan, on registering voters in awesome numbers. Referring to the potential strength of the black vote, Jesse Jackson told the crowd, "David has unused rocks just lying around." Almost everyone made the same point, calling again and again for the birth of a "new coalition" powerful enough to triumph over the other forces in American politics.

We have no philosophical objection to that approach. If the votes are there to create jobs for people and to feed and clothe and house the poor, then they should by all means be used. King, of course, was not a disbeliever in legislative and electoral action; he wanted all the individual changes of heart to be reflected in collective resolutions, which is to say in legislation. One of the main reasons he went to Washington in 1963 was to win passage of the Civil Rights Act. But strategy is always rooted in a perception of current reality, and a strategy that calls for winning by strength of numbers, a strategy that relies on playing politics in the traditional sense, is rooted in the idea that enough hearts have been changed and have not changed back—that the world left behind by King resembles a perfect hand of cards, which needs only to be played out to its inevitable conclusion. Such a strategy implies that a new crusade like the movement King led is unnecessary; it counts instead on channelling the residual momentum from that era into programs and legislation. The idea, though, that the twenty years since 1963 have been twenty years of progress misleads. Most of the advance came in the seven or eight years following the first march on Washington. Then, for some years, the forward motion stalled; it was a "time of rest" after the travails of the nineteen-sixties, people said. In the late nineteen-seventies, the nation began to move once more, only this time in the opposite direction. First came the tax revolt, then the Reagan revolution. Proposition 13 was not an American aberration; the Great Society very well may have been. If the movement to give food to the hungry and justice to the downtrodden is to be a political interest, like so many others, it will not fare well in the decade to come. In such a competition, compassion loses out, because it aids only a minority, because it can be so easily labelled a fraud-ridden



giveaway, and because it costs a hell of a lot of money. If all, or almost all, Americans are to have jobs, if the thirty million living in poverty are to be given significant aid, if the hungry are to be fed, then taxes must rise and the standard of living for the rest of us must fall. Either that or there must be fundamental changes in our economic system. Those who see either one happening in the current political climate, or those who think there are enough unhappy people so that if they all got together they could run things, are badly mistaken. Even if Ronald Reagan loses in 1984, his replacement will not be able to substantially increase social spending—he will be hard pressed to restore the cuts made over the past four years. Perhaps we will be able to return to the halcyon days of 1980, when the poverty rate hovered around thirteen per cent. That is reality. To change reality, King held, people must be changed first. The people he had to move were the people who must still be moved—the white middle-class and upper-class majority that elects Presidents, passes legislation, pays taxes, and dominates America. King was able to reach some of these people—enough to make the progress that the crowd gathered last month to salute—but not by appealing to their interests. The only way he could have appealed to their—our—interests was to threaten violence if we did not give in, and that, of course, he never considered. Instead, he appealed to our disinterestedness, to our sense of shame and dignity. Deeply convinced that somewhere inside all men there lives an abiding notion of right and wrong, King and his followers used suffering and courage to bring that notion of shame and dignity to the surface. "Unearned suffering is redemptive," he told the crowd by the reflecting pool twenty years ago, and in an almost miraculous way he was correct. He and his methods redeemed lives—not only the lives of black men and women, who found a new sense of worth, but also the lives of white men and women, who found, at the least, a new sense of guilt and, at the best, an ideal concern and love.

Such transformations may no longer be possible. The willingness to end Jim Crow represented tremendous progress, but it is as nothing next to the problem of convincing even the most transformed among us in the majority that we should sacrifice some portion of our standard of living. Like St. Matthew's sorrowful rich man, even those of us who are willing to follow all the commandments remain powerfully reluctant to part with possessions. Besides, the new struggle would not be as easy to dramatize: no snarling police dogs are needed to keep people who are short of cash out of supermarkets, and no Bull Connor prevents the jobless from seeking work. The sufferings of the poor do not redeem us; if they touch us at all, it is only to scare us. But Martin Luther King was a man who might have been able to overcome such obstacles. There is every indication that he would have tried; in 1968 he was planning a Poor People's Campaign to focus on just these issues. But in 1968 he was shot dead, and that is the biggest problem of all. The men and women who spoke in Washington last month are courageous and hardworking and better by far than most of us. But their voices seemed to blend together. They are not saints and they are not giants, and perhaps only saints and giants can transform people's insides and draw out the good in our souls. Impersonal forces may determine the normal course of history, but only the greatest leaders allow history to leap ahead with bounding strides. When a tape of King delivering his "Dream" speech was played to close last month's march, the people gathered by the reflecting pool could hardly bear even to look at each other, they felt so lost.

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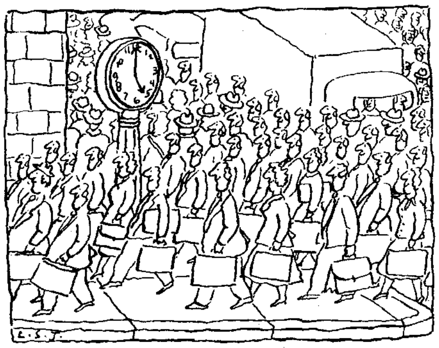
Pictures

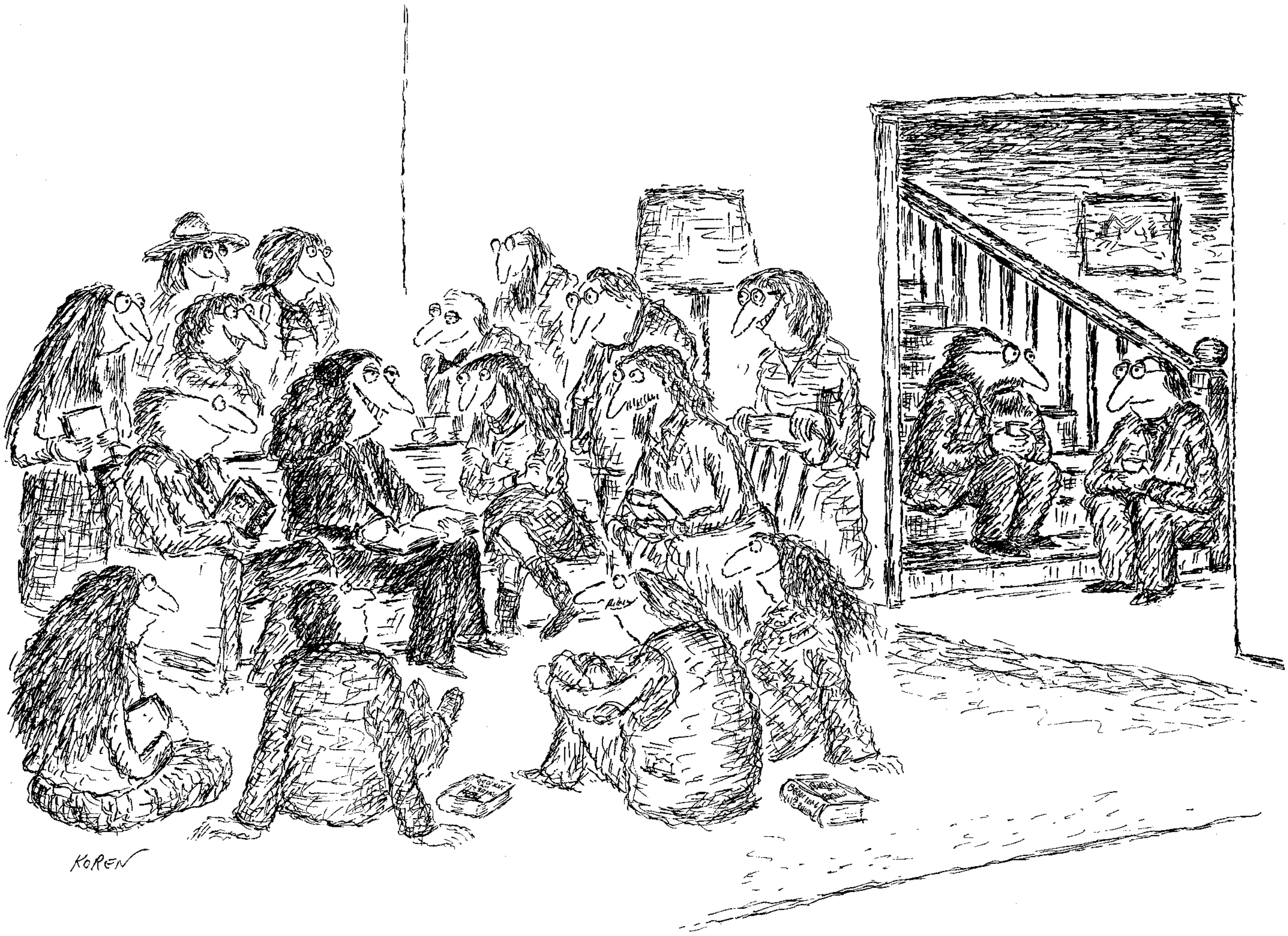
A WOMAN we know has sent us the following summertime report:

The heat this summer has been particularly brutal and intrusive. At times, it even imposes itself in the presence of an air-conditioner. At night, through artificially cooled dreams, you still know that you are hot, and the thought wakes you up. During the day, the air, kindled from above and ricocheted from below, blows flames at you through the open taxi window. The bus is cooler, but during the rush hour sandaled feet are trampled and mauled. Imprisoned in the city, in charge of an ailing elderly relative, I have not once looked at the ocean, or gone to sleep without hearing the doors of the bus open and close as it stops and starts directly across the avenue from my bedroom. What I have done, all summer long, is navigate, at a strangely reduced pace, from air-conditioner to air-conditioner, always crossing avenues and streets to walk on the shady side. I creep, like a cat, close to the buildings, in spite of blasts of hot exhaust from freezing shops, as if the very proximity of stone could offer shelter.



August is a desolate month, and a Sunday is the most desolate day of an August week. The morning is taken up with chores and the papers, and a dash out to the Greek deli because one has run out of caffeine. On Sunday morning, the apartment building is deserted (at the entrance, the adolescent porter has become the doorman), and the only human being you meet in the block-long dash is a woman in her sixties who has put on white shorts to walk her sheared but nevertheless panting lapdog. And what about Sunday afternoon? It should be a time for fresh air in the company of friends. But on a Sunday in August there is no air and there are no friends. Sunday afternoon is also a time for forgetting. One must forget in order to replenish, and the unconscious transaction between the two is ideally effected in a darkened movie house. So what you do is choose a movie and phone in for reassurance: "No, there is no waiting at present." But by the time you have crept the twenty blocks it takes to get there (always walking in the shade) you see an endless line, invariably positioned in the sun. It is as if all the people you thought had deserted the city had instead holed up waiting for movie time. I am constitutionally unable to wait in line for entertainment. Bread, yes, but not entertainment. The Park is there, but on a torpid August Sunday afternoon Central Park is not the answer. The grass under the trees is too densely populated, and the sight of apoplectic exercisers unsettling. That leaves concerts (but for concerts you must plan ahead), the Circle Line, and museums.

This summer, I have fallen into a firm habit of going to museums on Sunday afternoons. Suddenly, there is a destination, a goal, an outing, a plan



"Now that Rebecca is 'must' reading, my life with her has become insupportable, unbearable—a living hell."

• •

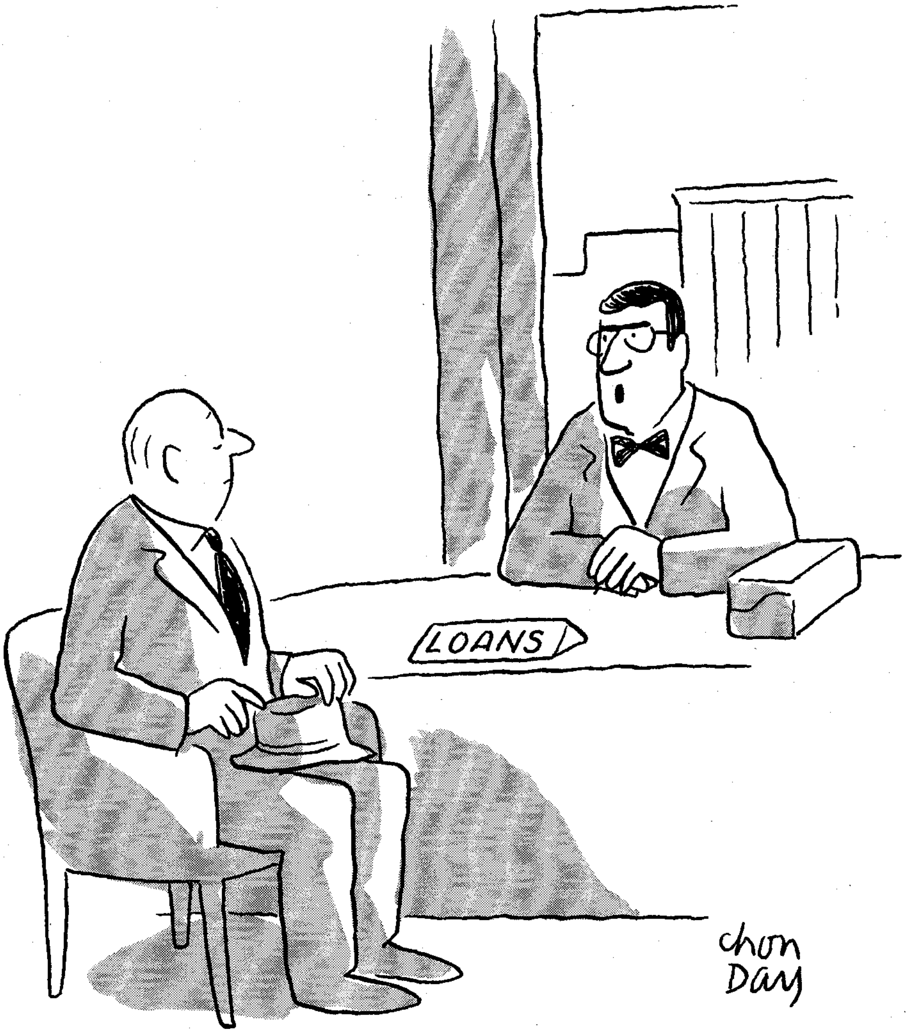
for the day. All morning long, I await the afternoon, for there is nothing in the world I would rather do than look at pictures. Museums are an ideal refuge from the heat. Their walls are solid, and their skylights thick. Besides, museums are usually kept at polar temperatures, and their interiors have amplitude—a perfect antidote to the feeling of constriction imposed by heat. As a rule, museums are not particularly crowded on summer weekends. The Metropolitan, a block away from my house (between Madison and Fifth there is almost always a semblance of a breeze), is a fixed and permanent feast with movable surprises. I love to wander around the André Meyer Galleries, where the light is particularly lovely on sunny afternoons, and where I invariably end my rounds in front of van Gogh's "Irises." The surprises this summer are in a Henry Moore show that is a glory. Pale marble, polished wood, luminous bronze: it is a show of great span and depth, but the effect is quiet, composed, and cool. There is, too, a Constable show, which I found wanting: a drawn-out monotony of landscapes which did not stand in for a day in the country; a few exquisite oil sketches and studies. I would rather look at my landscapes one at a time—an isolated Hobbema, a solitary Claude Lorrain.

I try, on Sundays, to stay within the neighborhood as much as possible, but two weeks ago I rode down to the Museum of Modern Art. It is in such a muddle, with its renovation and expansion, that upon entering the new building, on Fifty-fourth Street, one is seized by disorientation. Where is the old, the beloved museum one visited as a child on Sunday afternoons, or after school during the week? For the time being, it is nonexistent. On the ground floor of the new building is a Mondrian show that does not take up much of one's time. On the second floor is a brand-new coffee shop that serves, faddishly, cheese and fruit in individual baskets, and wine, among other things. Still disoriented, instead of going up to the third floor to see the Miró and Picasso show, for which I had heard much praise, I made my way down to the basement to look at "Masterpieces from the Permanent Collection." Most of them are achingly familiar. But the surroundings are not. For the time being, Rousseau's "Gypsy" sleeps there.

Last Sunday morning, as I was contemplating my usual intermission from duties, I had a happy surprise. An old friend, stranded in town by a deadline on a translation from the Italian, called, and he was willing to take a break in the afternoon. We had been together to museums before, so I suggested we go to the Frick. To say that for museum-going one must choose a companion with the utmost care is not saying enough. This companion happens to be perfect. He knows everything and talks very little. He has the answers to one's questions, but volunteers nothing. And he is passionate about looking at pictures. My friend came by wearing shorts; I was, as I am all summer long, in minimal sandals. The heat was fierce. We crept down the ten blocks along Madison Avenue, staying close to the buildings. The wind blew steadily, and it blew hot. One of us muttered the word "sirocco." The Frick, to which, for some reason, I had not been in many years, turned out to be bliss. To begin with, the temperature was fit for penguins. We recovered from our walk in complete silence in the Garden Court, listening to the transparent sound of the fountain. Then we started on our rounds.

The Frick is unexampled in that one can go through it without even a touch of museum fatigue. It is grand, all right, yet it manages to retain a homey quality. The upholstery on a couch (greenish plush with tassels) can be perfectly hideous, and the fringed black silk lampshades on the Chinese vases tend to be askew. In the library, a Louis XVI gilt-bronze clock on top of a bookshelf strikes the hour, and the half hour as well, and editions of the complete George Meredith and a great deal of John Fiske, among many, many others, stand aligned on their shelves. We were both in the mood for Fragonard and Boucher. "I wouldn't have been a few years ago, but I am now," my friend said.

In the Fragonard Room, we looked at the four largest panels of "The Progress of Love," which were commissioned by Mme. du Barry for her pavilion at Louveciennes but were soon returned to the painter as unwanted. (Imagine!) One of the reasons may have been embarrassment over the striking resemblance of the two principal figures to the young du Barry and Louis XV. Some of the furniture in the room is of royal provenance. The Beauvais tapestries on the backs of the Heurtaut sofas and chairs were designed by Boucher. In a corner, there is a *guéridon* with gilt-bronze caryatids supporting a plaque of lapis lazuli flecked with gold. The Fragonards are masterpieces and they are as light as air, so the room is unpretentious and inviting—one could readily move in. The jewellike, square Boucher Room is open during the week and roped off but visible on weekends. Its decorative and witty canvases, "The Arts and Sciences," were executed for Mme. de Pompadour's château near Chartres. They look perfectly at home at the Frick, with the sound of traffic going by on Seventieth Street.



"We might make unwise international loans, Mr. Simpson, but we don't make unwise loans to individuals."

Looking at pictures at the Frick is a joy, and I wondered why I hadn't indulged in it more often. Two of three Vermeers hang in the South Hall. "Officer and Laughing Girl" has an officer's shadowed profile in the foreground; he is wearing a magnificent black hat. The girl's wide smile is one of pure delight. And the light comes in from the left, as it so often does in Vermeer, through an open latticed window. The girl's headdress, the leaded-glass window, and the chairs in the pictures are similar to the ones in "Girl Interrupted at Her Music." E. M. Forster, in his essay "Not Looking at Pictures," complains that while he is looking at pictures his mind wanders continuously. When I look at a Vermeer, I immediately think of his "View of Delft," and of the death of Bergotte, and of Proust's passion for the painter, which I have always shared.

We took in worldly Gainsboroughs, an otherworldly El Greco, the golden harbor views of Turner, Goya's "The Forge," and the landscapes I had been looking for—a precise, homely, detailed Hobbema and a magnificently poetic Claude Lorrain. We looked long and hard at Rembrandt's "The Polish Rider." It is a very mysterious picture, but then all of Rembrandt is a mystery to me. Rembrandt eludes me. I have tried to grasp Rembrandt, but I have never succeeded. "I have a friend who took peyote before going to a Rembrandt print show at the Met," I said, "and for the first time he came alive for her." Two Holbein portraits, of two famous enemies, hang in the Living Hall: Thomas Cromwell and Sir Thomas More. But both my companion and I decided that, in a way, we had derived more pleasure from Holbein's drawings, on view earlier this summer at the Morgan Library. Holbein's drawings are incredibly incisive.

We ended up back in the Garden Court, once more in complete silence, which my friend eventually broke to say that had he been sailing off Newport he would not have had a more pleasurable afternoon. I watched the two small stone frogs at either end of the basin, each spewing forth a thin, cool-looking jet of water, and successfully fought off an urge to wade in.

To Fly!

EVER since man said to hell with the primordial soup, he has dreamed of flight. There was Icarus. There was John Glenn. And we're no different. Late last month, when the folks at the American Museum of Natural History, who were promoting a film called "To Fly!," offered to take us on a balloon ride over West Seventy-seventh Street, we leaped at the opportunity. (Our leap, of course, sundered us from the surface for only a second. Then gravity reasserted its rule and we returned to earth with a thump.)

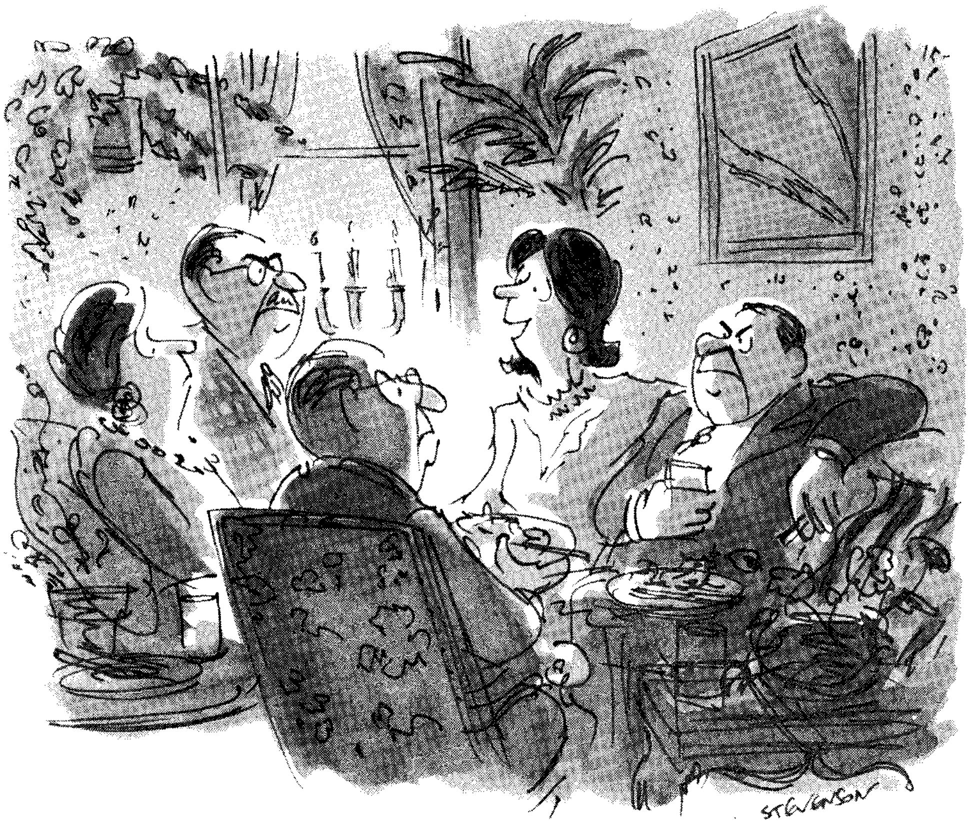
Stretched out flat on West Seventy-seventh Street around noon on a sunny day, the balloon looked unprepossessing, but the edge in Joe Nicelli's voice fired our imagination. Nicelli, a balloon pilot and the owner of a firm called Skyworks, which takes interested parties aloft, stopped hoisting propane tanks and rigging guy wires long enough to tell us, "The only times you can free-fly a balloon are sunrise and sunset. The winds are too strong the rest of the time, and so we'll be using a tether today. There's something really *nice* about flying sunrise. A total, total feeling of peace and serenity. There's no sense of motion. It's as if you were standing still and the earth was moving past you. Each time you go up, it's completely different. In the dead of winter, when all the earth is white, or in the early-morning ground fog—those are such memorable times. Africa, above the game parks, was really spectacular. I love ballooning."

Nicelli's crew, with a lot of shouting, attached the wicker basket to the bottom of the balloon, turned on the heat, and watched carefully as the mammoth rose from the horizontal to the vertical. Eighty feet tall and forty-five feet around, the red-white-and-blue balloon parked by the museum's south entrance dominated the scene. Most passersby above the age of eight, however, seemed nonchalant.

"What's that?" one man asked his companion.

"A balloon," she told him.

"Oh, I've seen one of those," he said.



"Let's just make that last remark of Don's an outtake, shall we?"

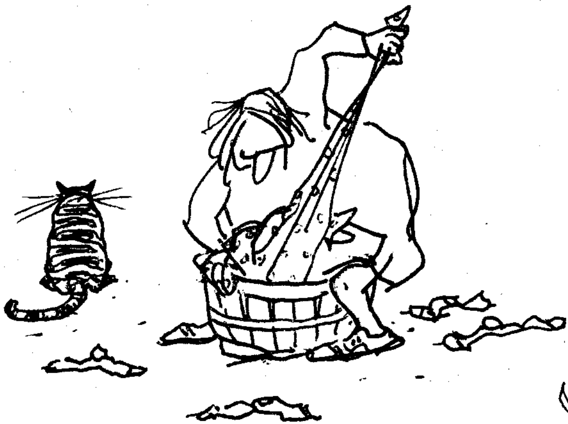
• •

While Nicelli and his crew worked on getting the balloon ready to soar, we went inside the museum and watched "To Fly!" Dan Mullane, who runs the museum's Naturemax Theatre, told us that his screen was four stories high and that the film he was showing was "the film of the decade," adding, "When you're in the theatre, you're really involved sensorially. I've never been in a balloon, but I know what it feels like. Have you ever had airsickness?"

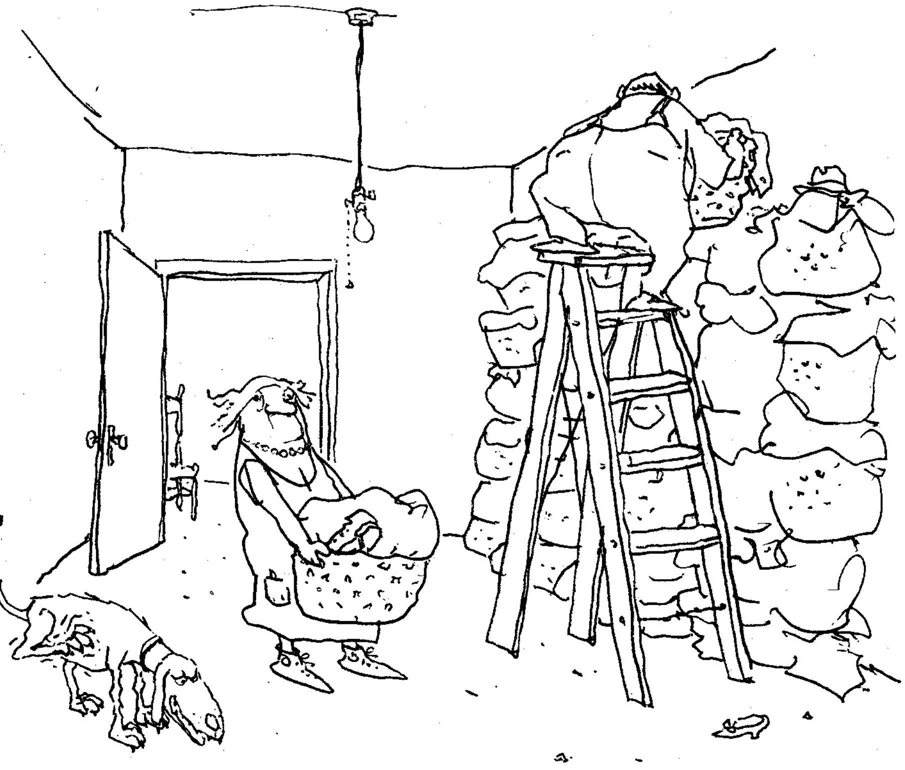
The film opened with a balloon flight over verdant forests, tree-banked rivers, white churches, and other calendar scenes. There were some rolling hills. An impressed narrator pointed out, "These flights suddenly gave us a whole other way of seeing. . . . From above, the world seems transformed." Later, after a railroad train (it was apparently visiting from another movie) almost ran over the audience, and some Air Force pilots dived at the ground, and a hang glider flitted around the seashore, and a rocket blasted off, the narrator noted, "As the century moves to a close, the world grows smaller. . . . Our first step into space is the end of one long journey and the beginning of another. . . . Today, we look upon our planet from afar and feel a new tenderness for our tiny and fragile earth." Completely blown away, we staggered back into the sunlight, readier than ever for our flight. "Climb on in," said Nicelli, our pilot, and as we wedged ourself into the basket with two companions—well, our heart was about two sizes too big.

What was it like to be in a balloon? What was it *all about*? Truth to tell, our experience is a bit limited. Nicelli, who had diagnosed the wind conditions as "swirly," said that it would be unsafe to rise to the rooftops of the upper West Side, as we had planned. "Ten feet, that's about as high as we can go," he said. If you can imagine standing near the window at a crowded party in a second-floor apartment, a party that features an overhead propane burner and a gently bobbing floor, then you can imagine ballooning—at least, in our experience. Still, we had broken free of the earth (though a rope linked us to the rear bumper of a Ford station wagon), and, given a few minutes, we're sure we could have ruminated with the best of them about the insignificance of scurrying man. The ground was soon looming up to meet us, however, and we had scarcely enough time to note that from our perch small insects appeared as ants.

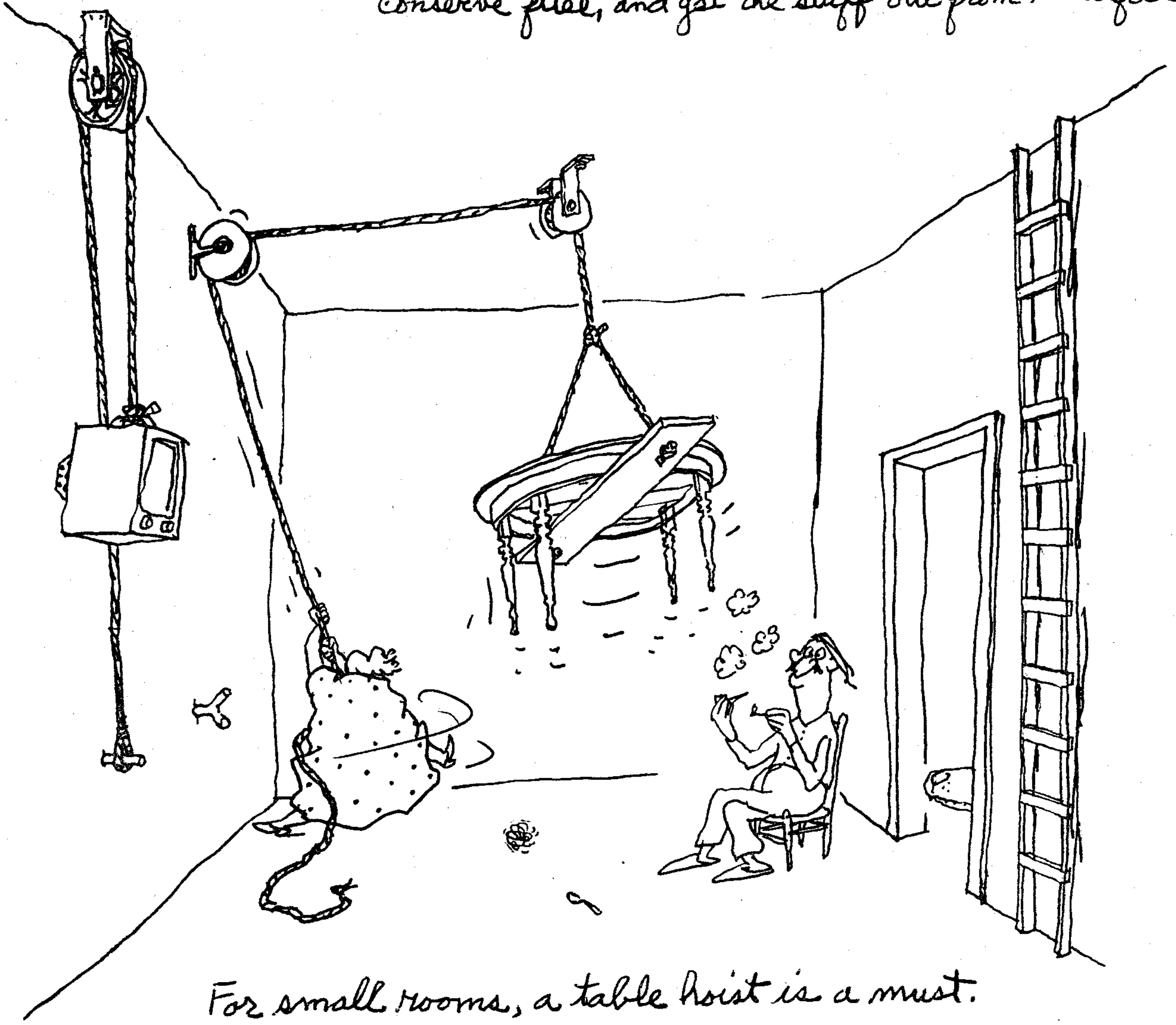
ORDER



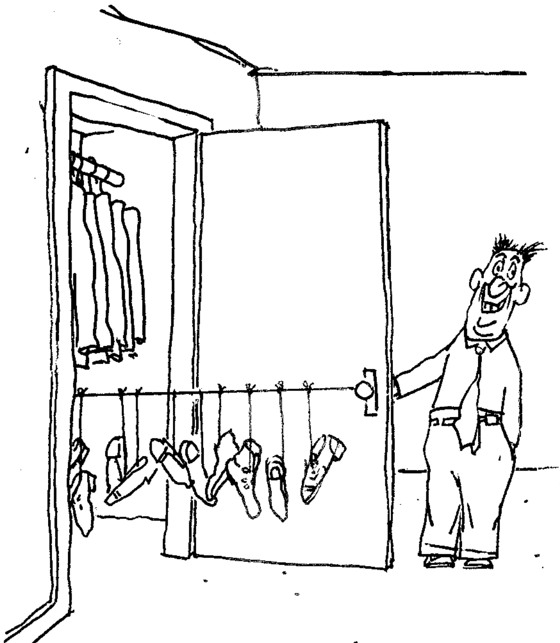
Buying one-color socks eliminates pairing.



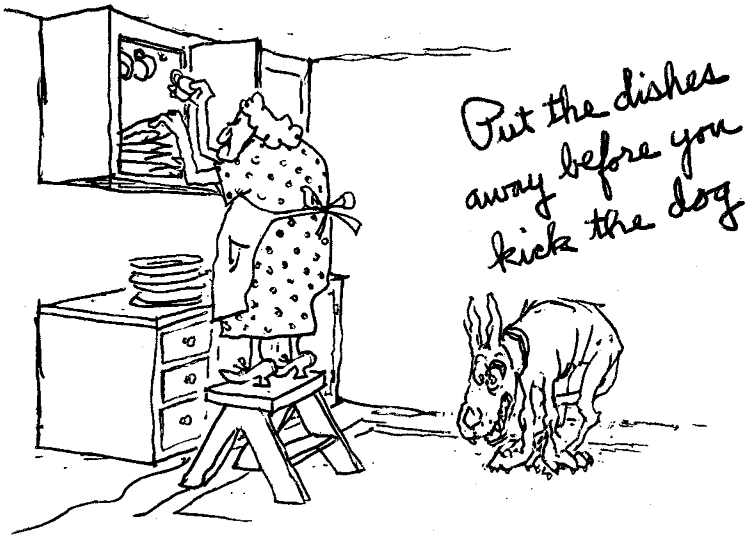
Baskets of stuff stacked against the walls conserve fuel, and get the stuff out from underfoot.



For small rooms, a table hoist is a must.

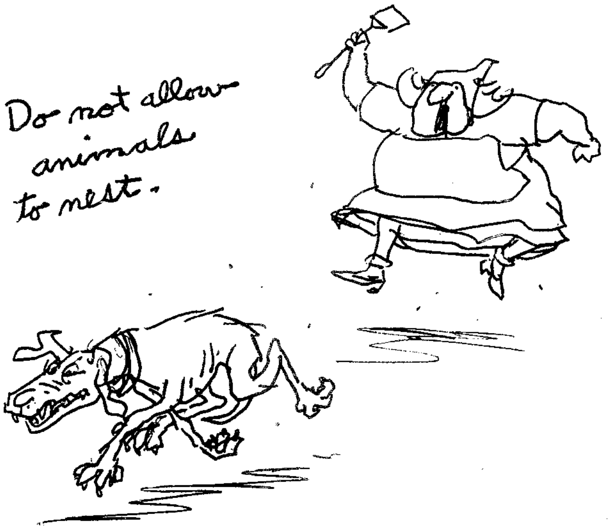


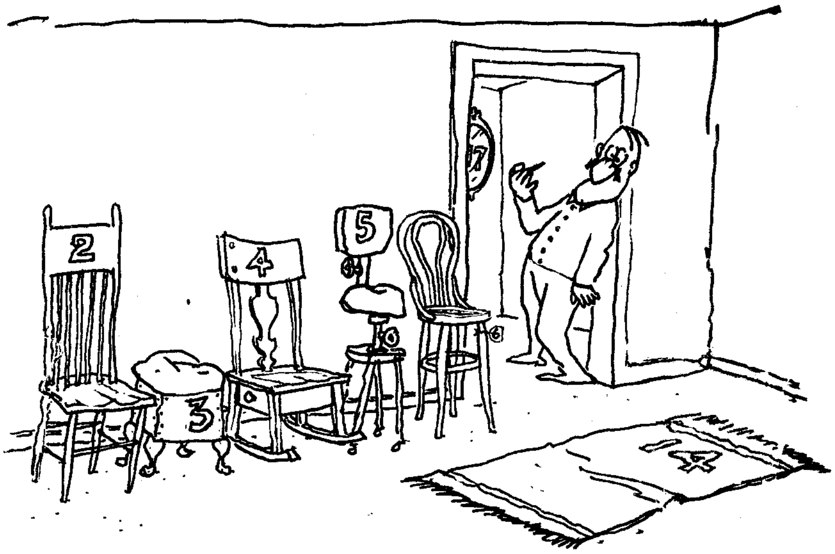
Shoes can be strung.



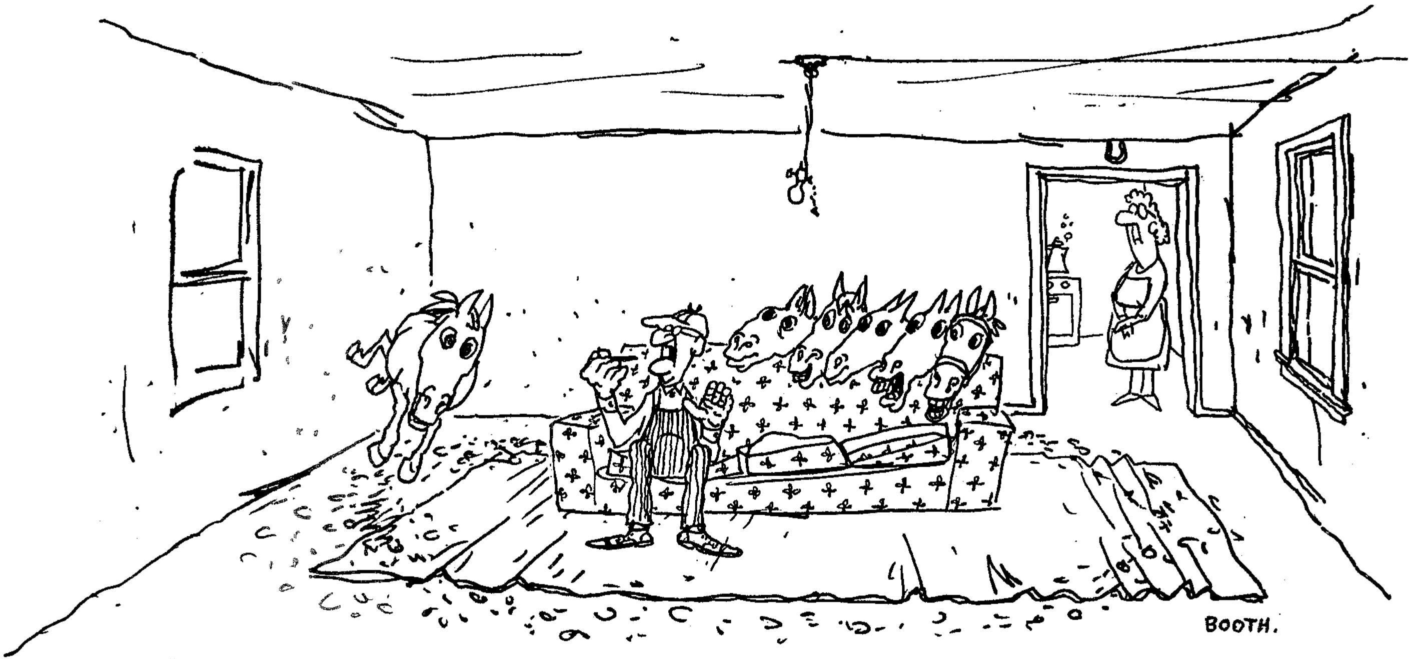
Put the dishes away before you kick the dog.

Do not allow animals to nest.





Furniture functions better with numbers.



Discipline in the home is the very linchpin of order.

CEIL

I HAVE to imagine Ceil—I did not know her; I did not know my mother. I cannot imagine Ceil. She is the initial word. Everything in me having to do with knowing refers to her. The heart of the structures of my speech is my mother. It is not with my mother but with Ceil in her own life that my speech begins. My mother as an infant, and then a child, and then a girl, a hoyden maybe, seven years old, ten and coldly angular, and then a girl of twelve, then a girl of nineteen, tall, thin-bodied, long-legged in a fashion inconceivable to me. What I am is her twisted and bereaved and altered and ignorant heir. She died when I was two. I died as well, but I came to life again in another family, and no one was like her, everything was different. I was told I was not like her. I see that she is not human in the ways I am: she is more wise, more pathetic—whichever—in some way larger than my life, which, after all, she contained for a while. I was her dream, her punishment. She dreams me but she bears me, too. Her dream is real. It is a clouded and difficult legend.

I tend to feel an almost theatrical fright when I am near a subject that hints of her. I've felt this way since I was six and learned that my real mother had died and that I did not know her.

In the last year before the war that shaped her life, in 1913, she was nineteen; and she has a too stylishly formed, too stylized a body, too sexual, too strongly marked for me to be comfortable with the thought of her. Her body when she was that age I recognize; I invent it. I know her feet, her hands, her hair—as a girl: they are unlike mine. She has longish brown hair, very fine-drawn, so that, although it is curly, its own weight straightens it except at the ends. Fine hair, which sets an uneasy and trembling too thin silkiness, a perilously sexual lack of weight around her face, which bobs nakedly forward from what might have framed or hidden her vitality; beneath the too fine hair is one of those girlishly powerful faces atop a tall body, a face large-lipped, eyes set very wide; a face bold with an animal and temperamental and intellectual electricity. She is both regal and peasantlike, gypsyish—or like a red Indian—a noticeable presence, physically exhilarated and willful. She is muscular. She is direct in glance. She has a long neck and a high rear end and longish feet and short-fingered hands with oddly unimpressive nails—her hands are not competent; they are cut off a little from life because her mind is active and her hands consequently stumble, but her energy and a somewhat hot and comic and even farcical grace of attention she has make up for that, and she is considered by others and by herself to be very good at manual things anyway.

And she is literate—she is bookish and given to quoting and argument—and she is active physically, and she is given to bad temper rather than to depression. In comparative poverty, in an era of grave terrors, she has lived in enough danger that she has become courteous and ironic, and has been ever since she was a small child, but the courtesy and the irony lie atop a powerful other self. As a personality, she was a striking image for others from the beginning—she was what would be called by some people A Great Favorite: much pawed is what that comes down to. This is among Jews and Russians. Things were asked of her often by her mother and her father and by others: errands and talk and company, physical company. She was noticeable and had that quality of mind which made people take her as *special*, as being destined and far-seeing, more *reasonable* than others. She was (in a sense) the trademark or logo of the community, of the family—sought after, liked, used, I would imagine, but she was patient with that because she was praised, and so admiringly looked at as well. People close their minds off and charge and butt at their favorites—or tease and torment them: A Peasant Beauty.

Here are some sentences from Chekhov: *The village was never free of fever, and there was boggy mud there even in the summer, especially under the fences over which hung old willow-trees that gave deep shade. Here there was always a smell from the factory refuse and the acetic acid which was used in the finishing of cotton print. . . . The tanyard often made the little river stink . . .* [Bribes to the chief of police and the district doctor kept the factory open.] *In the whole village there were only two decent houses made of brick with tin roofs.*

And: *The sonorous, joyful clang of the church bells hung over the town unceasingly, setting the spring air aquiver.*

And: *The charming street in spring, on each side of it was a row of poplars. . . . And acacias, tall bushes of lilacs, wild cherries and apple-trees hung over the fence and the palings.*

Barefoot, in Russia near a small ravine, she moves, much too showily

Bosky Dell

present, not discreet, not slipping and sliding along in the Oriental fashion, not devious or subterranean or flirtatious or in any masquerade, but obvious and present, forthright in a local manner, a common enough manner in that part of the world where women ran farms and inns and stores and had that slightly masculinized swagger or march, that alive-in-the-world-of-men, alert, and roughened air, that here-and-now way of presenting themselves.

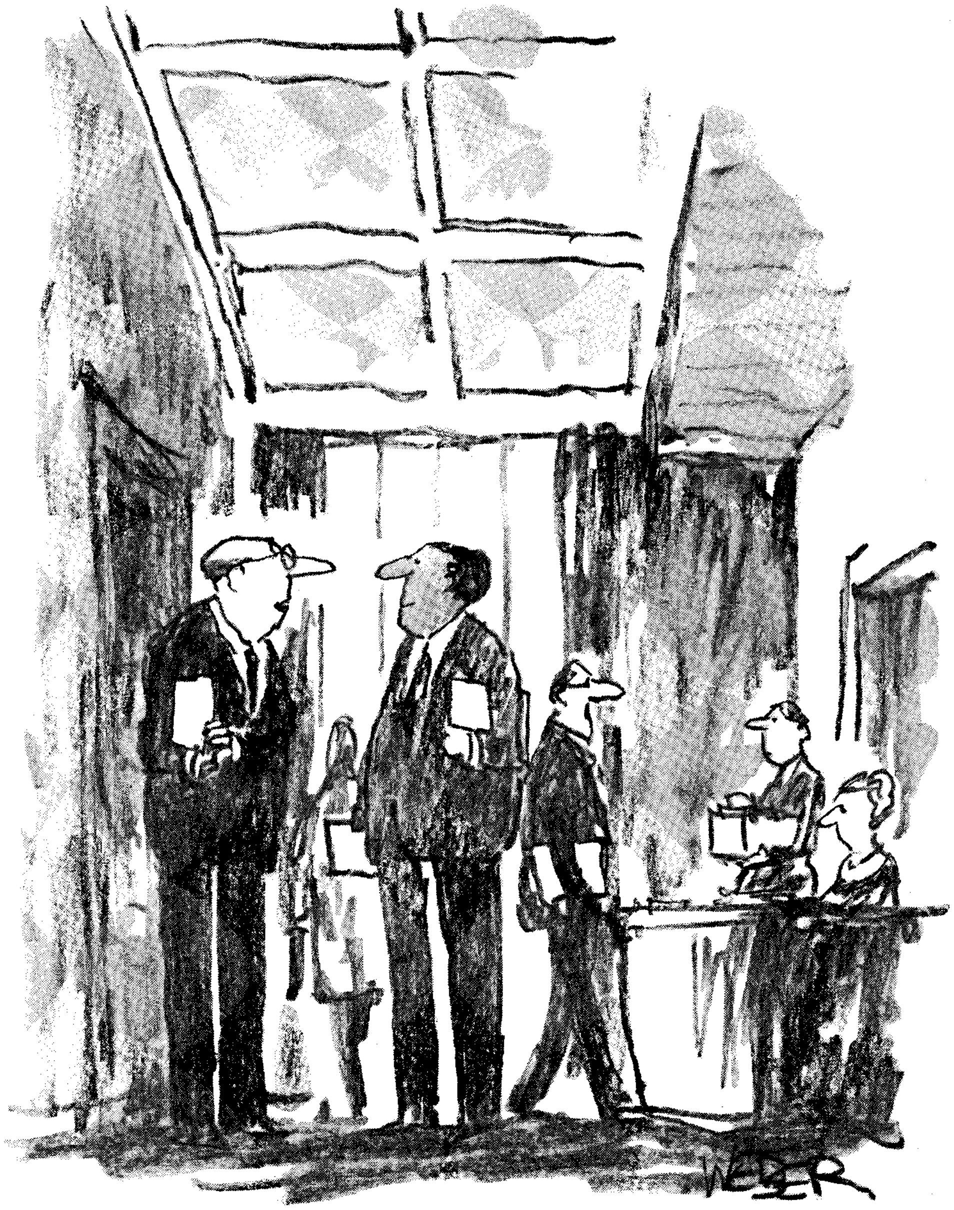
Ceil, almost nervously, always overrated rebellion—and discipline—loyalty to the absent *king*, complete law-abidingness as rebellion, the claim of following the true law, the truer one.

In Illinois, where money was comparatively plentiful, she would despise money, which she liked; but despising it was a further mode of bandit independence and religious, soaring freedom. She would be confused by the utter secrecy of the actual politics of the county and the state, the bribes and the use of force and the criminal nature of much that goes on; she will not understand the sheer power of the lie in creating a password-based social class of rule, of stability: this Christian doubleness, perhaps largely English in style in Illinois, will strike her as contemptible.

(*She was always talking about being realistic; she wanted everyone to be realistic about everything all the time; she lorded it over everyone because she was so realistic.* The woman who became my mother, Lila Silenowicz, told me this.)

She never lived in a city. Well, actually she did try to live in St. Louis for a while, but the urban sophistications, the interplay of things, of money and information and shibboleth—respectabilities and concealed coercions—upset her, and I believe she lost out in whatever she tried to do, in whatever she attempted in the way of dignity there.

And Max's proposal, my father's proposal, offered her a life in a small town, a really small town—thirty-five hundred people. Long after Ceil died, my mother by adoption said, "Ceil wanted a foothold. She wasn't really under anyone's protection. She could do what she wanted; no one could stop her. No one wanted her to listen to Max; he was no good, no good for a woman; but it didn't matter what anyone thought; she could do as she liked." Max's proposal involved her going to live in that small town, under an enormous canopy of sky like that pale canopy that overhangs plains anywhere, and it's true that her pride and victories took root again once she was in so small a place.



"I see you have a nice tan, Parker. I suppose that's one way to spend one's vacation, isn't it?"

• •

My mother's mind, and to some extent her language, tribal and local but influenced by St. Petersburg, and her conceit are somewhat like those of the poet Mandelstam, who was born not far from where she was born. He lived at the same time; similar dates cover his life, too, but it was a different life, of course, except that it, too, was stubborn and mad, and his death was as empty of reason as Ceil's.

Mandelstam went to St. Petersburg, and he went south a number of times, to the Crimea. He went to school in St. Petersburg, and he was considerably more *civilized* than Ceil was, early or late, and stiff-necked and romantic and unromantic, and as passionately self-willed and oddly placed in the world as she was: he was deathful and lifeful in similar ways. He has a line in a poem which I will say goes into English as (it is about the dome of Hagia Sophia, in Istanbul) "*It is swimming in the world.*" It is swimming in the world at the end of a long gold chain let down from Heaven.

On a dusty road, here is Ceil, here

is my mother, and she is like that in her mind.

CEIL thought of herself as a Jew first, then as a woman, and, when I knew her, she thought of herself as an American—she had no interest in being European.

Her father, it was known, could talk to God; he could influence God; God cared about him. On certain special (cathedral, or sanctified) occasions, Ceil's father could tug the gold chain let down from Heaven.

"Ceil didn't like him so much—she loved him; she was a good daughter, don't get me wrong—but everyone thought only about him, and it suffocated her. She had a bad streak; she thought she was as smart as anyone." (Lila. My mother by adoption.)

Ceil was an immensely passionate woman, who loved steadily and somewhat harshly in the nature of things; that is, that was the form her energy and attention outwardly took.

"She loved to work; she loved to keep things clean. She loved to have you on her arm. She loved to have her hair done. She didn't giggle none." (This is Old Ruthie talking. My grandmother by adoption.) "She had no foolishness; she liked to work."

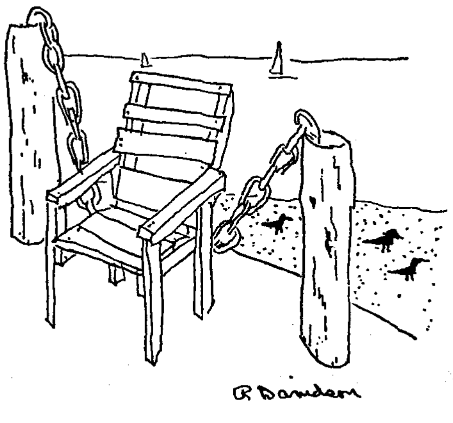
"She was a cold woman, pardon me for saying it—very cold. But you couldn't tell with her. She liked that little town; she liked Max for a while. You never knew with her—she sometimes seemed very hot, even sentimental, to me; I was colder in the long run. But she said she was alone; she said she had always been alone until you were born, and now she had someone and she was happy. It's too bad it didn't last." (Lila.)

"Ceil was big; she carried herself like a queen; she couldn't come into a room quietly, you know." (Lila.)

My grandfather was a ferocious Jewish charlatan. Unless he actually was a magician. Ceil believed in him. The family myth is that he was a wonder-working rebbe, who had a private army and a small group of industries that he ran and, because he was a religious genius, fifteen thousand loyal followers at his command—a man six feet six or seven or four or five, a man unashamed of his power in the world, his influence over men and over women, a man who could *scare a Cossack*.

But I don't believe it. It is not true. It is mostly untrue, I think. He was poor, and his congregation was poor.

Lila: "Ceil said she hardly knew her mother. There were fifteen, twenty, twenty-five children by the same woman. Ceil said she was a shadow. Ceil said she paid no attention to anyone but the father. Ceil was the youngest, the last one. It used to embarrass Ceil to tell this. Ceil said the father was too smart and too religious to like women. If you ask me, he didn't care about anything but himself; your grandmother got the benefit and the work. . . ."



And: *She was his shadow; she liked it like that; Ceil didn't like that, she didn't want to be like that, she told me she didn't want a man she had to feel obligated to at all.*

Ceil's mother spun and flamed and guttered out her life, my grandma, in hero worship (maybe).

Lila: "Your mother was raised by her older sister."

Lila: "Ceil never knew what kind of man Max was. What could she know? She was ignorant; she only knew what she knew, you know what I mean? She knew what she could know. I wish you understood me, Wiley."

The stories of women go unheard, I understood her to say, Lila.

THREE HORSES

Out in the pasture, in the clear twilight,
They move through the breast-high alfalfa.
Their broad backs gleam. The mare canters, then trots,
Her two daughters close behind. She slows, paws

The dust that rises to her fetlock,
While the others stretch their legs to a gallop,
Their paths veering off, as all three, separate,
Walk in the velvet softness of their shadows.

Their tails brush away the winged voices
In the dark, their ears twitch, their nostrils flare
And wrinkle. The soft muzzles lower to graze.
The silhouetted curves of their necks disappear,

Then arc up above the green. Like a wave
That carries to shore some slight common thing,
Darkness streams across the desert. Unobtrusive
In this quiet, unaware that what they bring

Into the freshness of the meadow air
Is a grace that lasts beyond the glow
Now melting off the peaks, they step over
The dry ditch into a waterfall of shadow

And turn to face the distance, the stars struck
Like sparks by the far-off clop of thunder,
To the lightning's shattered alphabet
Scribbling on the dusty slate of the air

A message they alone can decipher.
The mare tosses her mane. With bowed head she
Snuffs the crisscross of her and her daughters'
Track, her blind muzzle deep in the joy

Of their mingled scent. Nickering through the night,
She sidles off toward the lower pasture,
Hooves scraping, neck bowing in the moonlight.
Her daughters prick their ears, but do not answer.

—TOM SLEIGH

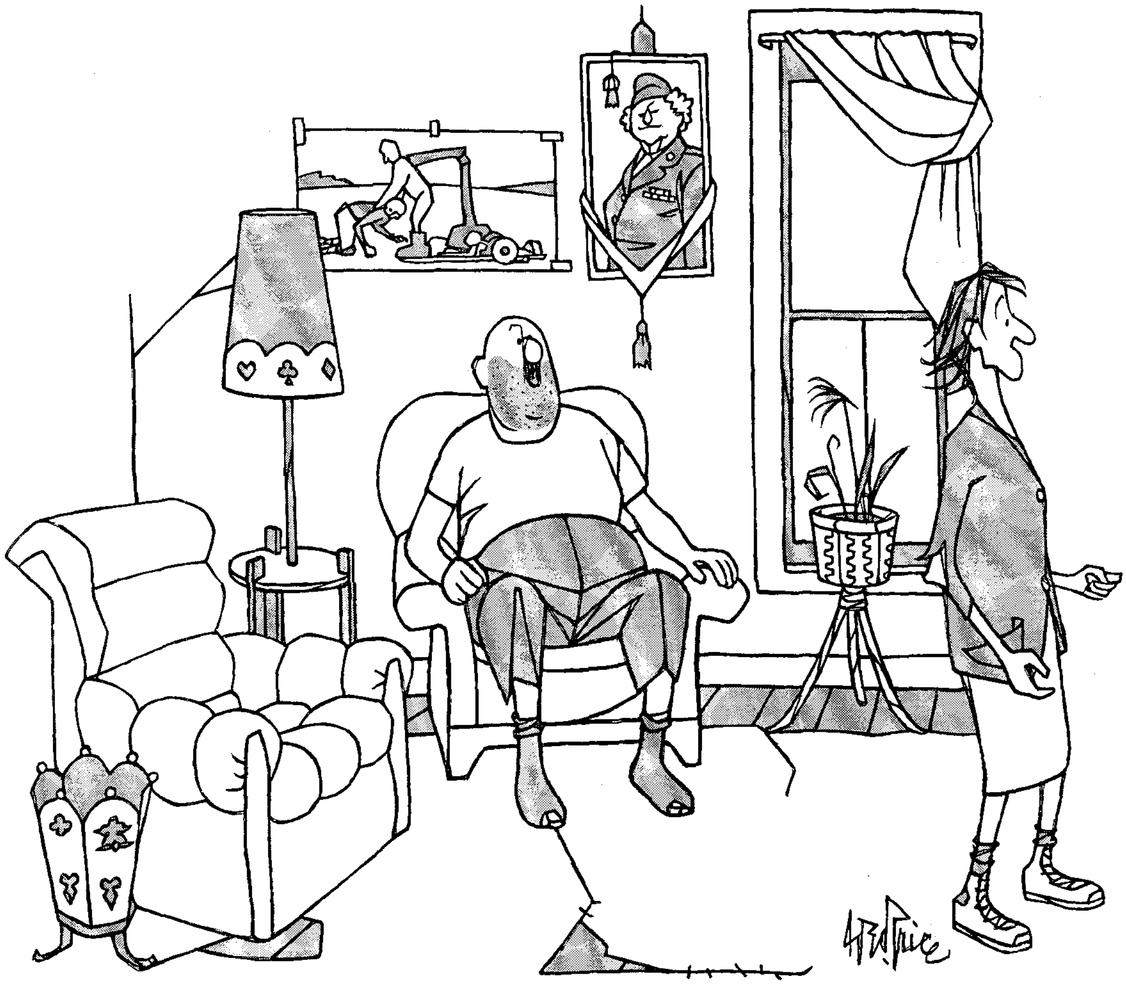
• •

"No one knows what happens to women. No one knows how bad it is, or how good it is, either. Women can't talk—we know too much."

Ceil's father, my grandfather, claimed literally to be the unnamable God's vicar on earth, his voice on earth—poor or not.

I mean, within four walls he was magnificent, not boastful but merely dutiful toward his powers: he was as powerful as Bach.

She, Ceil, was his pet. She is physically very striking, even exotic, not Jewish-exotic but Tatar-exotic—Byzantine, Saracen. And she has a mind of notable quality, a rankling form of forwardness that shows itself early, and she is educated more than a Jewish woman usually is in such communities, since her father considers her remarkable in her way, and thinks that she might be a prophet and his true heir more than his thick-witted and numberless sons.



"As long as you're up, bring me a glass, my jug of muscatel, and the English wine table."

• •

FOR a woman, surely, words are the prime element of force, of being able to enforce things on others, to coerce them. The prime *realistic* thing, in a certain sense, for women in this world, is words, words insofar as they contain law and announcements of principles, the semi-minor apocalypses of utopia, or at least of peace on earth. For Lila, too, it was criticism, judgment, social and psychological coercion. But for Ceil most words were God's, and were cabalistic: the right terms could summon happiness.

Lila: "She hated the Communists by the time they were through; she said they wouldn't give anyone any peace; she said they were mean and stupid, amen."

And: "She had wonderful skin, and she was a good sleeper: I think she had a good conscience; she was very strict. She wasn't shy with people. She wasn't scared; she could talk to anyone; she was like a queen. Your mother had a nice laugh, but she wouldn't laugh in front of men—she said it was like showing her drawers. I never saw anyone as sure of herself as she was—it could drive you crazy sometimes. I never saw her tired."

LIFE is unlivable, but we live it. No virgin would have married Max Stein. No good-hearted daughter of a strikingly holy man would have left such a presence.

He wants to marry her to a scholar, a rachitic and skinny scholar, devoted to *pilpulim* and to certain Chassidic songs, certain spells of rapture, certain kinds of cunning wit, and, above all, to him, the rebbe, the physical and sexual and worldly power who has been the holy body for the thinner bodies who are his flock. The skinny and lesser mystic he has chosen, and Ceil will preserve the line. In the past Ceil was intoxicated by such notions, but now it is too late. Events have aged her. The war. A brother's disappearance. Perhaps something personal—a man, a woman. A book. A movie. A grief. Or greed: *she wanted a chance to live.* Ceil will choose sin and will be an outcast.

Tall, long-legged, the odd-eyed young woman resists, refuses the marriage. ("There was real trouble between her and her father. He forgave her and he put a curse on her both. He was ugly about her. But she was selfish. She wasn't afraid of him anymore.")

Ceil wasn't ashamed of anything. That's one reason she married Max, so she wouldn't be ashamed of the people back in the old country—the court. *She did things, oddly, for her father and against him. She straightened out her life for his sake, in a way.*

Lila: "She went to the beauty parlor twice a week and she liked Garbo. She didn't speak English and she worked as a maid, I think. She wanted to have her own money, her own life, right away. She had offers, but she turned them all down. She always acted as if she knew what she was doing."

I start with Garbo; I think of scenes of Garbo *travelling*—that almost impossibly powerful presence on the screen, at once challenging and Nordically disciplined, costumed, unafraid.

And: "Your mother was always quick to dress herself up. You'd say about another woman she was putting on airs, but you wouldn't say it about her—it was just one of the things she liked and she made it seem religious almost, a duty. She was like a queen that way."

MY father, Max, came from Odessa. My mother did not meet him there, but she sailed from Odessa on a grain ship, and she landed in New Orleans.

Lila: "No one met her, not one of her relatives—she only had one sister in this country—but I swear to God she wasn't frightened. The first thing she did was have her hair done. I won't say she was vain; it wasn't like vanity in her, it was something else. But she went out on the street afterward, and she saw what she had done to it was wrong. What money she had she was never afraid to spend on herself. Oh, you don't have any grip on what she was like. She could live on cabbage or on air; she could walk and *not take a streetcar*. She had a terrible amount of energy, you know. Anyway, she went to a better beauty parlor right away, the same day, the same hour, and had her hair done all over again, so no one would laugh at her. She was an immigrant, but she knew what was what from the beginning."

And: "After a while, she married Max and went to that little town. She did laugh a lot, always, but it was often cruel, very cruel—her jokes were mean. But sometimes she was just like a girl. She would never go shopping with me. I used to give her things—silk scarves, jewelry—but then she stopped taking things. I never knew what to make of her."

Giggling, she journeys by bus or train up the Mississippi Valley, Memphis, St. Louis, inland in Illinois.

Lila: "She used to let us all lie on her bed, and she would tell stories until we were faint with laughter. If you ask me, she wasn't prepared for her sister's not being high society. Her sister must have lied a lot when she wrote home—you know how it is—and Ceil made jokes about it."

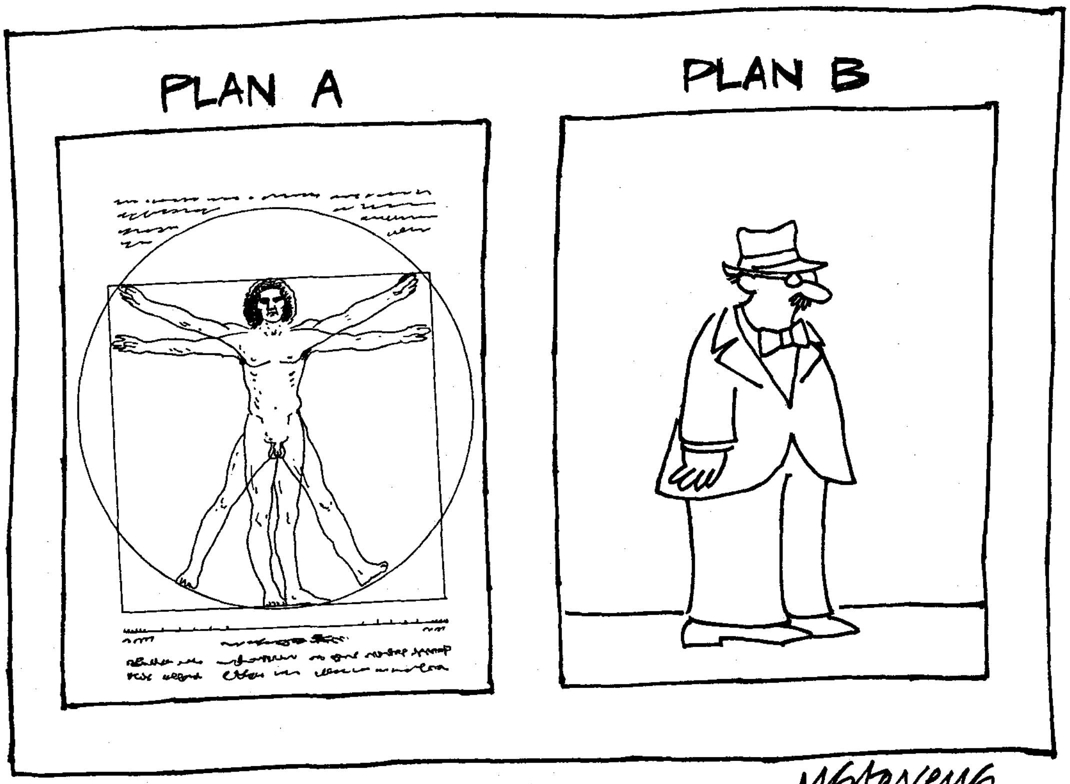
And: "Ceil made money from the first, writing letters for people to the old country, and she worked in a restaurant, but that was dirty and hard, and then she took to working in people's houses because she was safer there from men, and after the first year she started speaking English better."

One story about Ceil's father, who was killed nearly ten years after Ceil died, was that the Russians (in another war) ordered him and his congregation to evacuate, to retreat to the east. He, for one reason or another—disloyalty to Stalin among his reasons—refused to accede to that order to migrate to Siberia. He was in his eighties. Eighteen shots—so the family myth goes—were fired at him by the Russians, but the Germans were near and the Russians fled, and he was healed or miraculously had not been hit or was so wounded it didn't matter to him if he lived or died, and he lived in an in-between state until the Germans came, and he confronted them, too, a living dead man in his anger, and the Germans shot him, in mid-curse, in front of the Ark. Some part of this is true, is verifiable.

Lila: "Ceil betook herself from her sister's, and she went to St. Louis, where some educated Jews lived and there was a good rabbi. Some people took her in, but she worked as a maid, and they used her—she didn't know how not to work; she was accustomed to doing everything for her father—and she thought the St. Louis rabbi was silly and knew nothing—she said he had no God—and she had offers, but they didn't interest her. But everybody liked her, we all liked her, and wondered what would happen to her, and she married Max. We warned her, *but she was stubborn—she would never listen to anyone.*"

HERE is Ceil in America, in Illinois—in a little town of thirty-five hundred—among American faces, cornfields, American consciences and violence; and her earlier memories never leave her, never lose their power among the sophistications of this traveller in her costumes, her days, her mornings and evenings. I think it was like that. Of course, I know none of this part as a fact.

SHE lived at the edge of the farm town, in a wooden house—it had five finished rooms in it. Across the road, the farm fields begin on the other side of a shallow ditch. Those fields stretch without a hill to the horizon. Never is the landscape as impressive as the



M Stevens

skyscape here. From the rear of the house to the center of town is perhaps two and a half blocks. The houses are close together. Nowadays, there are trailers set up permanently on these streets where there were lawns once. It's not a rich town. To the east, between the town and the superhighway, which is seven miles away, two slag heaps rise in the middle of cornfields. In the course of a day, the shadows of the slag heaps make a clocklike round on the leaves of the corn around them.

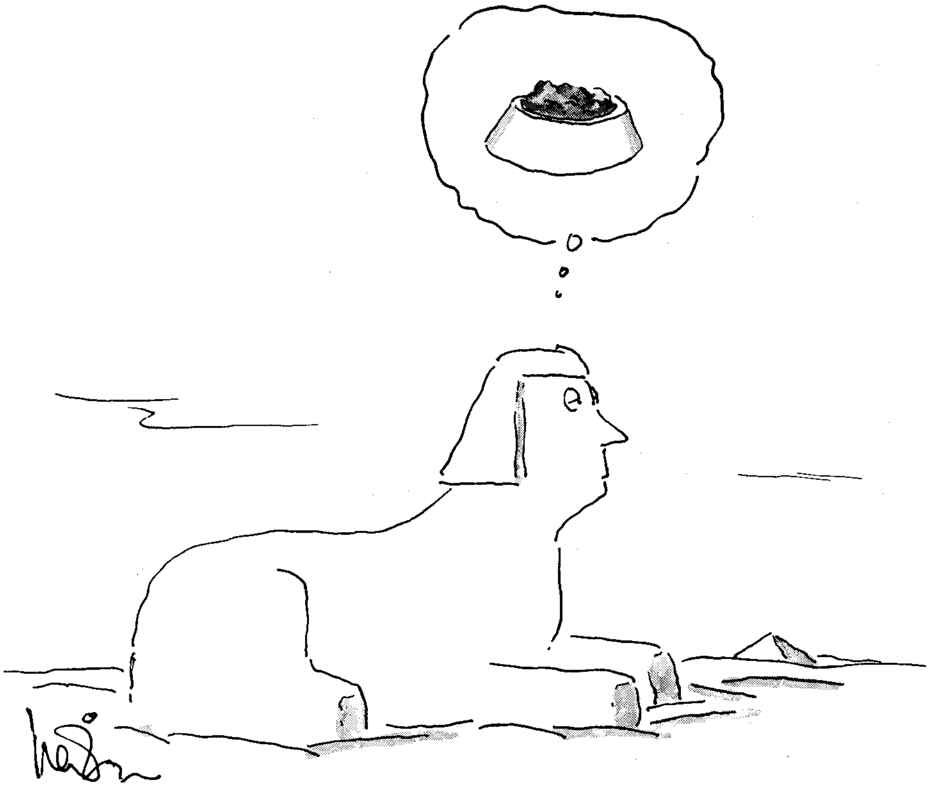
In the summer, the laboring factory sky and the rows of corn in their long vegetable avenues form an obscene unity of heat. In winter, the sky is a cloud-jammed attic, noisy and hollow.

SHE was ashamed, you know—her accent, her size. She knew she was something and that people admired her, and still she hid herself away. She could see her way to a dime, her eyes would light up over seventy-five cents—I could never do that. She was good at arithmetic, she could do numbers in her head better than a man, and she could make people laugh, and no one thought she was a liar: you don't know what that means in a little town—everyone keeps track of who makes money, and if anyone makes money people think he's gouging everyone else. She had a good eye for just how good she could do on a deal and still go on in that town; she was honest, but she was a good liar, and she socked some money away so people wouldn't hold it against her; she was getting richer by the day, by leaps and bounds, and she wanted a child to make her life complete.

You were her success in the world, you were her success in America in a nutshell.

I WAS born in her bedroom, at home.

I *feel* her; I feel her moods.



ALONGSIDE the house and running at a diagonal to it is a single-track railroad. It is set on a causeway six feet high. I think I can remember the house begin to shake with an amazing faint steadiness until, as if in an arithmetical theatre, the house begins to slide and shimmy in a quickening rhythm that is not human. It is as if pebbles in a shaking drum became four, then eight, then rocks, perhaps like numbers made of brass in a tin cylinder, antic and chattering like birds, but more logically. In lunacy, the sound increases mathematically, with a vigor that is nothing at all like the beating of a pulse or the rhythms of rain. It is loud and real and unpicturable. The clapboards and nails, glass panes and furniture and wooden and tin objects in drawers tap and whine and scratch with an unremitting increase in noise so steadily there is nothing you can do to resist or shut off these signals of approach. The noise becomes a yawing thing, as if the wall had been torn off the house and we were flip-flopping in chaos. The noise and echoes come from all directions now. The almost unbearable bass of the large interior timbers of the house has no discernible pattern but throbs in an aching shapelessness, isolated.

At night, the light on the locomotive comes sweeping past the trembling window shades, and a blind glare pours on us an unstable and intangible milk in the middle of the noise. The rolling and rollicking thing that rides partway in the sky among its battering waves of air does this to you. Noise is all over you and then it dwindles; the shaking and noise and light flow off, trickle down and away, and the smell of the grass and of the night that was there before is mixed with the smell of ozone, traces of burnt metal, a stink of vanished sparks, bits of smoke from the engine if the night is without wind.

The train withdraws and moves over the fields, over the corn. The house ticks and thumps, tings and subsides. The train moves southwest, toward St. Louis.

THE wooden-odored shade of a porch, the slightly acid smell of the house: soap and wood—a country smell.

My mother's torso in a flowered print dress.

A summer, an autumn, a winter—those that I had with Ceil.

THE house had very large windows that went down quite close to the floor. These windows had drawn shades that were an inhumanly dun-yellow color, a color like that of old lions in the zoo, or the color of corn tassels, of cottonwood leaves after they have lain on the ground for a while—that bleached and earthen clayey white-yellow.

MY mother's happiness was not the concern of the world.

I half believe that my mother had a lover. I half remember going with her to see him; she took me with her on a train that ran by electricity among the flat farm fields. I stood on the seat and looked out the train window. My hand marks and nose marks and breath marks—I remember those and her hand wiping the marks away. I see wheeling rows of corn, occasional trees, windmills, farmhouses.

Maybe I am mistaken.

LILA: *She had more character than any woman I ever knew, but a lot of good it did her.*

Your mother knew she'd made a mistake marrying Max; she gave him money and she knew he would spend it and go off: she was no one's fool, but how she had the nerve to live in that little town alone I just don't know; everyone's watching; you can fall flat on your face.

Ceil's business did well in hard times and in good times. My brother said she was a genius at business—she had such a good head men were interested in doing business with her—men enjoyed talking to her, she was their size, and you could see she was religious, she was serious; it tickled people that someone so smart lived in such a little town and worked so hard and didn't speak English well and was getting ahead in the world anyway.

You won't understand this, but she wasn't ashamed of being a woman.

I OFTEN think I would have disliked Ceil—at least at times. My mother. I imagine the lunatic and pitiable arrogance, the linguistic drunkenness of my mother on her bed of language and anathema.

I WAS her child—her infant, really—and the most important thing in her life, she said, but never to the exclusion of her rising in the world or the operations of her will.

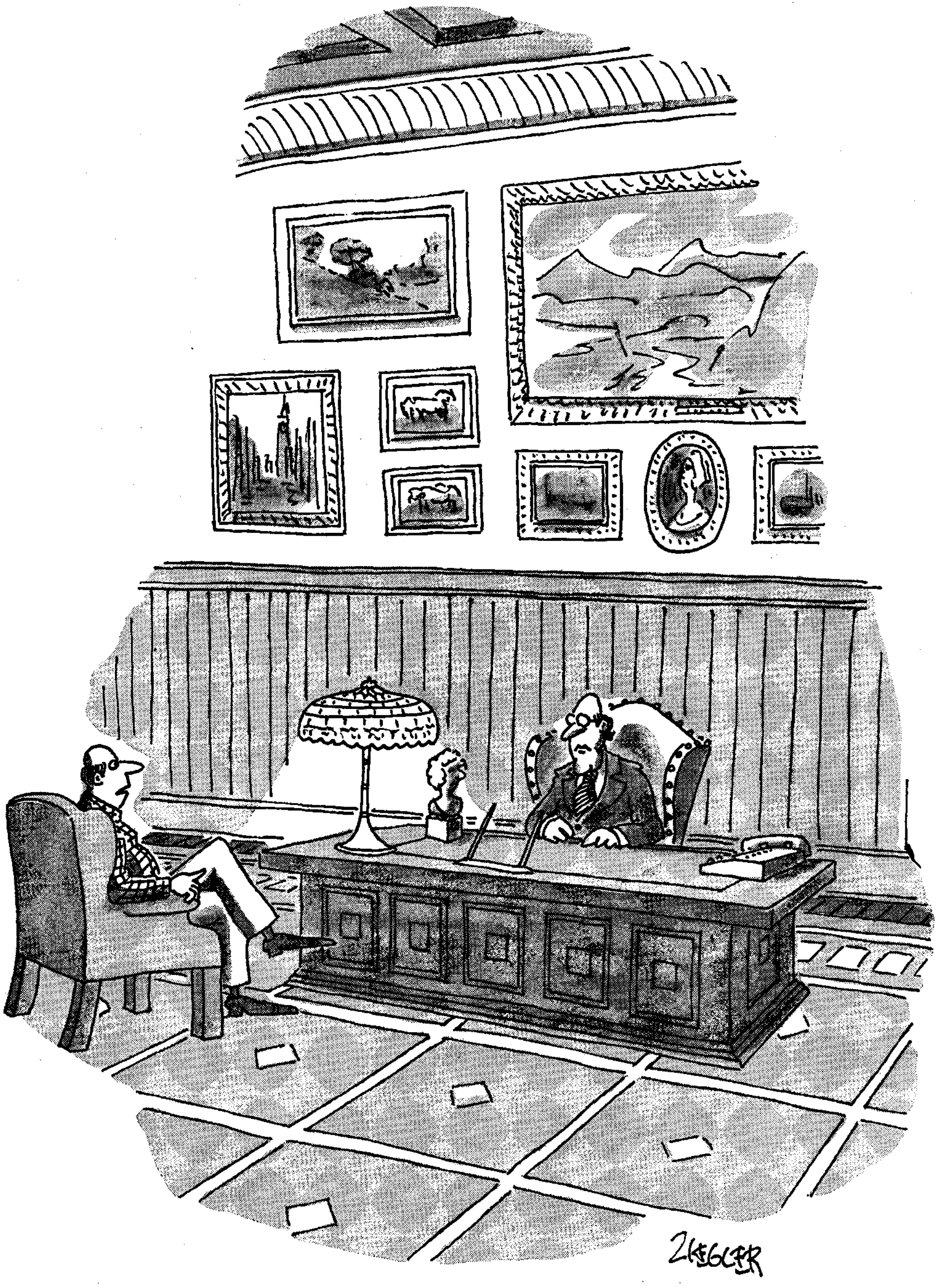
IN my dreams at night, often the people of a small town crowd around the white-painted wooden farmhouse, carrying torches, to celebrate my election, my revealed glory of destiny; if they applaud or cheer too loudly, I awake and leave them behind in the dream that is a lost planet, a wandering asteroid from which they cannot escape. My mother's dreams and her life were of her election. As in most lives, there is quiet in it, but not often.

Ceil's pride kept her from making friends; friends would have preserved her life but altered the workings and turns of her mind. "She was comfortable only with people who worked for her; she had to be the best; she had great pride in her mind; she thought she knew everything."

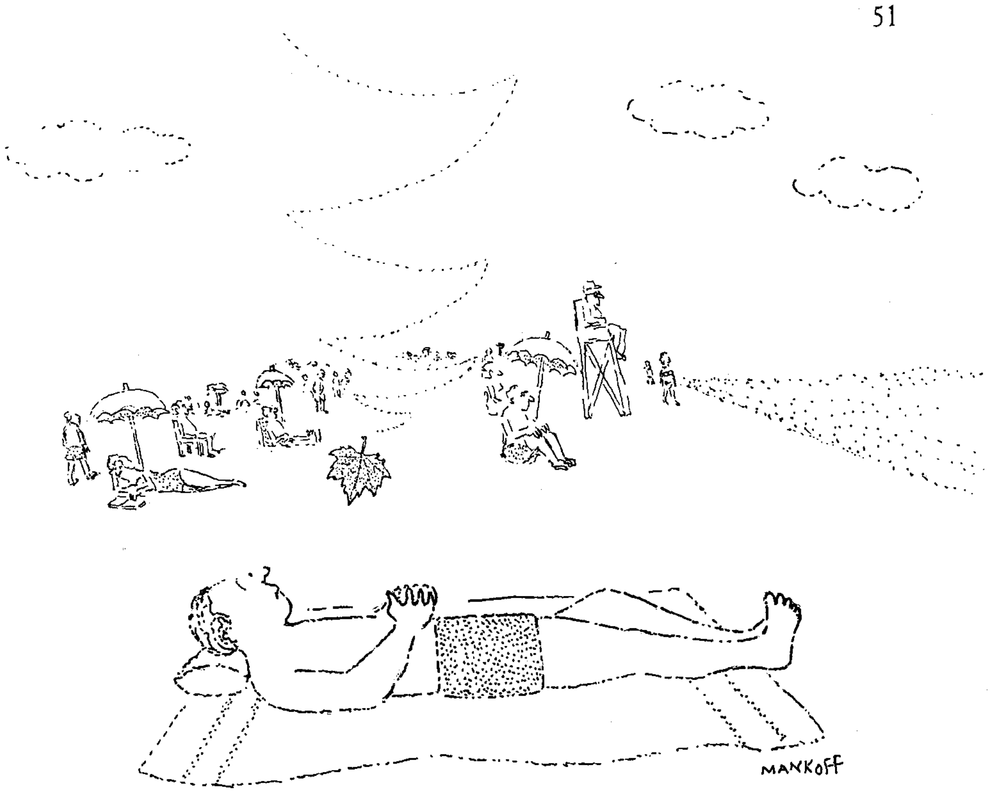
Ceil dresses herself in her efforts and her decisions.

YOUR mother was cursed by your grandfather if she should ever stop being Jewish: look, not just Jewish, strict, you know what I mean—you know what I mean by strict? I don't know if I have the wherewithal to tell you the story if you don't make an effort to understand it on your own; he said she was supposed to die in a bad way if she wasn't a Jew just the way he was, the way he said Jews should be; you know what people are like who have those kinds of minds, don't you? Well, Ceil got taken ill, and she said it was because she wasn't a Jew anymore that her father would let in his house.

Now I want to switch to another woman's voice, away from Lila—not a woman I know well. *You want to hear? Mostly, men don't want to know. My mother went to see Ceil in the hospital when she was dying, she went every day, even when Ceil couldn't speak; she said it was good for her*



"Dave, we've done all right for ourselves, you and I. You've got this big office filled with expensive furnishings and fine art objects, a beautiful old house in Greenwich, a lovely wife and three swell kids, a Bentley, a Rolls, and a yacht, and I've got this nice lumberjack shirt."



[edifying for her mother: the nobility, the piety, the strength in suffering] *—but maybe not. There's truth in those old things, but how can you tell? Everybody dies anyway. Maybe she didn't keep it up, Ceil, but she had a lot of dignity. She liked God, you know, better than people—maybe except for you. She said she owed it to God. She said she had no right to complain. I don't know if I understood it. She had one sister here, and the sister didn't like her children; they were too American, they weren't good to her—you know how some young people are—and she was afraid they were no good. Ceil told me in confidence that her sister was nothing special: she was a stupid woman and greedy and not very nice. Ceil was different; she talked different; she looked at things different. Her sister hacked herself up with a meat cleaver. You know, it's funny how many suicides I know about. People hide it from children, you know. She made sure no one was in the house; she sent all the children to the movies. Ceil's sister was twenty years older than her. I think there was a curse on her, too. She took the cleaver and she chopped up everything—all her furniture and all her clothes, everything, handkerchiefs and stockings. And then she hit herself over and over, over and over—are you sure you want to hear this—until she was dead. Then Ceil had been having trouble with Max, and she did something she was ashamed of; it was the abortion, but she did it to herself with the help of a Frenchwoman who knew her. And Ceil got a little sick; it was nothing bad, but she went to her sister's funeral and sat shiva and she took you with her, and she said to me that the voice of her father was in that room and she tried not to listen. Ceil had a lot of money in the bank, a lot of money, and she loved you, it was nice to see. She didn't want to die, I promise you that. When she was sick, she said you would feel she ran out on you. A woman is always wrong. I was lucky. It never got so serious for me I couldn't laugh. Oh, maybe once or twice I thought I would die from it. I wanted to go be in an asylum, but it wasn't my children who saved me. They take, they don't give. She said who would ever give you now what she did, what a mother gives, for no good reason, who would take care of a child like a mother. A woman has her own children or she is ignorant. How can you let a mother go when you're that little and then you have to take what you can get—it's a terrible story, as I said—but she got ill, it was in her soul, she was disgusted with all of us—it happens to a lot of women. She didn't give in right away; the doctors said she would die in a week, but she lived on six months because of you—in pain that was terrible. It couldn't even be God's anger, it was so terrible; it came from the Devil, she said, and the drugs weren't strong enough to touch it. It's terrible when nothing can help. She stank from an infection so bad it made people throw up—it made her sick, her own stench. It was like something out of Hell. They put her on a floor where everyone was dying. You know how doctors run away when they can't help you. And it got worse and worse and worse. She lay there and she plotted to find someone to save you. And to tell you the truth, she didn't want Lila to have you—she didn't like Lila at all; Lila is trash, she said—but when Lila brought you to see her and you were better than you'd been and Lila had on her diamonds and a lot of perfume and you liked her, Ceil said it was better maybe you were saved, no matter what, no matter who it was—even someone, practically a Gentile whore, like Lila: Ceil talked like a rabbi, very strict. She said Lila wasn't as bad as some people thought. Lila was brave. No one could tell Lila what to do. Lila brought you to your mother and she put you in your mother's arms, and you cried when she held you; you can't blame yourself: it was horrible; you knew your mother only when she was well, a strong woman like that and here is this bag of bones, this woman who prays in a crazy way, and she is crazy with worry about you; and she prayed you'd live and be all right and do something for the Jews. You cried and you turned and you held your arms out to Lila. I'll tell you the truth, it killed Ceil, but she wasn't surprised—she said to me it's easy to die, it was hard to live, I want to die now, and she died that night. Don't blame yourself. The only thing she asked me to tell you is to tell you to remember her.*

I REMEMBER her. I hate Jews.

NO. I don't really remember her and I don't hate Jews.

IN the tormented and torn silence of certain dreams—in the night court of my sleep—sometimes words, like fingers, move and knead and shape the tableaux: shadowy lives in night streets. There is a pearly strangeness to the light. Love and children appear as if in daylight, but it is always a sleeping city, on steep hills, with banked fires and ghosts lying in the streets in the dully reflectant gray light of a useless significance.

I DO not believe there was any justice in Ceil's life.

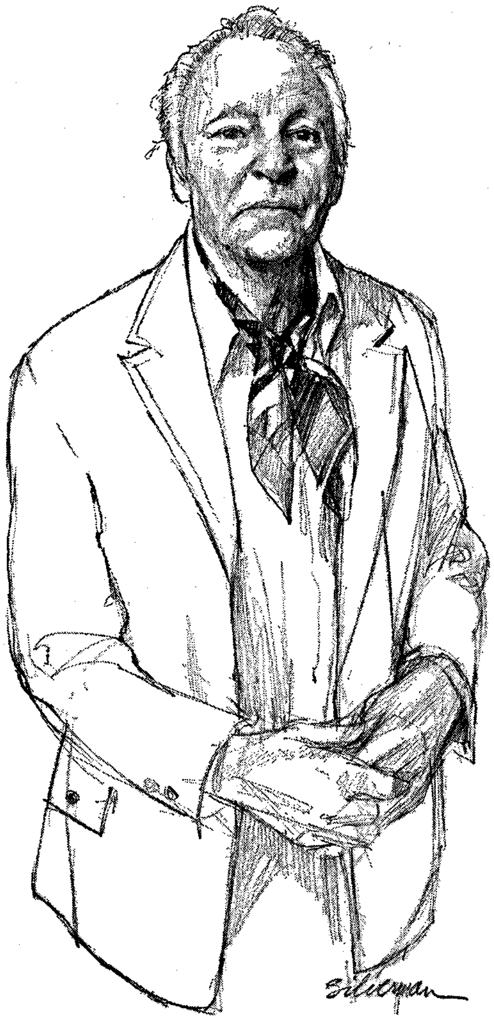
—HAROLD BRODKEY

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

CONVERSATIONS WITH BALANCHINE

ABOUT four years ago, George Balanchine agreed to let me tape-record occasional conversations about ballet, about aesthetic and other influences upon his work, about dancers. I would do nothing with the tapes in his lifetime, I volunteered, though that proved to be a matter of complete indifference to him. My reason for this was a simple one, but not the most simple. I did not propose to raise questions about his personal life. And, from long experience, I did not expect him to talk about his choreographic process. I did propose to ask him all those flat, obvious questions I had learned to avoid in twenty-odd years of a quite particular, if sporadic association. Through those years, an unimpeachable witness to just how irrelevant most questions appeared to Balanchine was my friend Lincoln Kirstein, whom none has surpassed in the effort to make words throw light upon dance. My association with the two men began in 1957, when my objectives as director of the Ford Foundation's program in the arts were entwined with those of many American ballet companies and schools. This was twenty-four years after Lincoln Kirstein brought the choreographer and ballet master George Balanchine from Europe to found with him the School of American Ballet. It was nine years after Kirstein, as general director, and Balanchine, as ballet master, launched their third company, New York City Ballet. Their first two attempts had been the American Ballet (1935-38) and Ballet Caravan (1936-1940).

What follows comes from four conversations scattered over approximately a year, beginning in February, 1979—in other words, when Mr. Balanchine still kept his accustomed schedule. I have not attempted to reproduce exact Balanchine English; neither my own technical competence nor my recording equipment would have been up to that. Here and there, I have improved my own sequence of topics or made my questions less verbose. The full transcript of the tapes is about twice the length of these excerpts.



LOWRY: What do you understand other people to mean when they speak or write of "the Balanchine style" or "the Balanchine ballet"? When other people say that, what do you understand they mean?

BALANCHINE: I don't.

LOWRY: Does it interest you?

BALANCHINE: No. I don't know what "they" mean. And they say "my style." I don't know what "my style" is. It's like—ask a horse why she is a horse, how she feels being a horse.

LOWRY: But at some time in your own earlier adult life when you saw another choreographer's work, did you say, "I understand that because it's like Massine or Fokine"?

BALANCHINE: That's right.

LOWRY: So it's inevitable that people will say, "Well, I can tell that is Balanchine."

BALANCHINE: Yes, naturally, but it's for somebody else to say it, not for me.

LOWRY: Not for you?

BALANCHINE: How could I know? I know that during my life I started certain things: certain steps or certain combinations, or even acrobatics. I started this myself on my own body, because I was a dancer. And so now everybody uses this. And even if I do my own things that I used to do, it would look like I borrowed it from somebody else, you see. I don't know what I am. I know what I can *do:* I know how to teach, I know how to make people dance, and I like them to look a certain way. I force them. But it's very difficult. I don't know if you know yourself what you are speaking or thinking—that it's *your* way to think or *your* way to write.

LOWRY: What artists in any field, dance or others, helped to shape your life?

BALANCHINE: Ummm.

LOWRY: Now, maybe you don't like the form of that question.

BALANCHINE: Yes.

LOWRY: One's life is shaped in his art—in your case, in his aesthetic and vision and creativity and what he does, what he makes, and that's also a question of influences, you know. And people say "Balanchine, Petipa, Fokine, Massine"—I'm not asking that, but have there been artists who stood out from others and did you feel them and what they created and their work in your own life more than others?

BALANCHINE: In my personal life or in dancing?

LOWRY: Which one would you rather talk about?

BALANCHINE: Well, personal life I don't know what it is even, you see. I'm not Humphrey Bogart or anyone like that. I guess I live like anybody else, you see. Of course, in dance—in music and in theatre, everything—of course I learned from lots of things. From childhood, we were already on the stage, not in the ballet only but in drama. And we had to memorize plays and speeches and poems, and some of us dancers became actors. The great actors in Russia were graduated as dancers first and then they went to drama school. We also did musical plays. Of course, at that time all the operas that I knew were almost all in Russian. I can sing "Aida" in Russian and Wagner in Russian. Also drama. We knew Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Russian, and that's how I know "Midsummer Night's Dream" today—not in English, in Russian. So it's not that we were "influenced" but we were *made*. We were all in the Imperial School of Ballet. We were saturated with these things, you see.

LOWRY: When you think of the visual arts—let's say, the plastic arts in your time—do you think of one artist or dwell on one in your mind or your imagination more than others? Or two or three? If we leave now music and dance for painting and sculpture, do you think of . . .

BALANCHINE: Oh, yes, I do.

LOWRY: Of whom?

BALANCHINE: I would say the first time, really, I realized how beautiful painting was, it was Italian. When Diaghilev took me to Florence, I couldn't understand why it was good at first, but he told me, "Now you stare for hours. We're going to have lunch, and when we come back you'll still be here," in some chapel where Perugino was. And so I stared and stared and stared and stared, and they came back, and I said, "No, I don't know what's good about it." Later on, I went myself a hundred times. Then I realized how beautiful it is: the sky so pale blue and the way the faces . . . And from then on I somehow started to see Raphael and how beautiful it is, and then I found Mantegna, and then Caravaggio, and finally I realized how beautiful is Piero della Francesca. Also, I probably was a lot influenced by the church, or *our* church—the enormous cathedrals—and by our clergy: the way they were dressed, you know. And they also have a black clergy, these important ones that become patriarchs and wear black.

My uncle was also Archbishop of Tiflis, a monk—you know, gold and purple. It's like that somewhere in paradise; people wear the same. Music in the churches was fantastic. When I was a child, they gave me little things—holy articles and gold things—and I used to play priest, blessing the things. Also, I'd sign [he makes the sign of the cross], as in the church you sign. So that also to me was God. Not that it's "God invisible." I don't know what that is. God is this wonderful dress, you see. And always, and even now, I have to say I couldn't just *think* of God; you have to be really mystic or to work yourself, to sit down and meditate. But I can't do that. You know how people say I'm involved with ballet and with moving, so that mostly through Christ I know that He'll talk, I know how He looks, I know His face, I know His beard and so on, and so we'll go to God.

LOWRY: Let me see if I understand. You are saying that now, in your seventies, your visualization of God is still that of your childhood, with all the gold and purple and the holy articles you played with? But it is not mystical. You don't *think* God; you *see* him in the images of Christ and in other things?

BALANCHINE: You see, that's how I believe, and I believe so fantastic!

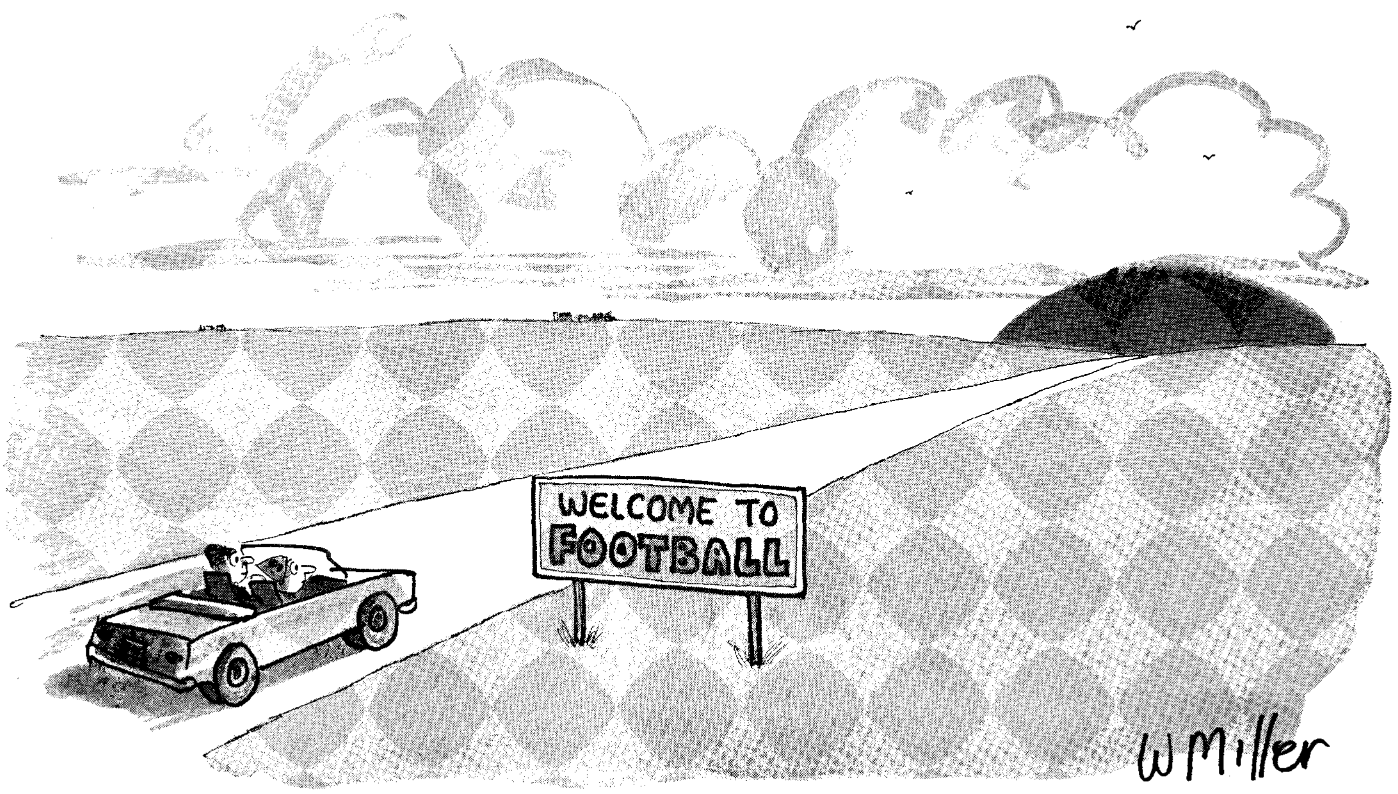
This whole thing is like art. Well, then came all these Italian paintings. And then in France I met for the first time Picasso and Braque. I worked with Braque, you know. And Derain worked on lots of ballets. Then there was Rouault, Utrillo, and persons like that, you see.

LOWRY: Utrillo?

BALANCHINE: Yes, Utrillo. So they were all there. We worked together. I didn't know even that Utrillo was important. They just were there. Rouault was— I don't believe people knew Rouault very well at that time. Now Rouault is great, but then Rouault—I don't know . . .

LOWRY: Bakst and Benois had not much to do with it when you came to Diaghilev?

BALANCHINE: No. Bakst already was dead. Benois, Alex Benois, I



"It's good to know about trees. Just remember nobody ever made any big money knowing about trees."

• •

knew, of course, in Russia. I knew his son, Nicola Benois. In Russia also, the painters who painted the scenery were great.

Lowry: Did you meet Tchelitchew in Europe or here?

Balanchine: In Paris. That's where we made "Errante" together, I think. Tchelitchew was not very well known, I think. Also, Derain was not very well known. Cocteau. But we did things together. And Brecht and Kurt Weill were there, and they also were new to me. And Neher, the painter. This was the first time I met these Germans. Of course, you live where you're supposed to be.

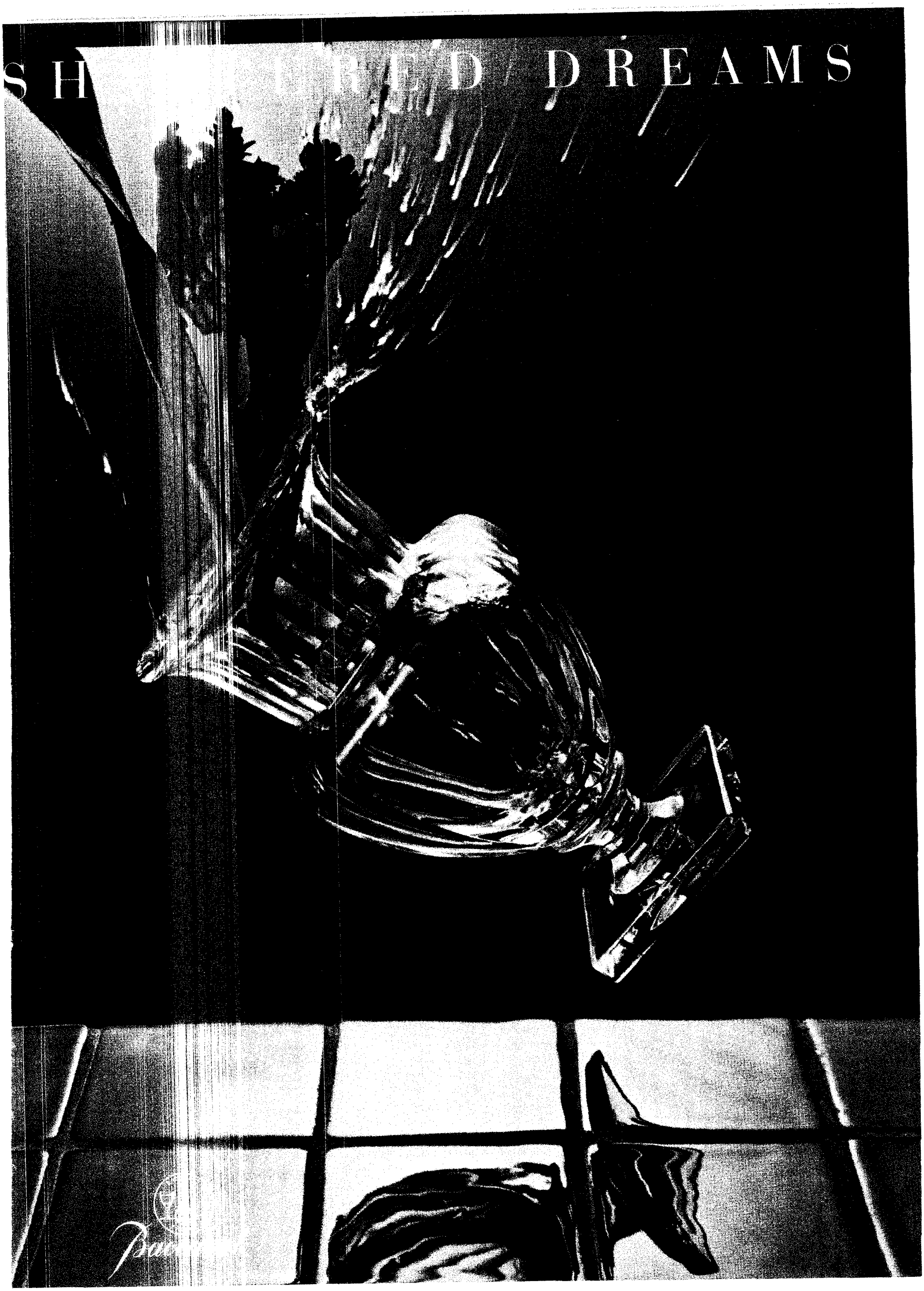
Lowry: You live where you are?

Balanchine: Where you are and who you are, you see. I don't know anything about Society. I don't understand what they're talking about. That's why I don't go to parties. I come in and see lots of well-dressed people—intelligent, nice-looking people. They talk about something. I *hear*, but I don't understand at all. I'm absolutely out of this. I can kiss the hand, say thank you—that's all I can do. But when they ask me questions about the people that are famous—names, great people—I know many, probably. Not all. Caesar I know, because I read Caesar's "Commentaries"—where he went and things like that. Very interesting. Of course, you are saturated with where you live, where you are exposed to things. If you live in the water, you become a fish.

Lowry: What were your thoughts about your future artistic life when you first went to Hartford to start a school with Lincoln in 1933? What were your thoughts *then* about your future personal and artistic life?

Balanchine: Well, when Lincoln asked me I already knew that it should be a school and a ballet company. I always wanted to have a start, with really clean, beautifully taught ballet people who could dance the way I want. And I told Lincoln, "This is a great opportunity." And I came here, and I expected that something would happen. When we went to Hartford, it was a very little place and nobody wanted us there, and there were, you know, already three teachers there that were against us. And the reporters immediately came, you know, and began writing things like "Why did he come here to spoil our life?" So, "Lincoln," I said, "let's go, because first of all it's too small. Let's go to New York." And always I had ideas, but first that it would have to be as big as possible, and as interesting.

The theatre we now have is a lovely theatre—only it's a toy. You cannot do magic here. You can do a little bit just like children who play at home, because it's like a box; you cannot move—it's built that way. They started well, but then they stopped Philip Johnson, because they wanted to build a smaller Rodgers and Hammerstein musical-comedy theatre. So the pit was made smaller, and they wanted to minimize and make it twenty feet by twenty, you know. The acoustics didn't matter, because it's all wired. They spoiled this theatre and didn't make it right. We're struggling here, and they keep asking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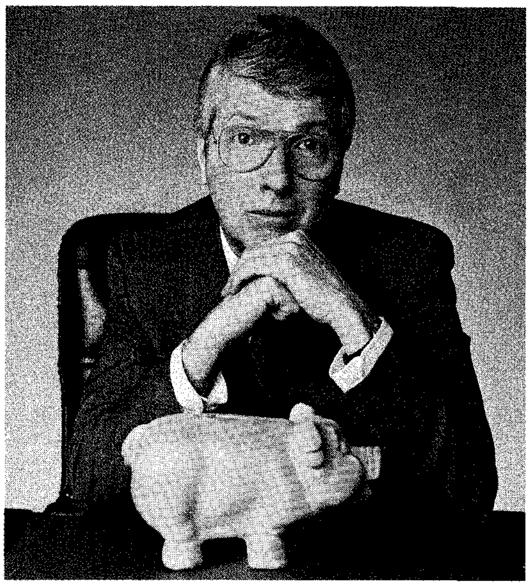

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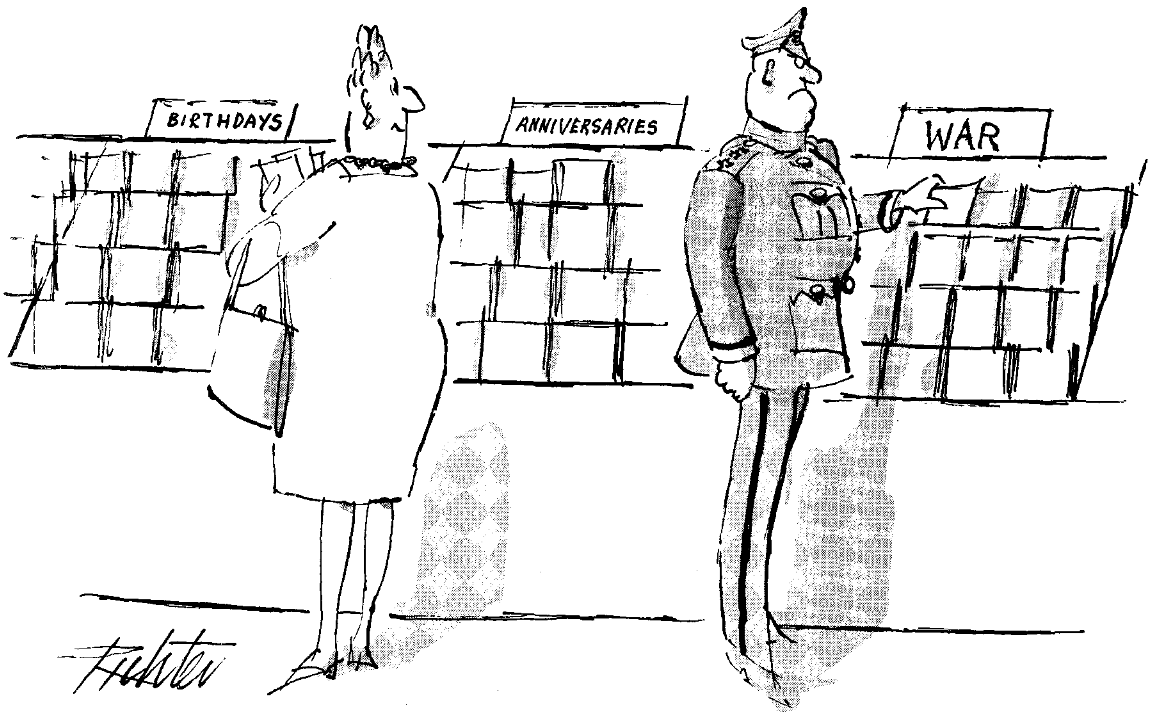

me, "Why don't you do 'Sleeping Beauty'?" You can't do it here. "Sleeping Beauty," it's wonderful. It's quick. You need quick mechanics you can use to make more fantasy. "Nutcracker" is the maximum you can do here.

LOWRY: When you first came and you went to Hartford and then to New York, how long did it take you to lose the feeling of an alien on this American scene, or did you really feel alien when you came?

BALANCHINE: No, I never felt that I was a stranger here, you know. I always wanted to be American. I couldn't even speak English at that time, but I really wanted to be American. Somehow in Russia we read about America—about the prairies, about the things like . . .

LOWRY: James Fenimore Cooper?

BALANCHINE: Fenimore Cooper, yes, and another one. So I liked it. I thought it was a fantastic place.

LOWRY: But New York didn't look that way?

BALANCHINE: No. New York doesn't look that way, but New York still looks the way I used to see it. This cylinder and stars, you know—all that. Striped pants and people. Also black Negroes dressed for the cakewalk.

LOWRY: You felt at home in New York City?

BALANCHINE: That's right.

LOWRY: I assume from what you said a little while ago you were feeling: This is where I am, and I'm with this. So really you were dancers and teachers and people helping make a school and a ballet, and, of course, you had a lot of friends. Maybe not right away—there were Russians here?

BALANCHINE: Oh, absolutely.

LOWRY: And you were very soon with them?

BALANCHINE: That's right.

LOWRY: But New York is a much more exotic and fantastic kind of city than Paris, London, or Berlin? It may not be as beautiful a city to some people or as important a city or whatever, but in 1934 it was more different from London, Paris, Rome, and Berlin than it is today, right? Because they have changed, too? It was a different place to be?

BALANCHINE: Yes. Well, it was very nice to leave Russia and all that . . . London was wonderful, and I liked Berlin and the food and people and so on. Only, I could not stay in either place. You see, they did not allow you to stay; you could just go and work a little bit and then get out. You couldn't stay permanently. Our passport was a nonsense passport; you could travel with it, but you couldn't become a resident. Like if I wanted to stay in England before Lincoln invited me. Of course, in England I thought ballet was possible—probably more than anywhere else. In Paris, you couldn't do anything. But in England you could. I lived with Lydia Lopokova and her husband, Maynard Keynes, the economist. She was sweet, and they were nice people. And finally I said I'd like to settle there, and he told me it was impossible to arrange it. You see, I couldn't get permission permanently to live there, to work.

LOWRY: I should like to jump forward a little for one particular question. In 1935—the year you and Lincoln founded the company—the American Ballet was invited to be the resident company at the Metropolitan Opera. But after three years you left the Met, and the American Ballet was suspended. In 1940, after four short seasons touring new American ballets, Lincoln suspended Ballet Caravan. Did it ever occur to you that the collaborative effort to build an important national ballet company had come to an end?

BALANCHINE: I don't believe that I was really aware of what was going; I really was not very sure what was happening. I always thought that we must do something, and I always told Lincoln that, the beginning aside, it eventually should be big, like the Imperial Ballet—a big stage, lots of dancers. But I didn't know if this was possible. We started, of course, with a failure: our first performances at the Adelphi. I mean, the public liked it, but the critics didn't think it was good. I don't think Martin [John Martin, dance critic of the *Times*] liked it or liked Lincoln somehow . . . You see, at that time I really couldn't read; I couldn't understand what I read. I knew only that they told me that Martin didn't like "Serenade," I think, or whatever it was. But I'm not sure that this was true. Maybe now it would be interesting to read what he said about our first Adelphi performance.

LOWRY: Martin's enthusiasm was reserved for another work on the program, "Reminiscence." He dismissed as only amusing "Errante" and "Alma Mater." Of "Serenade," he wrote that it was a "serviceable," not an "inspired," piece of work. He acknowledged that Balanchine may have had his problems in devising cho-

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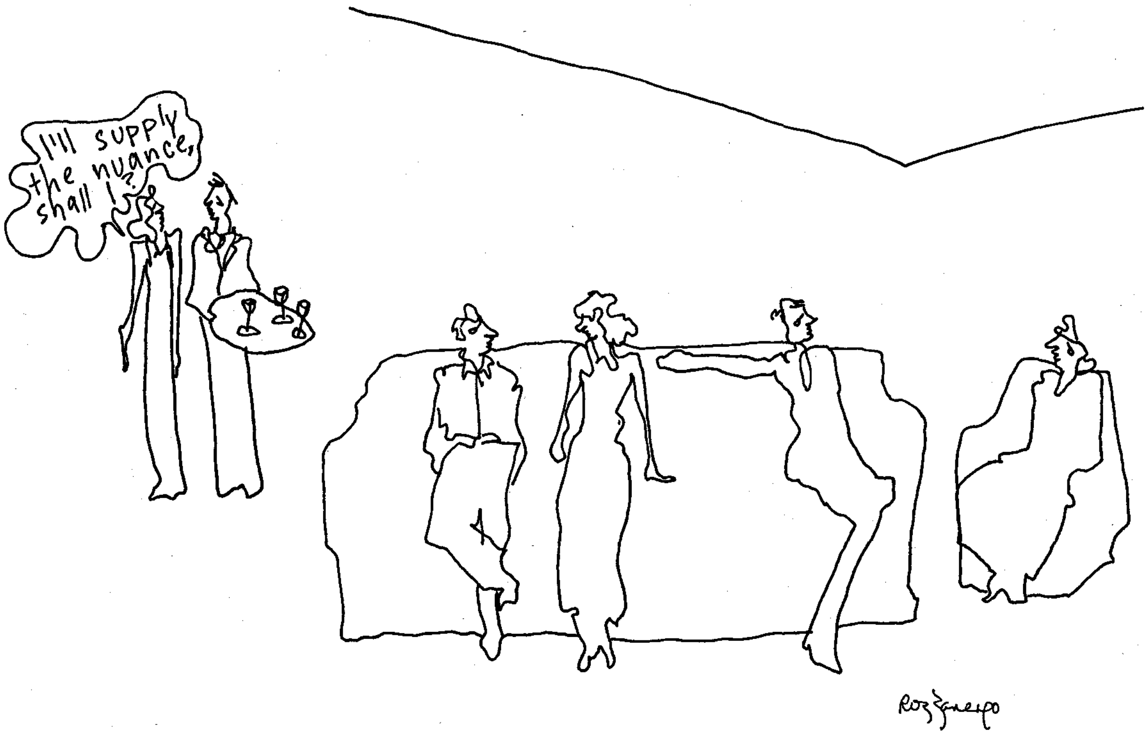
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reography for an inexperienced company. But he found "Serenade" lacking in spontaneity "to a great extent."

But what you're saying is that—even though for over two years nothing was happening except in the American Ballet and your work as a choreographer for Hollywood and Broadway musicals—you weren't really questioning whether Lincoln and you were going to come together again and try to make another company, because it never was certain to you that it could be done anyway, that there was going to be any continuous effort?

Balanchine: Yes.

Lowry: But you never had any hesitancy whenever Lincoln said there's this money or that opportunity—you never had any hesitancy in putting that first and saying I want to make more ballets on the stage?

Balanchine: I was doing a Broadway show at that time—I think it was "I Married an Angel"—and I thought it was possible to perform on Mondays, and Brigitte [Vera Zorina] was in "I Married an Angel," you see, so I thought maybe we could do concerts, and I asked Wiman [Dwight Deere Wiman, the producer of "I Married an Angel"]. He didn't say no; he was trying to start something to help me, but nothing happened. But what I did, I started "Concerto Barocco" with Brigitte, the first steps going around. I was planning to do a small company on Mondays, like a touring chamber ballet—a chamber-music "Barocco." And I asked Hindemith to write something. I had some money—about five hundred dollars—and I didn't know what to do with it. I thought maybe to buy a cigarette case or to do something. But then I said maybe Hindemith would like to write something for that money. So I called his editor and I said that for the five hundred dollars would he like maybe to write me something for piano and just a small ensemble. And yes, sure, he said that he had time and he'd like to do it. I said anything he wants, and he says, "I don't know." So he wrote "Four Temperaments," and I thought that this would be part of a small company. But meanwhile "I Married an Angel" closed, and nothing is happening. So right before we went to South America [on a tour arranged for Ballet Caravan by Nelson Rockefeller, who was then coördinator of Inter-American Affairs for President Roosevelt] I was already staging "Four Temperaments," with Pavel Tchelitchew on the scenery. He made very elaborate costumes, and we couldn't afford it. It was like twenty-five thousand dollars at that time—now it would be about a million. We couldn't afford it. I started, but Hindemith and I abandoned it until later, when Lincoln returned from the Army after the war.

Lowry: Can you give me your impressions of the principal dancers you first encountered here who had all their training in the United States? Lew Christensen, for example. Or Paul Haakon, or Nora Kaye? I'm interested in your talking about principal dancers that were—well, impressive enough to you: what you actually thought of them, and their training and their potential.

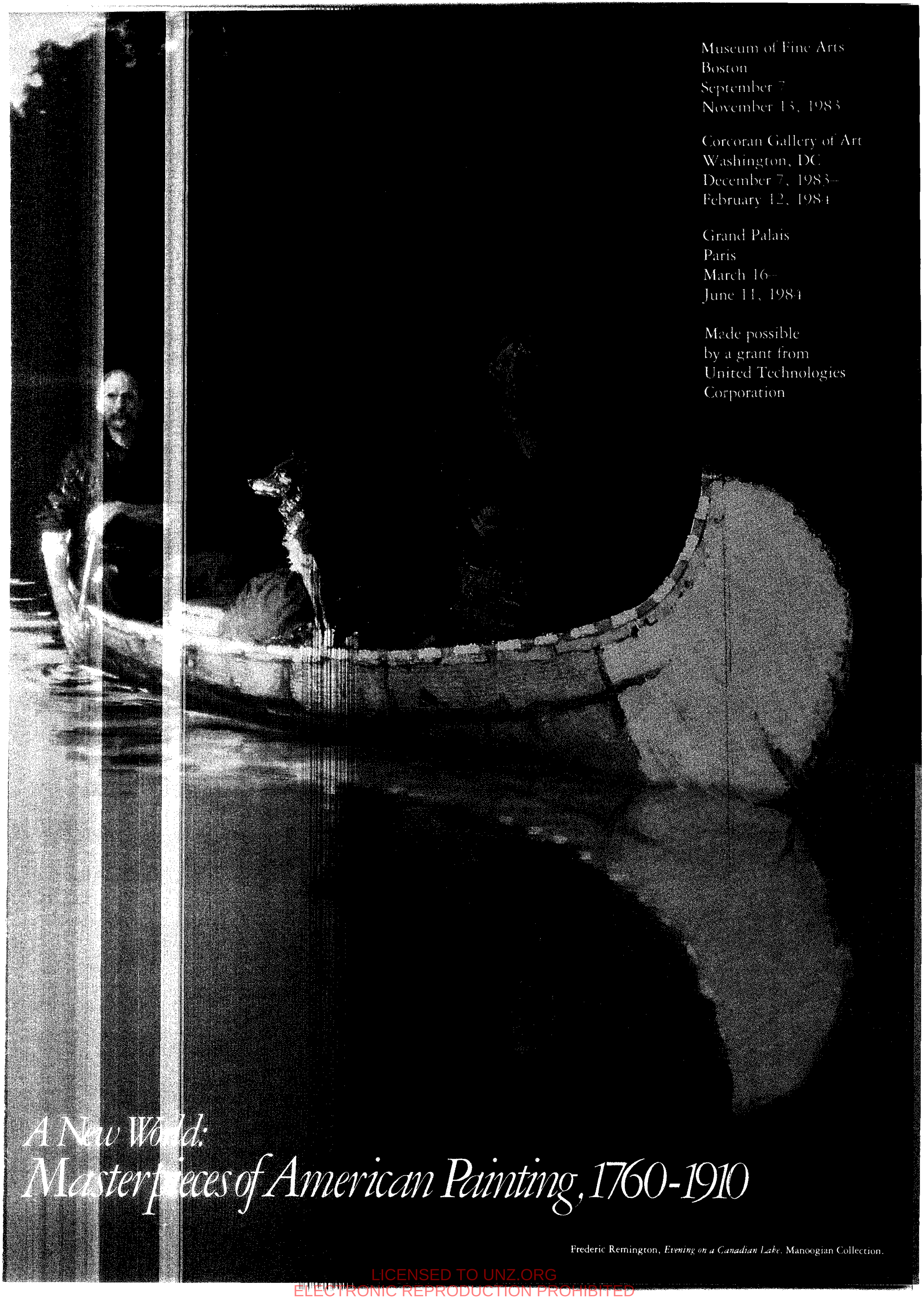
Balanchine: Well, I think they were well trained—not all of them. Nora Kaye started with us. She was fourteen when she came to study. Annabelle Lyon already was a rather good dancer, because she was with Fokine. And Paul Haakon was a good dancer. He was professionally a dancer; he turned very well, and he was nice-looking, small. Lew Christensen was a very good dancer, a professional dancer. And they were—well, I thought they were very good dancers. Even compared to Europeans, I think they had a better texture, and they were easier to work with. They would understand me—I don't know, somehow.

Lowry: In comparison, let's say, with Tamara Geva or Toumanova or Riabouchinska—what about them?

Balanchine: Well, you see, Toumanova and Baronova and Riabouchinska I knew when they were twelve years old—they just came out of school. They were still children; they danced rather well, and they mostly could turn very well at that time. They were very phenomenal twisters. But, you see, I was young. I was not sufficiently expert in teaching. I did rather well teaching, but not like now. Now I am absolute; I'm almost one hundred per cent sure that I know how it is, what is the matter with people, their possibility. Of course, you can't detect that at once, but for a while you wait, and then you see that something will happen or here maybe it's already the end.

Lowry: Is it probable that many of the American dancers I named you might have worked with because they were as good as what was available?

Balanchine: I couldn't say that I was disappointed; I was not disap-



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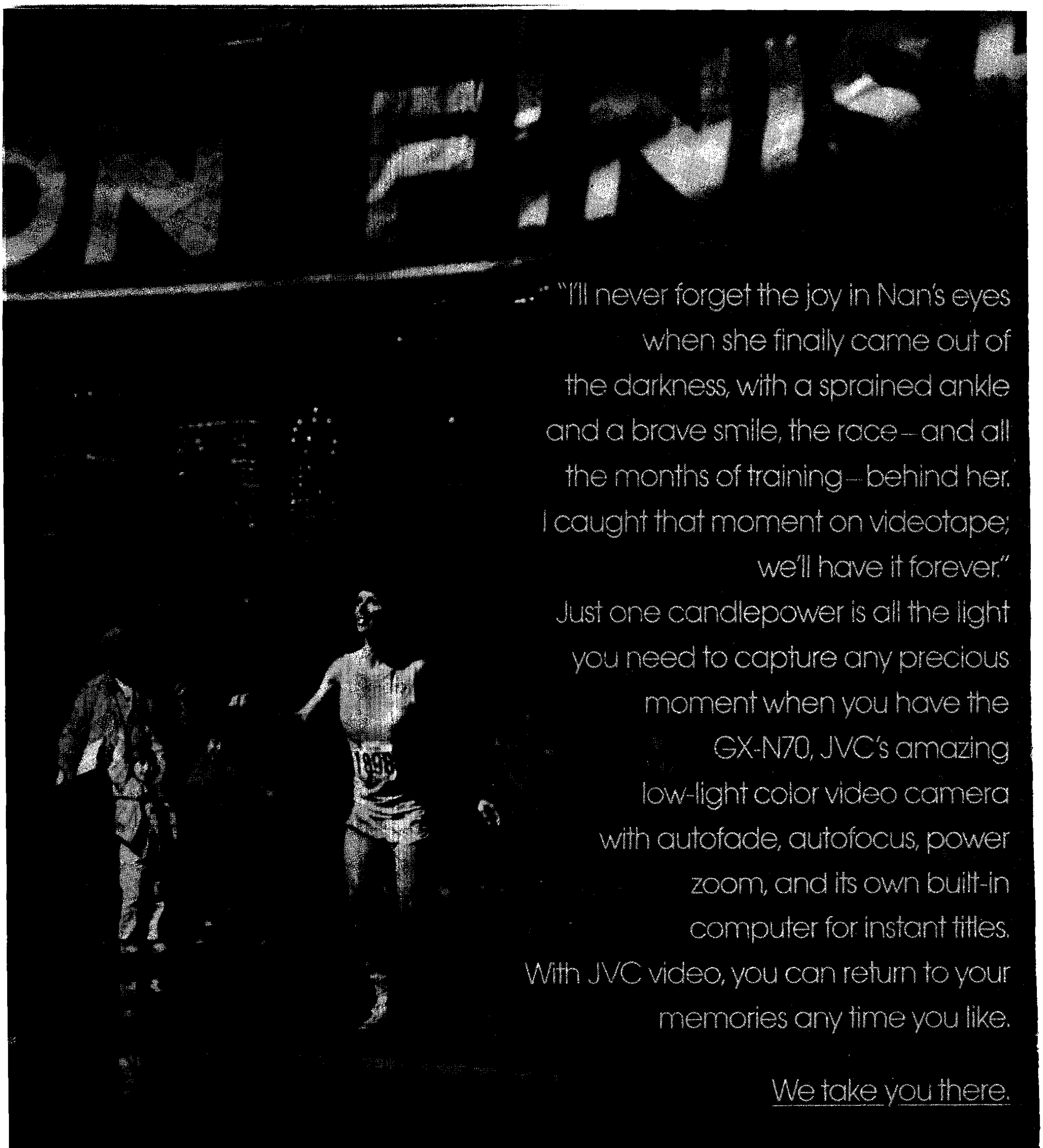

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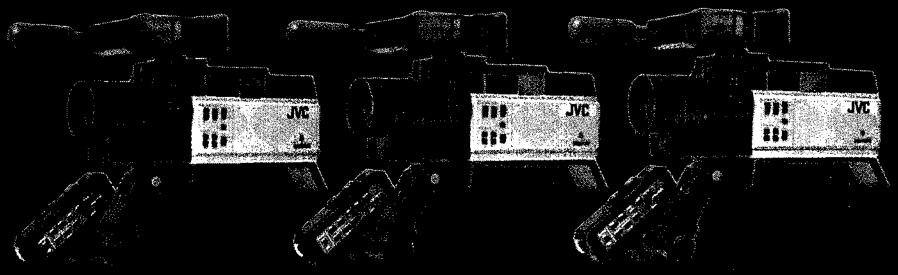

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pointed at all, I thought that people were very good. It was not exquisite as technique, or whatever it is, like now, because really we spend so much time now from childhood, and we really bring them along. Now, really, I *choose*. Now they have to follow that way, they are always monsters of perfection. Almost all. I would say, take anybody from the corps and they would be a very good soloist. But for a long time in the company there was, I would say, a maximum of eight girls. I don't speak about the boys—I couldn't get them at the school. It was rare when a really good man came in. But girls were everywhere, and there were really only eight. And Jerry [Jerome Robbins] used them, and I used them, and just eight; the rest was fill-in. And when you think of doing "Barocco" and after that two or three other things, you have already used your eight girls. Now I would say we have fifty; they are all excellent.

LOWRY: But this had begun to change. When?

BALANCHINE: It was slow.

LOWRY: Early fifties, middle fifties?

BALANCHINE: It slowly changed. The school started to give. We still at that time took some people who were ready, not only from our school but from auditions. People would come in. Now we don't audition professional dancers. We just take from the school. And the school gives our style, also because the children now participate in performances; they are ready. They are part of it. They dress well, they know the music, they know dance. So it's exactly what I thought we would have when I saw that the school was starting to give something like the Maryinsky. In Russia, there was nobody auditioned from the side; it all came from the school. Just as in opera in France they don't take anybody else.

LOWRY: When you first saw Lew Christensen working in the things that you were able to perform and also taking more work in the School of American Ballet, what kind of a dancer did you think he was?

BALANCHINE: He was excellent dancer, excellent dancer. He had first of all wonderful proportions, looked beautiful . . . And he also was wonderful partner, and the way he turns—his beats, whatever it is—he was . . . I wouldn't say he was a classical dancer, with classical feet like Eglevsky—like you would say danseur noble "classique." That's one thing. I would say

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Eglevsky had feet like Peter Martins, had really exquisite feet, and he used them . . . better than women.

Lowry: That Christensen was a first dancer in any of the companies he was in was obvious?

Balanchine: Excellent dancer!

Lowry: And he didn't have all that competition at that time in those small companies, did he? There were a few other men, but . . .

Balanchine: No, I would say the way he was when he was twenty years old he would be *now*. He would be probably one of the best.

Lowry: Yes. And he was musical. Not so musical as you, but musical.

Balanchine: Well, I am different. I am not that musical, but I have a special idea what music is, and I was taught music. At home, we studied music, so I probably knew more about the technical part of music and the piano, because I was studying piano in the conservatory. If I didn't leave Russia, I think I might have become a better pianist. I don't believe that very many dancers of ballet and choreographers have specially studied. I think in old times, yes.

Lowry: Well, Christensen had a different situation—not as important as yours, but because of his father and uncles he had musical training in the home and in a cello class and so on. So he had more than most American dancers. What about others in those first years in America for you? Eugene Loring, for example—what kind of a dancer was he?

Balanchine: Ummm, not very . . .

Lowry: Certainly not Christensen.

Balanchine: Oh, no! Loring was not dancer.

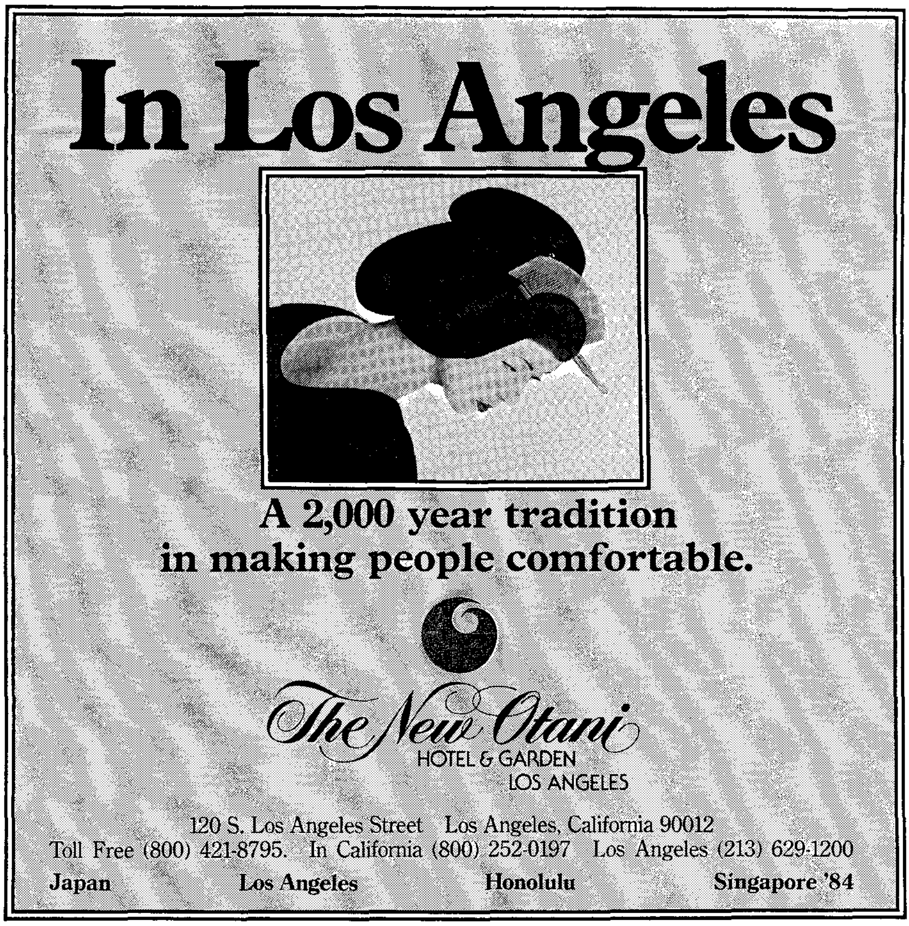
Lowry: And William Dollar?

Balanchine: Dollar was very good.

Lowry: Was he as good as Christensen?

Balanchine: He was strange, but technically he was very able. He was . . . He had a strangeness; he was not really a classical dancer. He was an acrobat always.

Balanchine: If you want to know what we dancers talk about when we train, it's like speaking to a horse. When you want to persuade somebody to do something, you have to show them, you have to show them. You see, I used to show by doing it myself; now I can't show them. I ask Peter Martins to show to the boys. You have to show. You learn by looking, not by talking. I don't believe in a teacher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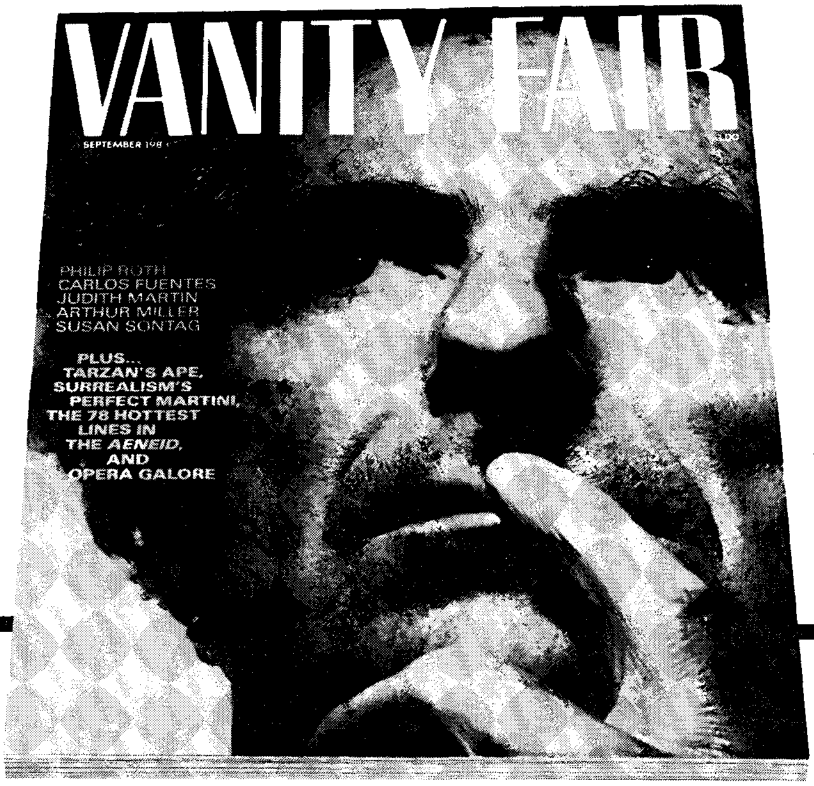

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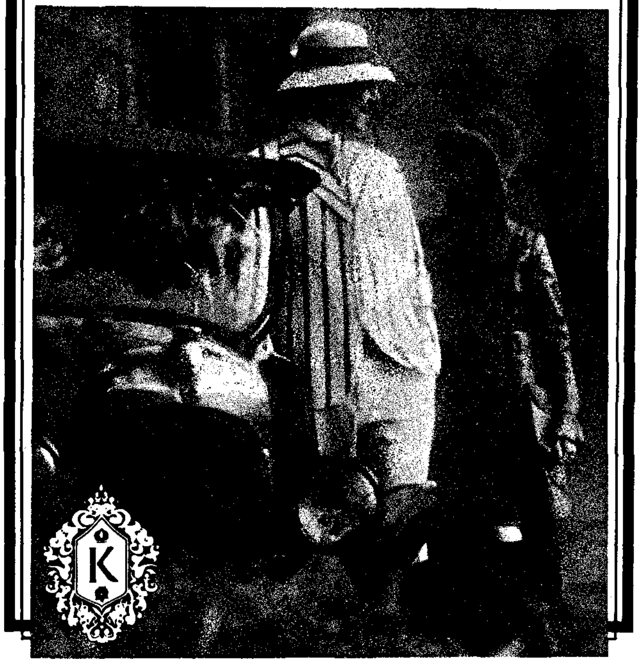
who sits in a chair, I don't believe in it at all. It's kind of an old-fashioned way to do it. I always say it's like you have a mother bird and you have little birds and they have to start. How do they do it? Mother doesn't say, "Come on, move your tail five hundred degrees." Same thing with us. We don't say it. We do it. That's the only way to teach. There's no other way.

Jacques [D'Amboise], when he does choreography or moves, he comes to me and says, "Tell me, what do you think is wrong with this?" He feels that it's not right but doesn't know why. "Well, first of all, you stay too long in diagonal and you have people doing—you know, doing this and that. Why don't you shorten it and make it this way, forget this and that, O.K., and hit that little dip?" Now I look again and I say, "Well, that's a little better—only, you know, you imitate the tune, which is not right. Why do you imitate the tune, which already goes on by itself? It's like you put a piece of butter on cake and put a piece of butter on butter and you eat it, you see." We talk like that, and I advise him so it becomes a little better, and then he likes it.

Peter Martins is the same. "What should I do?" This and that, and we talk. Recently [March, 1980], he did one all by himself, and he dressed the dancers up, and all of a sudden they all disappeared. Somebody suggested to him to dress them in the period of Italian—something Renaissance, a little bit balletic, and so they made costumes, covering the bodies with lots of material. So I say, "Well, you look and you see material moving. Choreography disappears. It was very pretty before when they were doing some things, but now they're completely covered by material. You have to say to the designer, 'I want nothing—just *nothing*. A very little bit here and nothing,' so that you can see the ballet." Because if it's a story, like if it's Iago or somebody trying to kill somebody, that I can understand. But I told him, "When you staged the dance you did now, you didn't need to have the dancers wear anything. You looked at them the way they were and you planned on the people's bodies and you liked it the way it was. But then after that somebody else—you believe that he's a good designer, somebody great, you know—he covers everything you've done." The same thing happened to my "Temperaments." Seligmann came and covered everything



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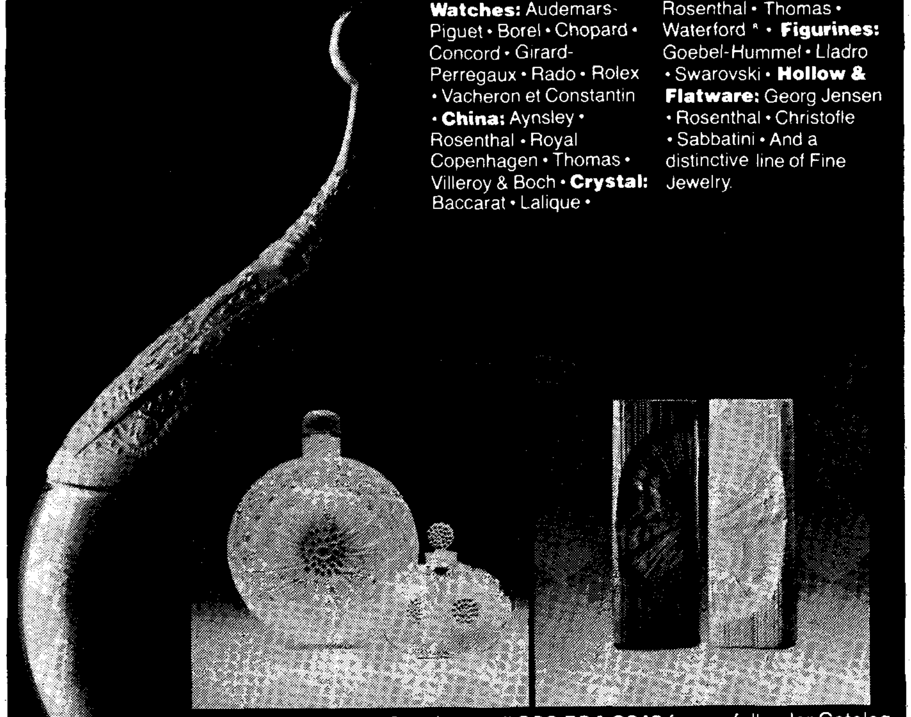

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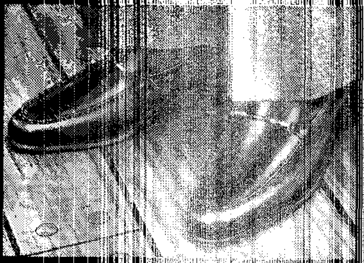

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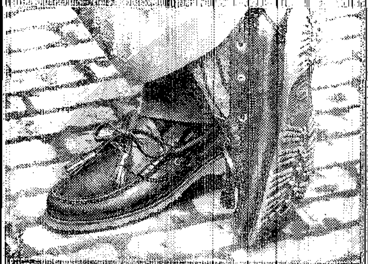

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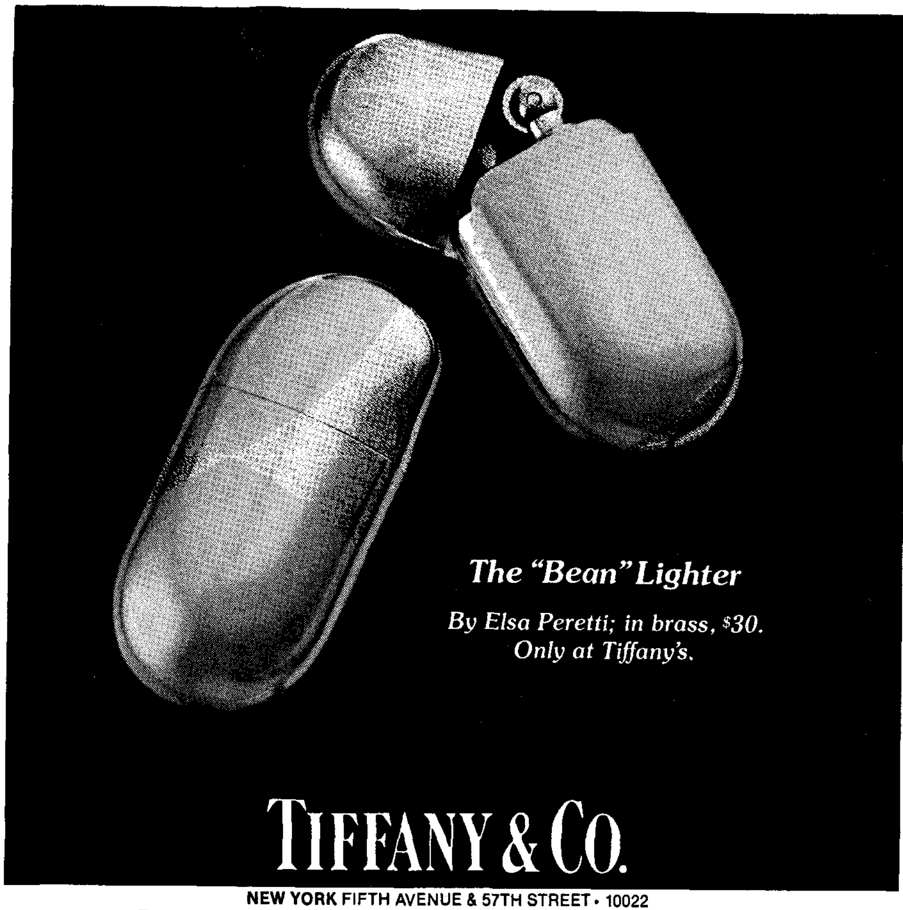
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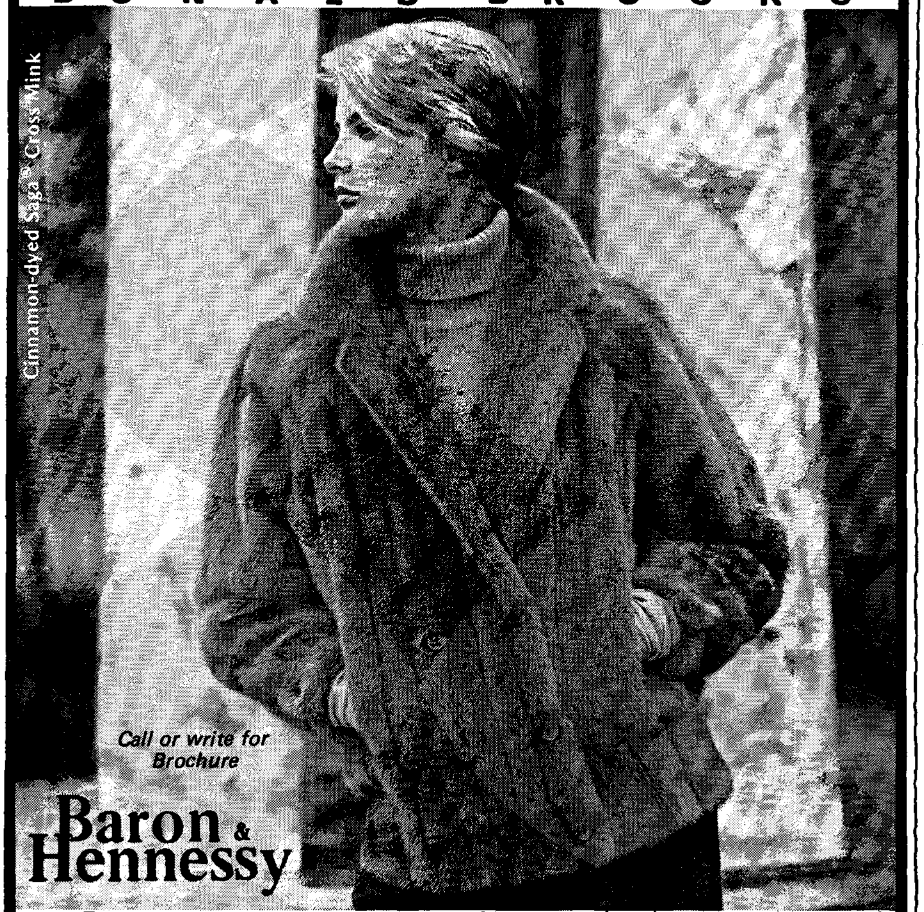
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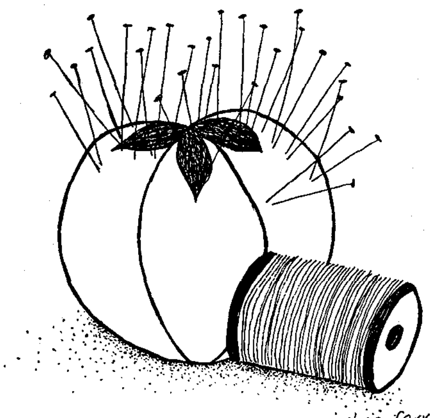
Lowry: Who came?

Balanchine: Seligmann appeared. Kurt Seligmann. Remember that Surrealist? A very great name at that time. And so my ballet disappeared completely. I told him, "Can you take it out?" He said, "No, I can't." I say, "Well, Seligmann, *on ne voit rien—rien!*" I say, "Mary Ellen [Moylan]—we don't see Mary Ellen at all." And he said to me, "*Alors, et où est Seligmann?*" He doesn't give a damn what's going on.

Lowry: I don't come backstage very much now. I used to come a little bit, and sometimes I would see one of the dancers talking with you. Was it also pretty much the same: they were saying what about that and you'd take their leg or show them or you'd say good or not so good? It's not about "Serenade" or "Chaconne," it's about a step, a movement, a jump?

Balanchine: It's about the person. They're not interested in the corps de ballet or in some other dancer or a man. They're thinking how they did. So I watch. They know that I watch, because it may be the first time this person is dancing the part, or the second or third time, and I see. Even if it's not the third time, even if it is Suzanne [Farrell], then I'll come to her after the curtain's down. I'll say, "You know, that place you did this and that; you act too much, you started to play art instead of dancing," or something like that. And "Don't react at that moment—just dance, do this." Or she says, "I forgot the step, I don't remember if we do this or that." And I say, "Well, we used to go that way, now we do this way, probably." Sometimes, you see, they have a bad leg or knee, so we have to change the step sometimes right before a performance. They cannot turn on that side, they have to turn on the other side this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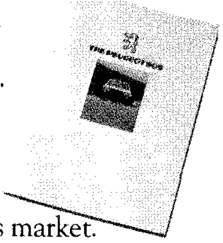

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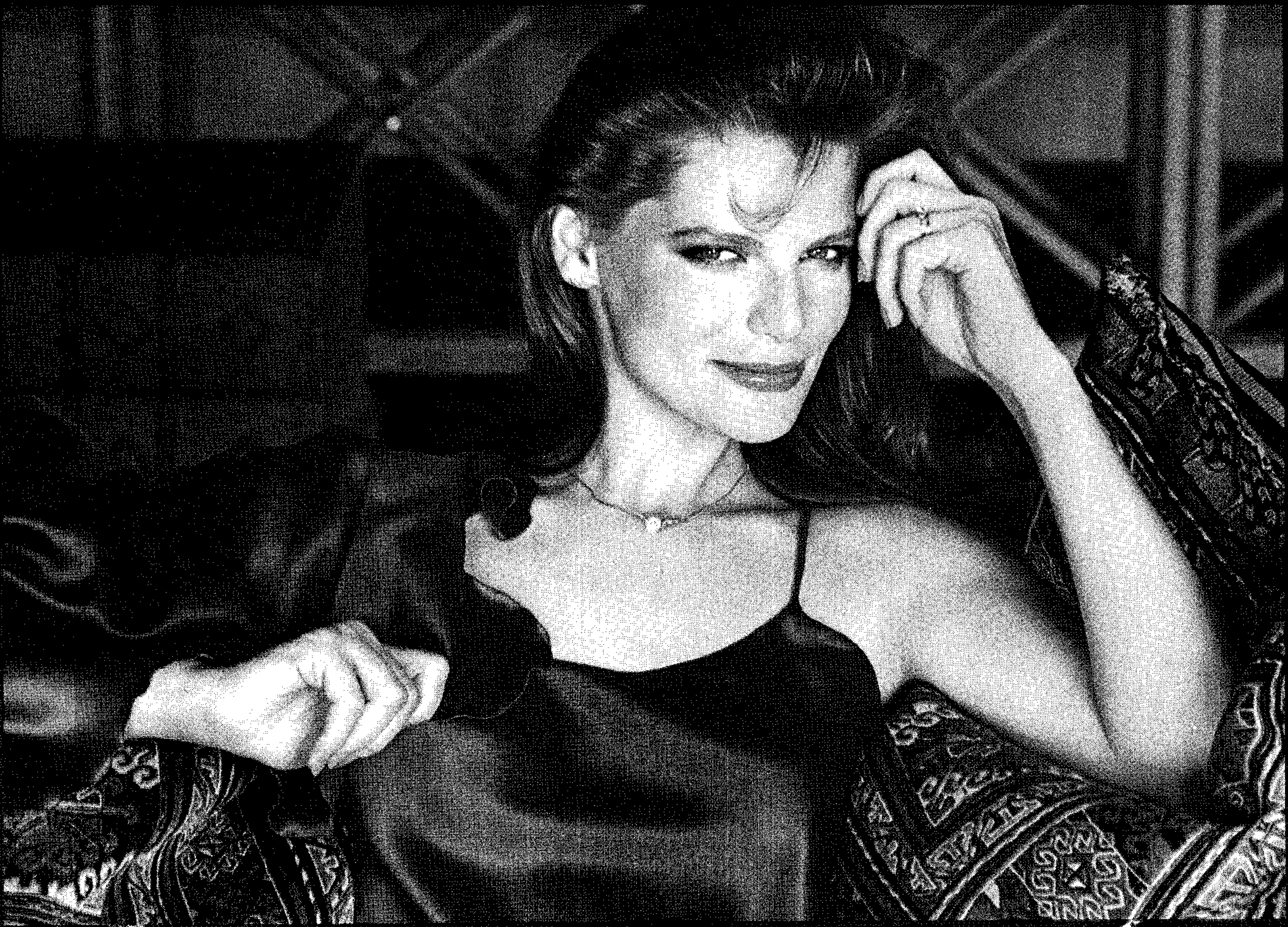

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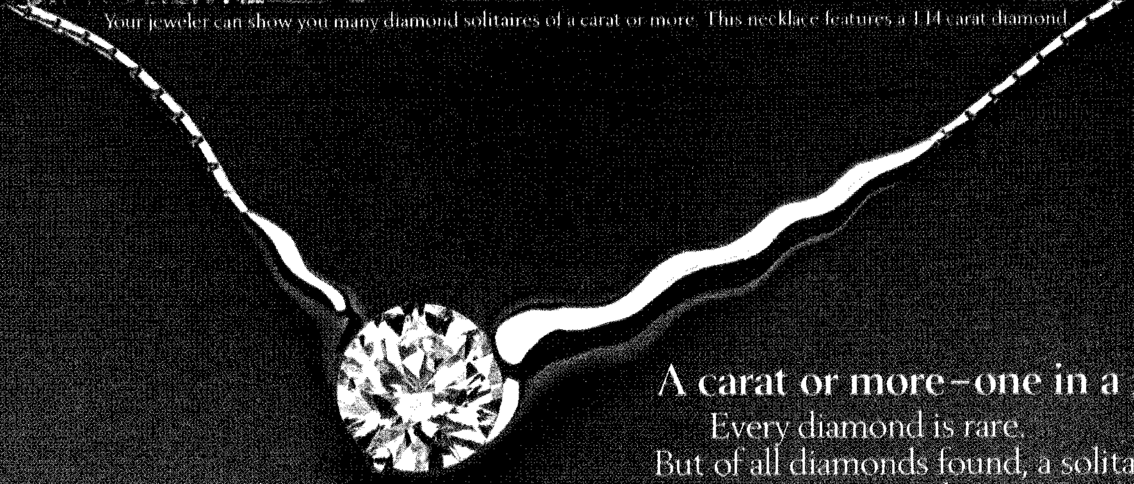

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way. We only analyze or talk just a little bit after. Or if it's a young person I let her do it the first time. I don't tell her everything—it's impossible to do that. I'll say, "If you do a little bit more turnout, then let's see what will happen." So next time she'll turn out a little more, and I say, "Now you're looking very good, but that's not everything. Why don't you look straight and go this way instead of that way?" That's what we do. We don't talk about beauty or "Serenade," you know.

LOWRY: The music? Do you talk about the music?

BALANCHINE: If it's played too fast, sometimes they'll cry. "No, I couldn't do it!" I say, "You couldn't do it because he played too fast. You couldn't do it." And so when Robert [Irving, N.Y.C.B.'s music director] comes there, I say, "Robert, you know that was a little too fast." "Oh, no, they do it exactly the way I do it." I say, "But that's not very good, you know." So they cry and come to me to forget, you see.

I understand that talking about this is difficult, but for us also it's difficult. We stage ballet steps to music. The two must be very close; this is the thing. We analyze first. Also, it's conducting; we decide on the best way to do it. We use a metronome—you know all about this. We stage movements to this count. You can do lots of fast music, but you cannot do too many steps; you can play sixty-four notes quickly with your fingers, but you cannot do the same number of movements with your body, so if we take too many notes usually we put fewer steps. It depends on how it sounds. What's the illusion, what's it to look like? We don't do it like Mickey Mouse. You know. [Makes sound of running up the musical scale and then running down.] You see, we don't do that.

LOWRY: Each one is interested in himself or herself and how he or she did or might do better—each one? Then with some dancers there comes a time when they can also for some reason be interested in the group, the company, the ensemble, the other dancers—I don't mean just personally as friends?

BALANCHINE: Yes.

LOWRY: But they can?

BALANCHINE: Yes.

LOWRY: At one time in your life you became interested in working with another group of dancers, right? When you were quite young?

BALANCHINE: Well, I put together

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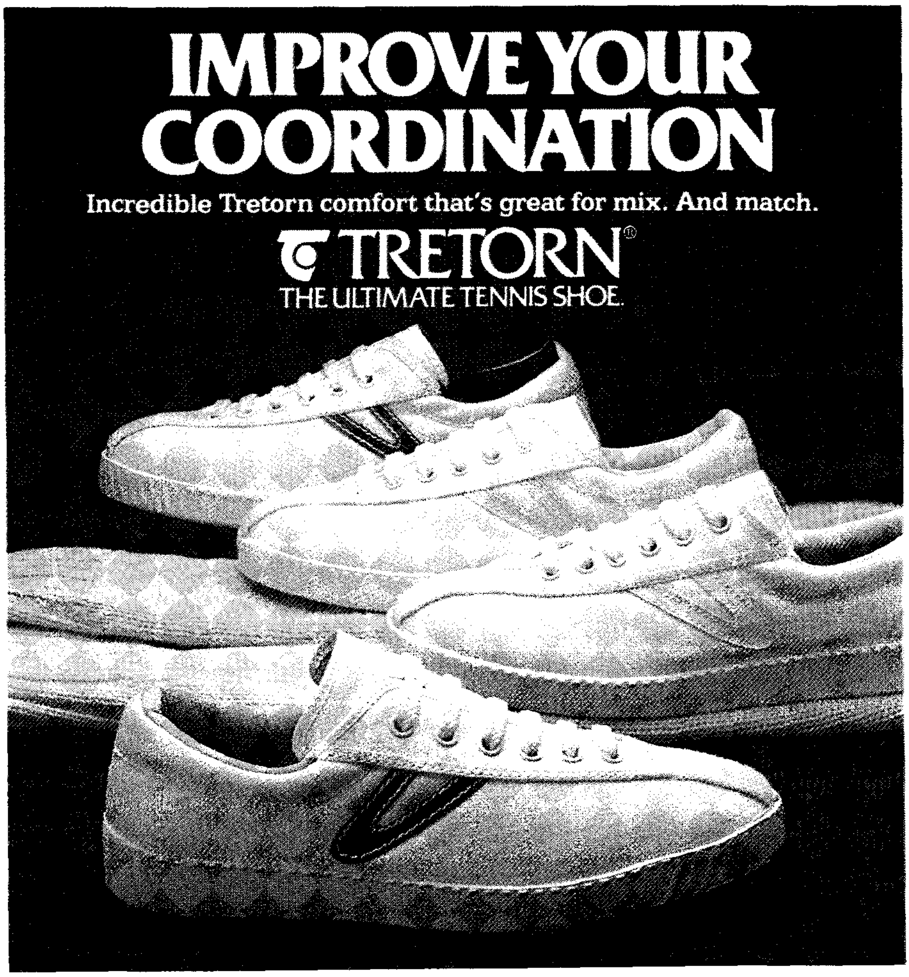
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friends and staged something for them.

Lowry: But there are dancers, perhaps, who never take an interest in the corps, or the company, or the ensemble—which means that obviously they are never going to try to be choreographers. There are dancers who are always simply doing the best for themselves as dancers?

Balanchine: That's right. Mostly. Sometimes dancers go out front to see a ballet when they are injured or something, when they cannot dance. And then they come back and say, "Oh, it's soooo beautiful." [Imitates in a gushy voice.] "Beautiful. It's lovely." It's lovely, they like it. They also watch from the wings, they watch other dancers—how they dance. Young people go and look at somebody they like to look at. They all choose somebody they like to look at when they dance.

Lowry: You recently [November, 1979] made four more principals in the company. I'm interested in how your view of them and your decision to do that developed. How long had you been considering and thinking, Well, it's time for this one to be a principal? Does it normally happen over a long period of time, or how does it happen?

Balanchine: You see, I've usually known them since they were children—every step that they have danced, since they were eight. Then they were nine, then they were children on the stage in "The Nutcracker." So slowly you get an idea something will happen maybe, and yet you wait until the person gets developed completely. Sometimes it turns out that the legs are too short or the head is too big. Sometimes what happens to them is that they grow beautifully, the proportions are right. It takes a long time to develop a body for dancing—especially the feet. The points for girls have to be, I always say, like an elephant's trunk: strong and yet flexible and soft. The elephant's trunk looks like it's so soft, but in fact it is strong, firm. Women's points have to be strong and also very flexible, pretty. It takes some time. Then suddenly if they work hard—for *they* have to work also . . . You cannot just give a lesson and believe that after one lesson something will happen. Some dancers don't believe in teachers. Or they go on to other teachers—they try to find somebody who will make them beautiful and great and noble and whatever it is, and they waste themselves. Sometimes they find that person, sometimes not. So we have special ideas about how a person should look, and she works to be that way, you see. And develops to a certain extent. It's not the way of the teachers anymore, it's already the dancers who make it happen. You know, it's like you want to be a priest, or you are a disciple of a great Sufi or someone like that, and finally you absorb certain things and then they leave you alone. It depends on what you've done, whether you understand, or if you have to go along. You cannot hang on to an adviser the rest of your life. So this is my theory: I abandon the dancer and say, "Now you do it yourself." I supervise, of course, and they always come to me. But you have to work yourself, because it's your body, your feet, your legs, your own whatever you have. And, strangely enough, it happens; it straightens itself out, sometimes fast, sometimes slow. Sometimes you look and you think, Well, my God, it's still a little bit heavy—clumsy and fat and not very interesting. Then suddenly something happens.

LOWRY: Well, among these four, you announced them all at once, but you must have decided about one or two of them before you decided about the others—that it was time.

BALANCHINE: Oh, yes.

LOWRY: Over how long a period do you think? I know you've been watching them since they were children. I understand that. Then they're in the corps, or may even do a solo, but now you're going to make them a principal, and, as you tell me, I understand they're also working on themselves to try to develop. But they don't all come to the same point at the same month, or even six months . . .

BALANCHINE: Well, you know, sometimes you watch a dancer and you already know that this someday will be an important dancer. And some you know never will be important dancers. They will be soloists, nice personalities, but never important. It's not only what *I* enjoy. I think of the public, of presenting to the public something that it will accept. That takes time. Of course, we feel a pressure, you know—all ballet masters do. Dancers always want to dance solo, and as soon as they dance one solo they want to become solo dancers. But we keep them, you see—we give them a solo and develop them that way, but they still have to do lots of other things. Otherwise, we wouldn't have any corps, any ensemble. But then let us say this person

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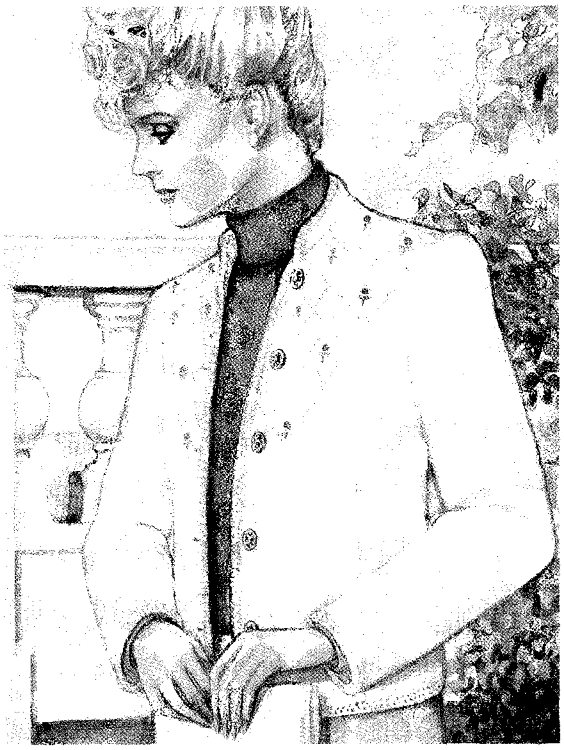

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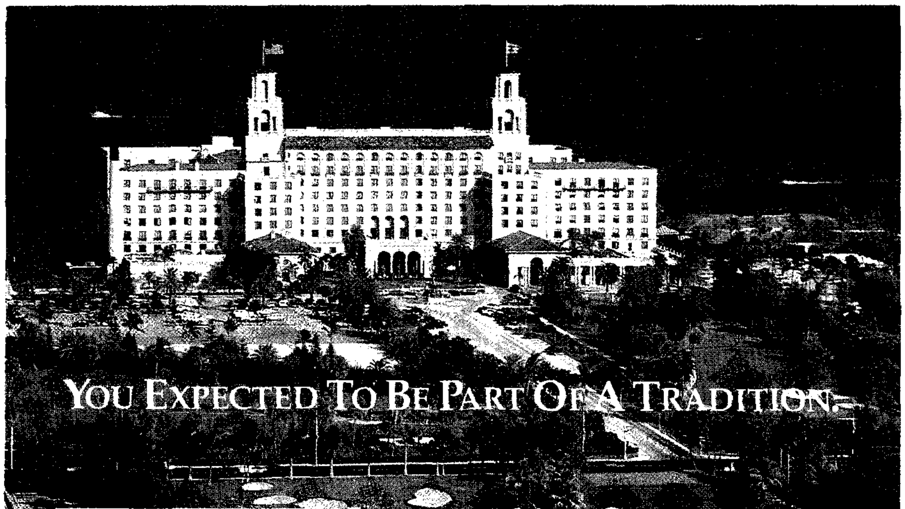

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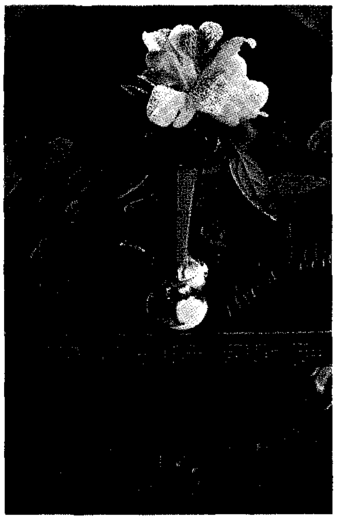

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Lowry: When did that happen?

Balanchine: It happened in a year or so—like you're cooking something and you try it and say, "No, potato is not cooked yet," and all of a sudden it's cooked in a second.

Lowry: Here the company is and the school is, and though everybody has great personal interest in all the young people, there must be some limit to the young dancers being brought along. Are you that limit? Do you have to be a little objective and perhaps a little cool and ruthless about it?

Balanchine: Yes. There is always the desire to have more, like people making money. Even today, I am going at two o'clock to see Danilova [Alexandra Danilova] give point class, because I want to eliminate already some people. Perhaps they have something: a certain look, a certain type of feet. Legs, maybe, and proportion. And some turn very well, some jump very well, whatever it is, but . . . it's very difficult to say. It's vibration. You see, it's like Koussevitzky when he had the Boston Symphony. And I believe also the Philadelphia with Stokowski. They chose a player because he had vibration that matches the rest of the strings, for instance. So I do the same thing—that's my privilege, you know. When the dancer is a child, she may be very good. But then later when she grows, you see, with a little bit more development, then the proportion develops, the whole thing changes. Well, today I'm going to see Danilova's class, and I have to eliminate, because there are probably thirty-five dancers there. I have to let them know who will have to go somewhere else.

Lowry: What are your goals—first, as George Balanchine, the ballet master, choreographer, everything? What are your own goals over the next two or three years? If you just thought of the next two or three years, what would be important for you at that time?

Balanchine: I saw it yesterday [November 15, 1979]. Last night was the performance of "ex-Ballet Imperial," I call it—now it's "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2"—and I would say it had never been danced as well by the girls. They were absolutely fantastic. All of them, they looked beautiful. They moved . . . it absolutely never was like that. Even the

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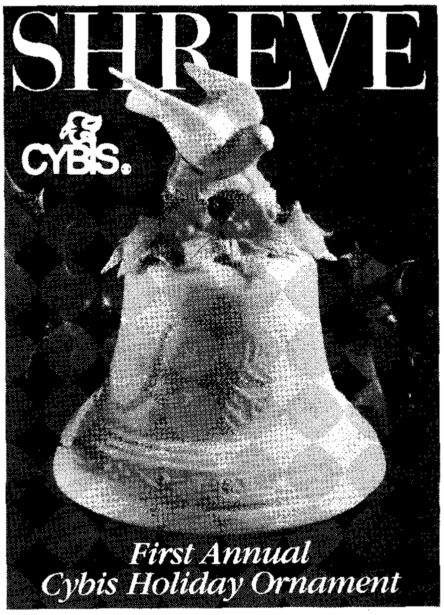

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lines were perfect, the hands were pretty, and everything, you see. So I don't even *want* anything better. The only need now, it's to develop men, boys: they are very good in comparison to what we had once. They are very good. They're young, they're also willing, they're very enthusiastic, you see, in comparison to the persons who used to take professional class—people who knew how to dance a little bit but were all a little bit disappointed in dance. But now we don't have any like that. They're all from school, they're all wonderful, but we have to develop *better* dancers that we can use. They can do whatever it is they have to do. Actually, they can support and so forth, but this is not the most beautiful, you know, the most wonderful thing. So we have to develop better men, like Martins, who is a really fantastic classical dancer. His feet, his legs are unusual, you see. And we need different-size boys. Not only very tall—we have lots of tall boys—but we also have to have medium-size boys who dance very well. I mean who *dance*, who will become very interesting dancers before the public. This will be important three years from now.

LOWRY: To develop better men—they will be developed partly in rehearsal and performance on a stage and partly in continuing at the school?

BALANCHINE: Andrei Kramarevsky, he's an excellent teacher and very like a lion, you know—lots of pep, enormous. You see, that's what we need. We need more life. I say that because Americans, and the English also—maybe it's an Anglo-Saxon trait—en masse they become sleepy. I call them zombies. And you have to shout and push them, you know, to make them more alive. Not that they are not, but it's a habit, maybe, or the way they think. Perhaps it's because of the critics, who always write that you have to be dignified or you're lacking good manners. In England, when you have tea with somebody you cannot just put in three pieces of sugar and start, you have to put just one little piece and hardly move your spoon, otherwise you'll never be invited back. They give you a little toast, but you hardly touch it! If you eat the whole toast . . . But now I'm talking about the critics—like John Martin used to say that there was some kind of dignified allure needed to dance "Ballet Imperial," because it's "imperial," because it's royal, because it's red carpet, I don't know what. Whatever it is,

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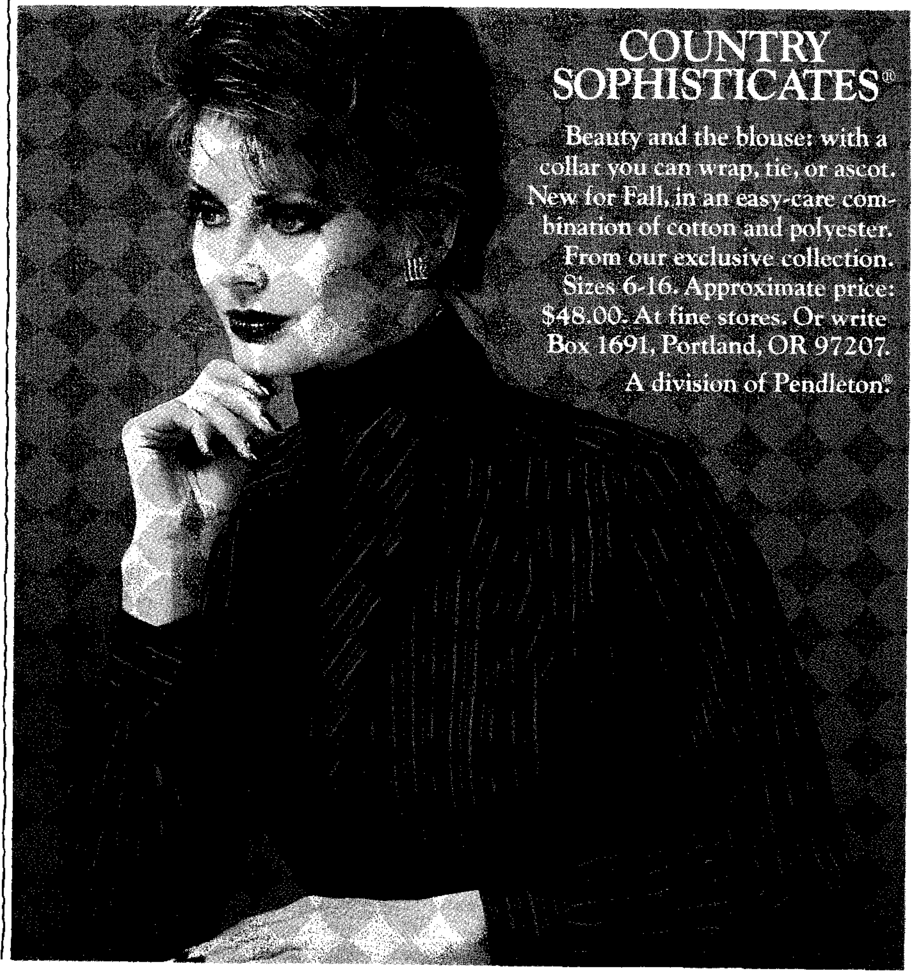

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Americans have this laxity inside. You have to start pushing them and scream at them to make them more alive; you see what I mean. If you don't do that, they slowly will go to sleep. And they all imitate—all. Any company that I look at, they all think that "Giselle" is the example of beauty, of dance, of classicism—something like that. And they think that "Giselle" is a sleepy ballet. You know, like a —like Lincoln said—wonderful . . . disease. It's a new disease, called "Gisellitis." That is exactly what it is—it's "Gisellitis," you see. And I have to get something out, obviously. This is very important, and for now I wish that our own choreographers would have that pep . . .

LOWRY: Pep?

BALANCHINE: Yeah, pep. Martins is very good. Now, Martins really makes them dance very well—a very good choreographer to start. So after all this I would say, I wish they would stay the way they were yesterday. The way they danced last night was excellent. I hope for three years they will be the same, so that they don't go to sleep again.

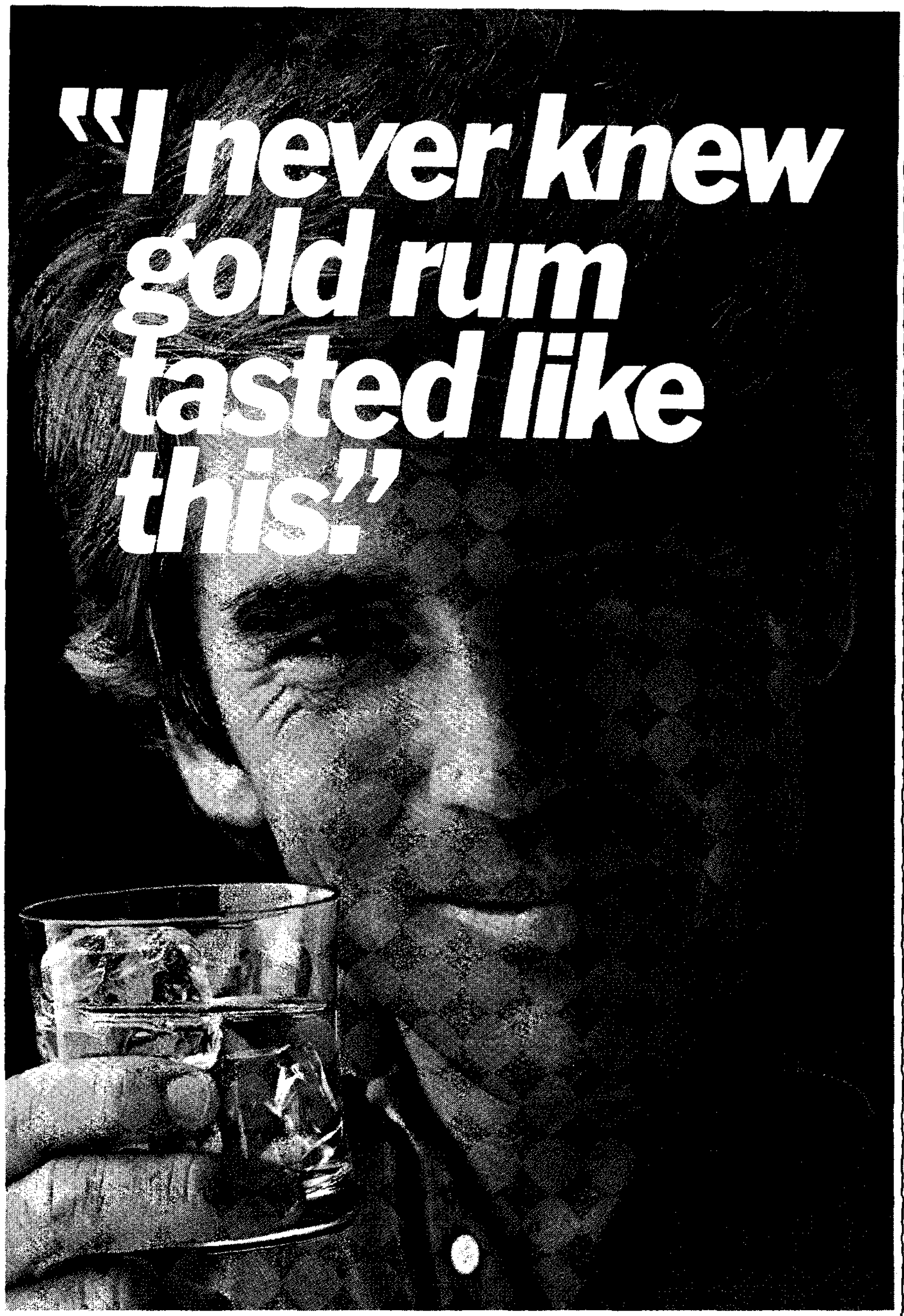
LOWRY: You mean, they are *now* full of life, but it's easy for them to go to sleep, and you have constantly to keep them up?

BALANCHINE: That's right.

LOWRY: And that applies particularly to the men?

BALANCHINE: No. To the whole company. Not individually. I mean . . . there are a few very good ones. I always compare them to horses. Even the race horses, even the wonderful horses, they're ready to go and win the race if somebody says so. The horse is not going to win the race alone, without anybody. If you leave horses alone, they're not going to run like man for pleasure—I mean, they play a little bit, but mostly they are quietly eating. They're born that way. And to move, this is up to something that you make yourself. You develop your muscles, and then you push to show what you can do. But, in reality, people don't want to do that. You're born to sit, or maybe to lie down or go to sleep: it was, I think, an Oriental idea. Why do we have to get up, stand up, run—why do we have to do this? It's good to sit down, it's better to lie down, and if you're lying down why not sleep, and if you go to sleep why be born even, you see?

LOWRY: Are there other particular objectives or goals either for you in your artistic function or for the com-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pany that you can see as priorities over the next two or three years? Or *trends?*

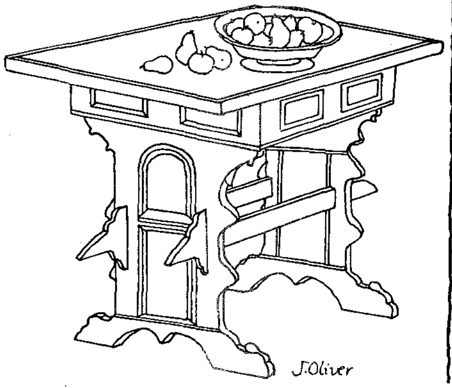
Balanchine: There is some kind of new balance, new style, new whatever it is—the idea that anybody can come in and use the dancers to do something, something different. I would say it will come to something. Because we are now in this period when people say, "Oh, my God, what will happen when you go?" But everybody goes. Roosevelt—people said, "What are we going to do without Roosevelt?" You see, everything finally will be different. It wouldn't be any good fifty years from now to do what we do now. It will be something else. Maybe we won't even need that technique. People will look different, they will move differently. Maybe they will want more at home, rather than in theatres. Who knows? But I'm not insisting now. You will ask how to preserve for posterity. I say, "Preserve what?" I mean, you make a movie. Look at the old movies. Look at Pavlova and it's ridiculous. Even Conrad Veidt—all these movies of UFA that I remember were fantastic. Now they're just silent movies, funny. Even the movies when I was with Goldwyn in 1937, when you look at them they're *not* very good.

Lowry: As movies, but the dancing still . . .

Balanchine: But you would have to have the same people. Dancing doesn't exist; it's the people that make it. Last night again—last night was a beautiful performance, and that's what the company is. If they just walked around and danced badly, the ballet wouldn't exist. It doesn't exist.

Lowry: But you could imagine a really great performance of, let's say, "Serenade" or "Concerto Barocco" forty years from now—you could imagine it if it suited the dancers, if they wanted it?

Balanchine: If they're developed the same way. If there is a leader to



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insist on that. If we are exactly the same way we are now, then why not? I mean, if you can preserve all the dancers, put them on ice and then melt them forty years from now, sure it will be. Probably people would like it, but it never will be.

Lowry: Are there isolated moments frozen like a frame in your own ballets, that when they occur you see like something thirty, forty, fifty years ago? Are there moments or movements or phrases in one of your ballets that, when you see them, have a reflection, an echo of something that you consciously feel or identify from way back in somebody else's work or in one of your early works?

Balanchine: Oh, yes, naturally they come: Petipa's work and Fokine and . . . That's how we develop.

Lowry: I understand, but you said that, depending on when it is and who it is and the technique needed, people move differently and it's different. Well, there's been a lot of silly stuff written by people speculating about the origins of your work—right?—and your aesthetic and the classical theatrical dance that you do, and so on. And there's been a lot of stuff about derivation or whatever—that you took this or changed that, or then other people took from you, and so on. A lot of it is very interesting, but it's just like somebody beating his gums—it doesn't come out anywhere. Yet sometimes I feel you couldn't always just rub out your memory—I don't mean when you're choreographing but when you're looking at something you've done. It's not a clean slate. There are all kinds of feeling, movement, attitude, music, the past of your own in there, right?

Balanchine: Absolutely.

Lowry: So what I'm getting at, despite what you said a while ago—it is possible, is it not, that such a vast repertoire as you've had . . . There's no reason that some of those works shouldn't be as exciting and classical to dancers forty years from now as, let's say, Mozart is to an orchestra . . . Whenever you sniff like that I know you don't quite agree or you think I've gone astray somewhere.

Balanchine: First of all, Mozart is great, you see. Also, it's printed, and also the technique needed to play it would always be there: if they don't develop it, they won't be able to play, you see. But we don't have anything like that; it never could be reproduced. We could only refer. For instance, we want to put back one ballet, and if we

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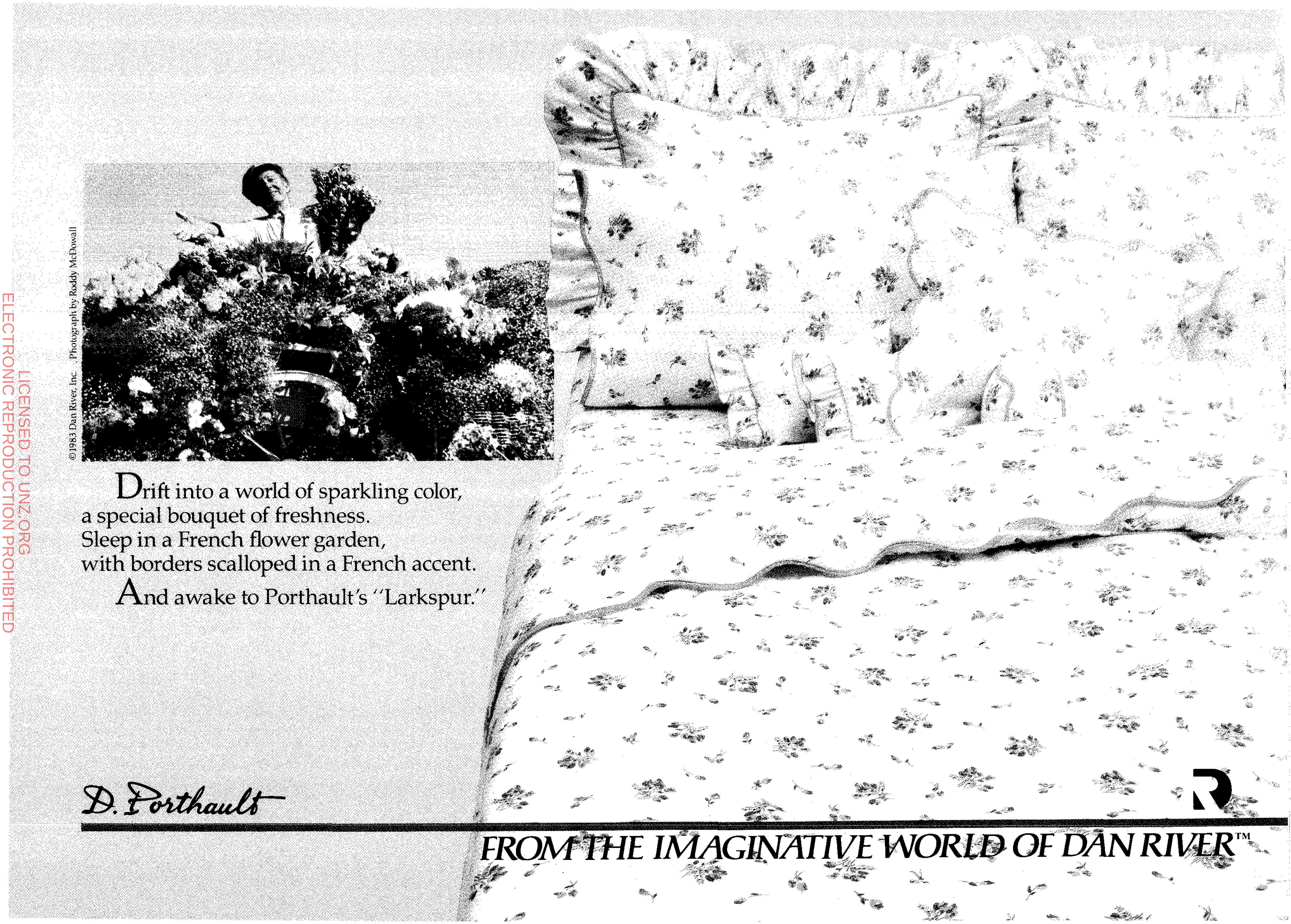

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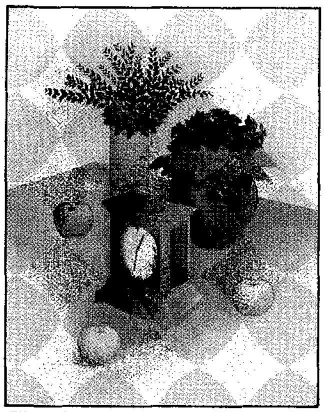

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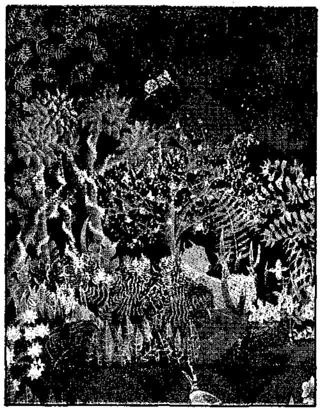

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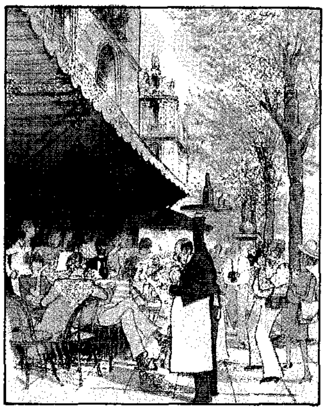

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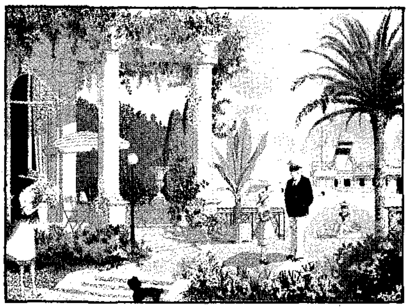

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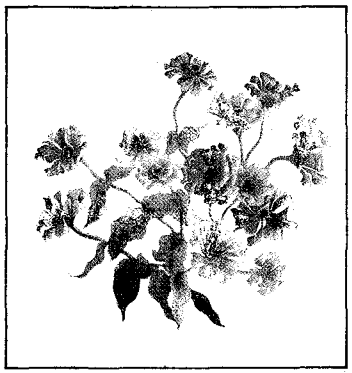

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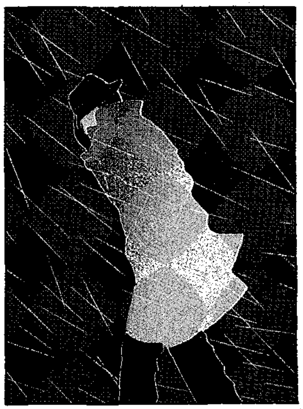

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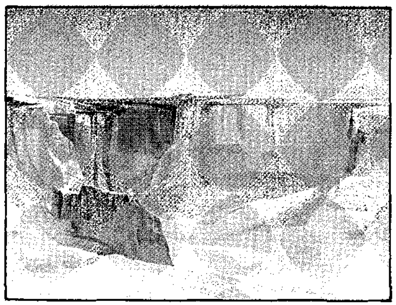
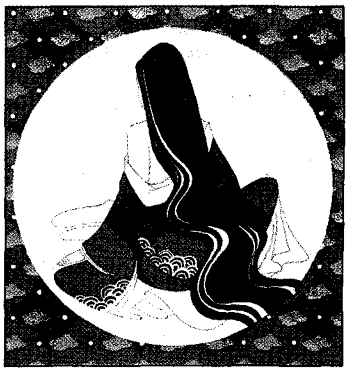
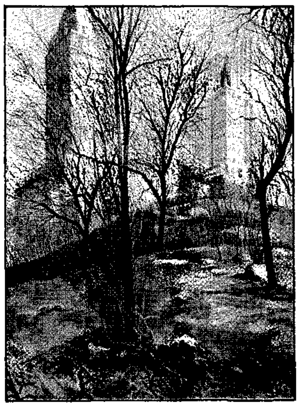


Marianne Hornbuckle's *Canyon de Chelley*, original serigraph. Signed limited edition of 250.



Miharu Lane's *Serenity*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 250.



José Martí's *G.M. Building*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 250.

have movies we can do it, and then slowly I rearrange everything and see that the beats are right. But if you give these films to somebody else who never saw the ballet before it won't be any good. Something will be staged, yes, but it will be amateurish.

Lowry: Yes. But, to take you and Danilova as an example, you can remember an awful lot of works.

Balanchine: Not the same, you know, because Danilova was already there; she *was* the past. She was, she *is* the past. She danced when Petipa was. I danced when Fokine was. With my whole body, no, but with her body she moves . . . For the children that learn variations now, it will be just a few steps that they will learn; it won't be any more. Critics now say, "Oh, that's not Petipa." How do they know? They don't know. I know what's Petipa, because during Petipa we lived there.

Lowry: You mean one cannot transfer Petipa to Martins even though you're here?

Balanchine: You see, the *steps*, yes. But that's not all. Style is not conceptual. It's juice—it's whatever you're born with, you see. Now people are wearing beards. They're not supposed to wear beards. Beards are not in style today. When you see pictures of Debussy and Pasteur, my father, they were born with it—that was the style. Nobody shaved. They dressed a certain way, and that belonged to them. Now beards don't belong to people. All right, somebody wants to look like Christ, you know—the hair and all. But it's silly, it looks silly on people. It's all fake. I don't know. The taste of potatoes, the smell of flowers—these things have to be watched, but, of course, they develop. There are big farms that mechanically develop flowers that don't smell. They took the smell out of roses.

Lowry: Today, you have said, "It's very good now and I hope it stays that way." Were you ever in the position to say almost that before? Were you in that position, or almost in that position, at any time before now?

Balanchine: There were a few ballets that I said, "This is the way it should stay always."

Lowry: The way it's done?

Balanchine: Yes.

Lowry: And that could have been ten years ago or twenty years ago?

Balanchine: I don't know twenty years ago; I would have to think about it.

Lowry: Every time I see "Sym-

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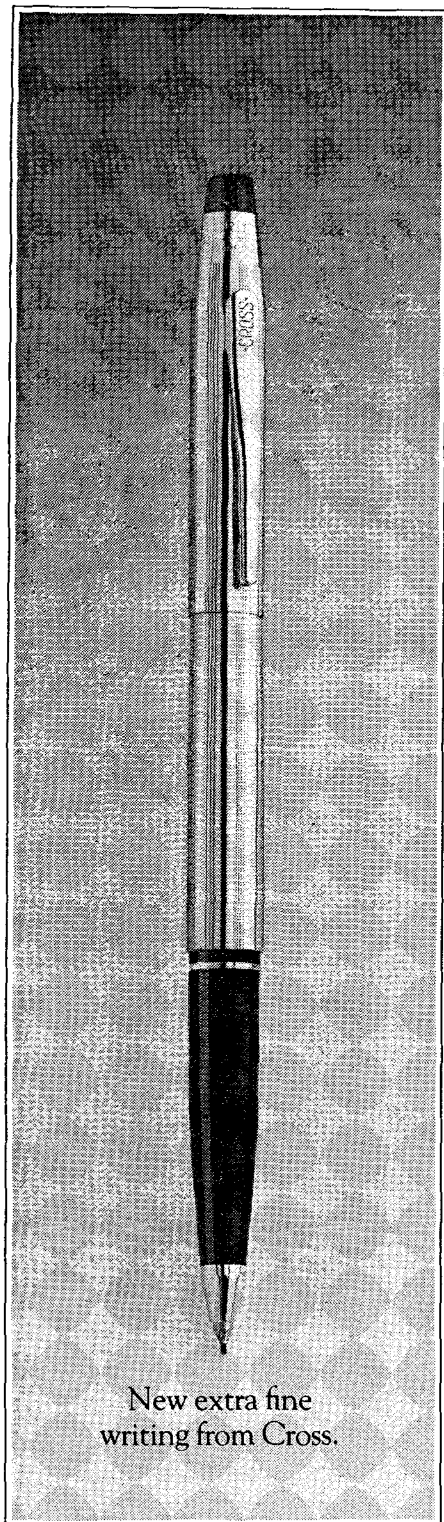

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phony in C," as I did this week, I of course think about the early nineteen-fifties, and even today when I see that I also see the people who danced each one of those sections in the fifties. Of course, it was *very* well done this week, and Suzanne, as you know, has for me a regal quality that she now *knows* she has, which gives an extra excitement. But I can remember people who danced that same part very, very well. Now maybe you would recall and say, "Well, O.K., but over all the ensemble or the corps"—or whatever—"wasn't as good then as it is now"?

BALANCHINE: I don't know. Actually, it was not very good. Really, they were sloppy a little bit.

LOWRY: And wasn't it about that time that the number of principals was so small that it conditioned the works you could put on? When one of them went away somewhere or was injured, then you had to change, because you were working with about eight female principals?

BALANCHINE: That's right. The only good decent dancers were eight. So they all danced all the time—in "Barocco" and everywhere they did this, because the rest were not very good. "Symphony in C" was Tanny [Tanaquil LeClercq] doing second movement; Tallchief [Maria Tallchief] was the first. And Pat Wilde was . . . I think she was third dancer. Or maybe sometimes was Janet Reed. These principals were good, you see. Also good partners.

LOWRY: But now you are saying that, person for person, in the corps, soloist, and so on, it is much better, much stronger, more reserved—everything?

BALANCHINE: Well, Tallchief was very good in the first movement—very strong, very good dancer. You see, if she would be twenty now she would be as good as anybody else. Tanny also would be as good as anybody else today. She could dance far away . . . [He waves his hand as if to say "inexpressibly—beyond everything."] This was the time when we started to be better, but before that it was very bad, because if Tanny was not there I couldn't find anybody to dance the second movement. Nobody could développé. So I went to Hollywood to try to find somebody who could do a higher développé. And I found somebody in school there and was very disappointed, because she really couldn't do it. That's how difficult it was. And then slowly it became better when Tanny started to

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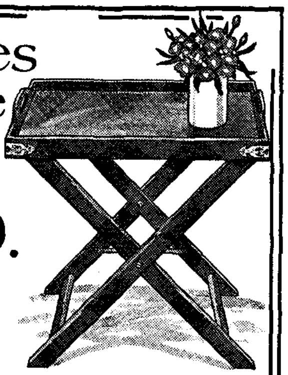

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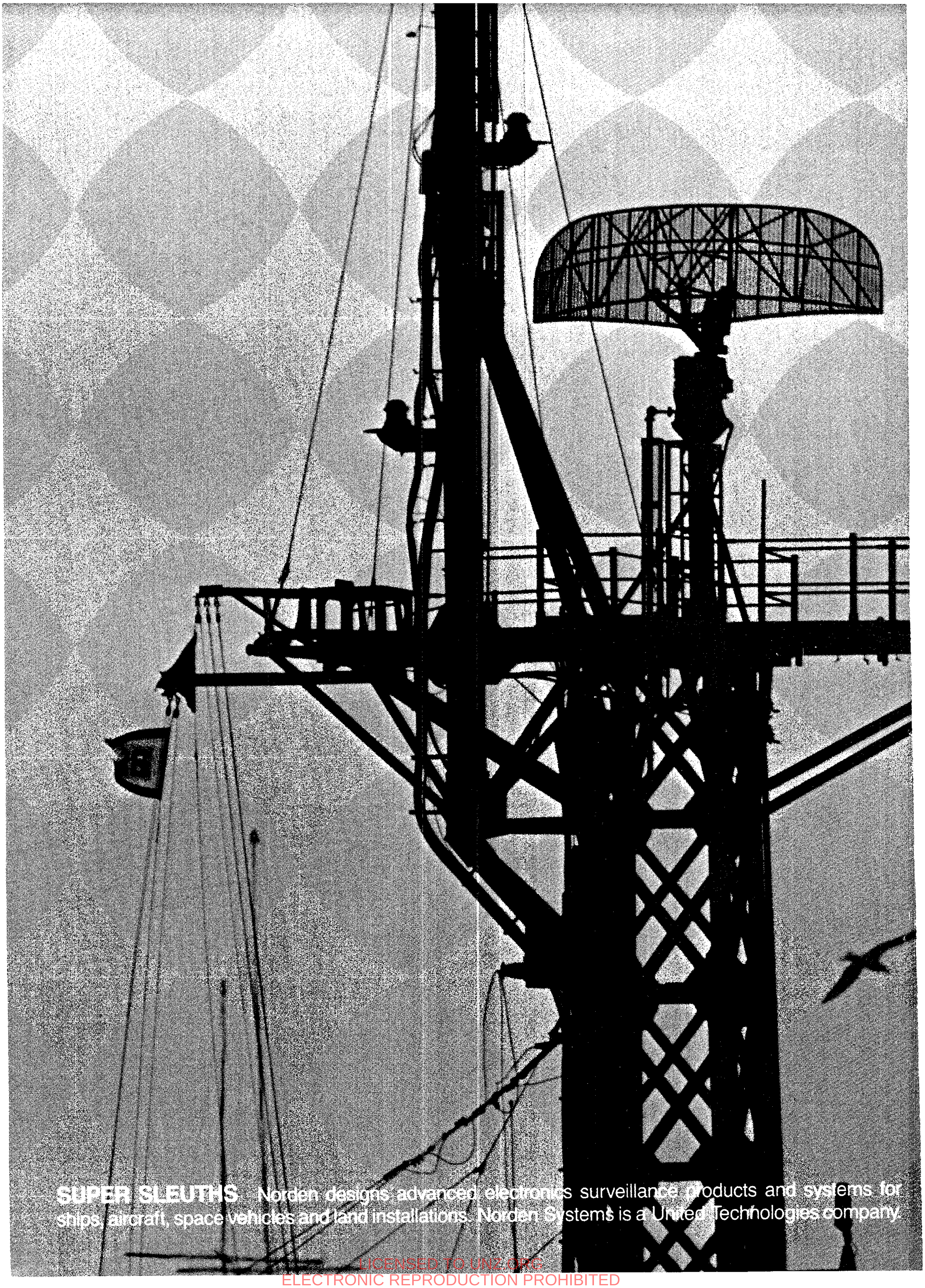

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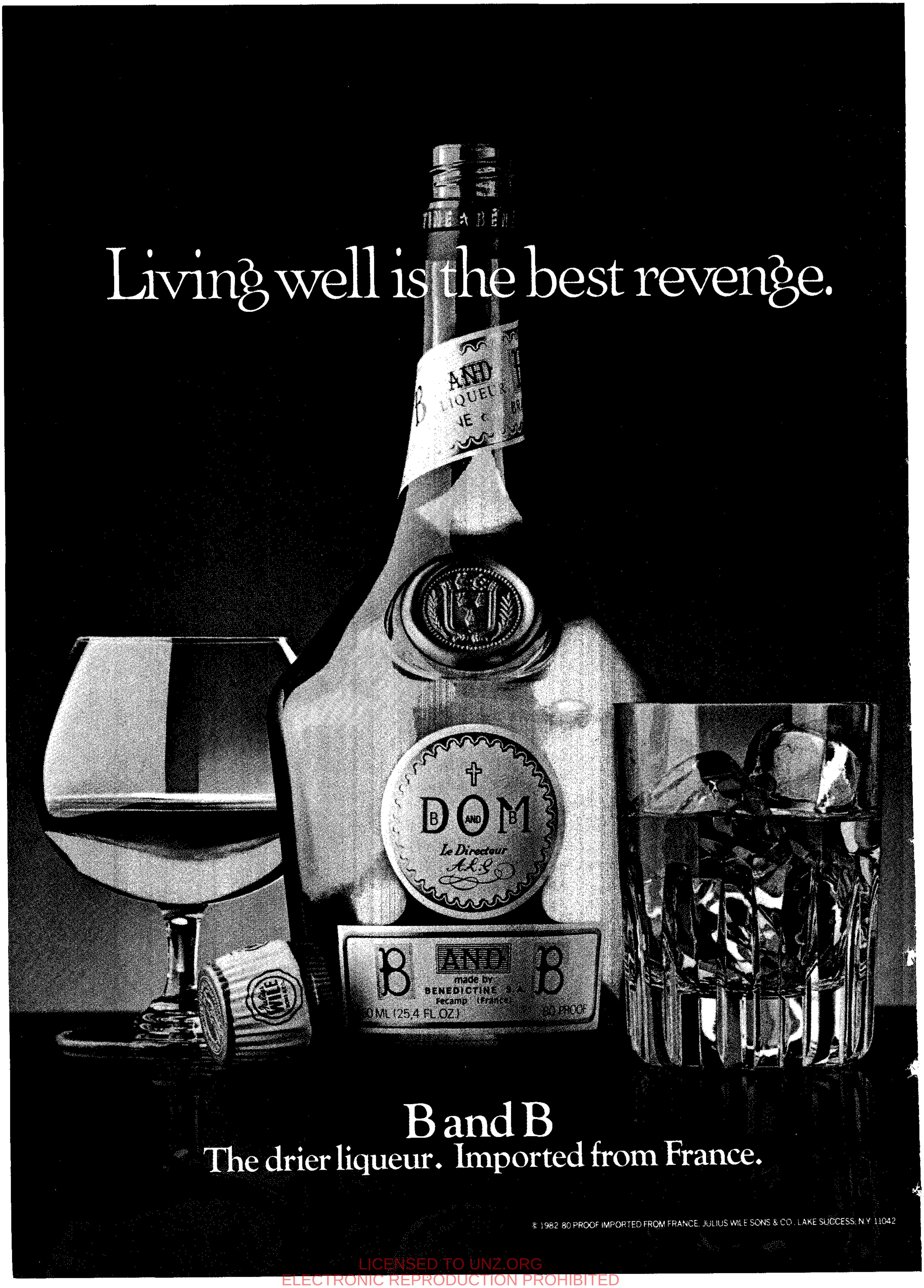
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dance, when Tallchief started. Then Pat Wilde came back—she was in England, then she came back.

Lowry: I think you said to me that you had no really great fears about finding the people to continue the school—the standards of the school—even after the elderly generation had gone. You're not pessimistic about that in the future?

Balanchine: We have good dancers now that will teach.

Lowry: And you think the teachers will come ninety per cent from your company?

Balanchine: That's right.

Lowry: You do not have people out looking elsewhere at teachers?

Balanchine: No.

Lowry: It's likely to continue to be a kind of extended family?

Balanchine: Absolutely. But Martins has now been here for years and years. Martins is not anymore Danish. He's here and starting to choreograph.

Lowry: It's been so many months now, but earlier we were talking about all the different changes in roles, about ballet master, choreographer, régisseur, répétiteur, artistic director, you know, and so on. And I told you—you weren't very interested, there's no reason you should be—that most people a little farther away from the subject or from the ballet company when they think of George Balanchine think, of course, first of all about *the* choreographer historically, but when they think about George Balanchine in the company they think artistic director. They don't bother to look in the program and see that it says "ballet master." In all other ballet companies in the United States, when they think about the continuity of the company they'll talk about artistic director or artistic producer. What I'm saying is that in another company somebody like Martins might not have anybody like Lincoln Kirstein—that he'd have to be everything all by himself.

Balanchine: It *must* be again one person. There has to be one person. One person to watch everything: leaking, it may be your plumbing is bad. Every day, all the time, and it's not only dancing. The dancing is good enough now; I don't have to tell them anything. As a matter of fact, I tell Rosemary [Dunleavy, assistant ballet master at N.Y.C.B.] when she says "Shall I put this girl there? What would you like to do?" "No," I say, "just put anybody, because they're so good—anybody." I don't bother any-

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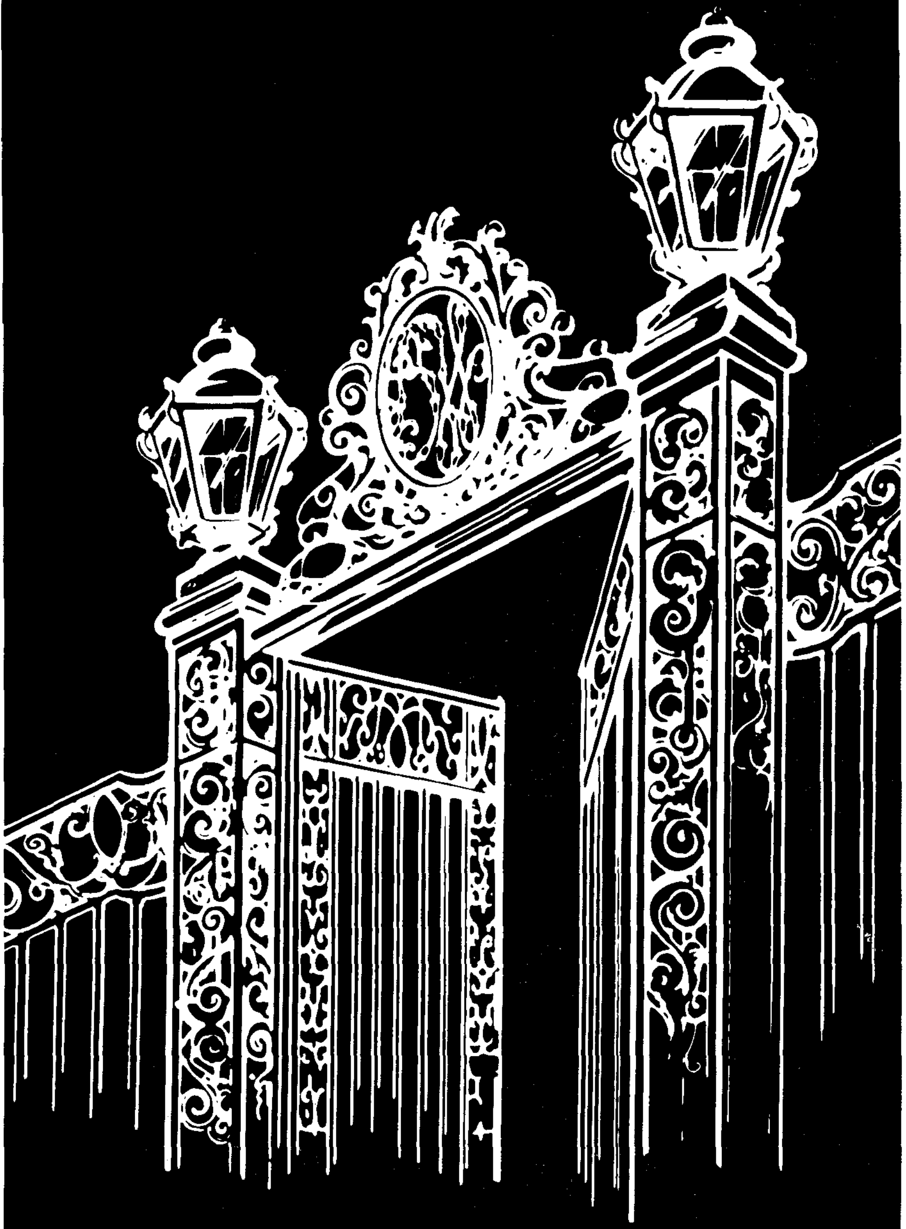

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more, you see. I have other things to do—millions of things all the time. I mean, all the details: Why have we that green there, why is the color green so awful, why couldn't we have blue? We don't have any. Why not? I mean, there's millions of things. It's a part of the profession.

It's part of this profession also to economize. I'm economizing on this, on that. Like Lincoln tells Ronnie [Ronald Bates, the company's technical director], "You have to change the scenery, because it looks bad," and Ronny says, "It's hanging there and you have to do that, you have to do this," and I say, "No. Let's keep it the way it is." Or I say, "All right, but not the whole thing," you know. So I am the one that puts the screws on everything.

LOWRY: So Peter Martins or Peter Smith or Peter Jones or anybody is likely in any situation, and even in this New York City Ballet situation, to have to be everything?

BALANCHINE: You have to learn . . . not only learn, you have to *be* that way. I didn't learn anything, I didn't ask anybody. This is important what we did, Lincoln and I. I taught everybody how to dance. It was like teaching people how to cook, how to grow the food, how to eat it. Our ballet didn't exist before. So I have no title. I am myself. I mean, I'm ballet master, yes, because *Balletmeister*, *maître de ballet*—Petipa was *Balletmeister*. But we didn't have anything like that. So I am myself. What title did Einstein have? I'm not Einstein, but I mean, Einstein, what is he? I'd say—ah, he's director of advanced physics. No! He's Einstein: he does it. I only do this.

—W. MCNEIL LOWRY

•

SENTENCES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

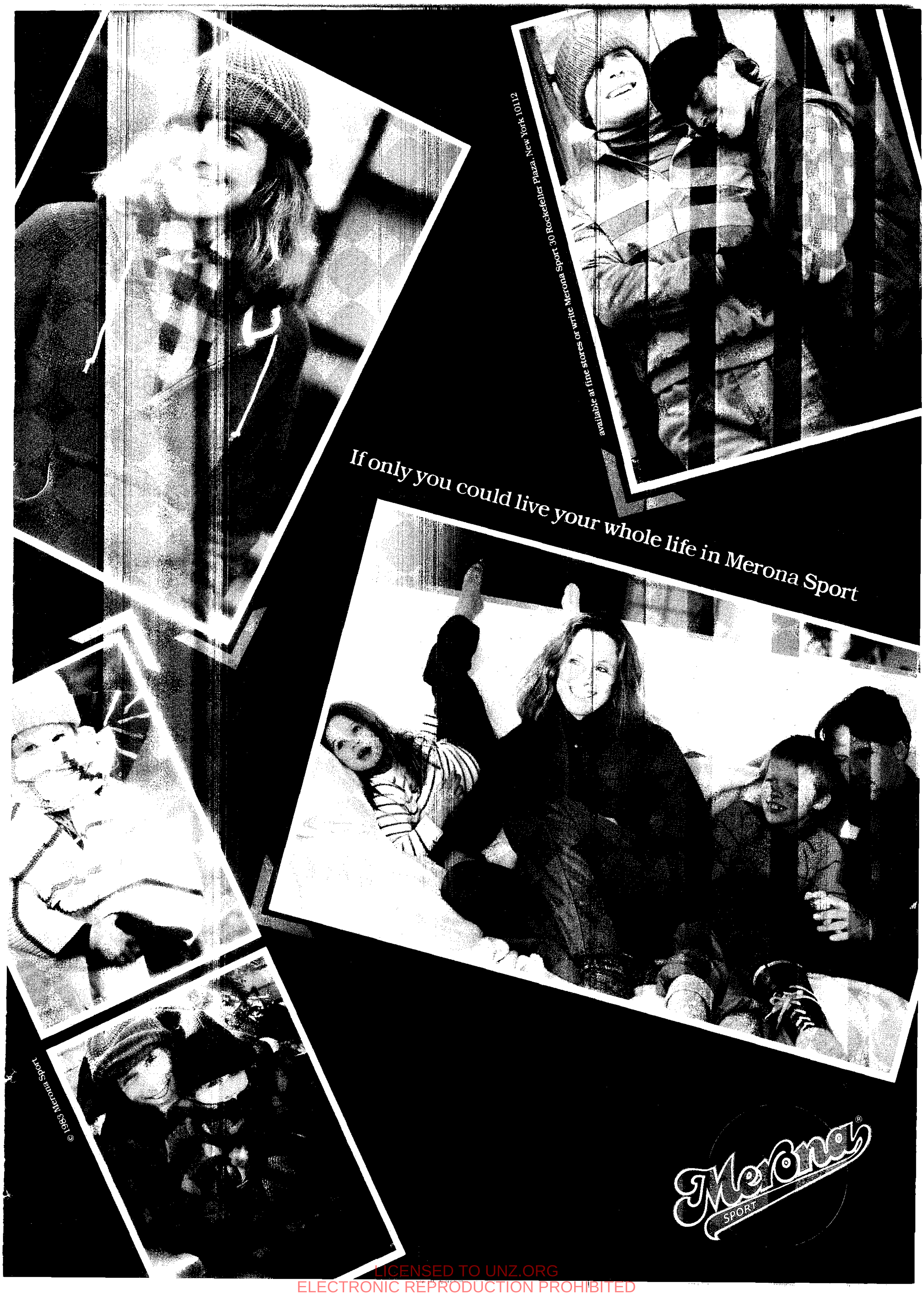
[*Letter in the Bend* (*Ore.*) *Bulletin*]

The festival is completing already in its brief two-year span a classical appreciation of the available joy we may take home and relive within an aura complete in the surrounding inspiration of beautiful parks, trees and well-balanced flower borders in harmony with mountain silhouettes and neighborhoods.

•

The Junior Grange had a cookie contest and the winners were Ryan Brown, Kim Quin, Penny Mikkleson, Lincoln Vorse, and Katie Rice. They were all delicious.—*Photo caption in the Blairstown* (*N.J.*) *Press.*

How were the cookies?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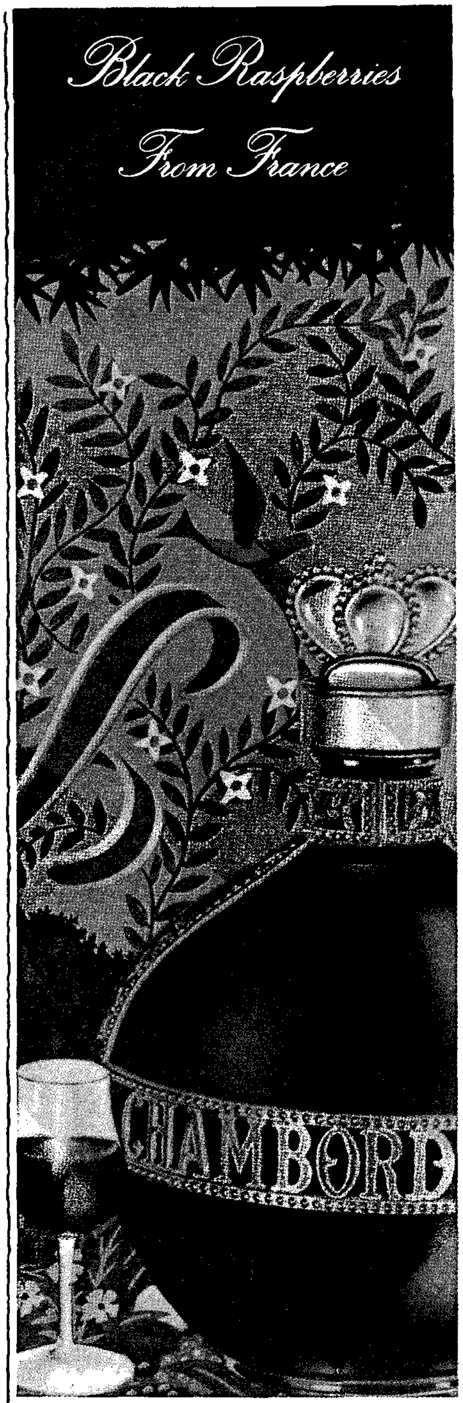
THE LOTUS FLOWERS

The surface of the pond was mostly green—
bright green algae reaching out from the banks,
then the mass of water lilies, their broad round leaves
rim to rim, each white flower spreading
from the center of a green saucer.
We teased and argued, choosing the largest,
the sweetest bloom, but when the rowboat
lumbered through and rearranged them
we found the plants were anchored, the separate
muscular stems descending in the dense water—
only the most determined put her hand
into that frog-slimed pond
to wrestle with a flower. Back and forth
we pumped across the water, in twos and threes,
full of brave adventure. On the marshy shore,
the others hollered for their turns,
or at the hem of where we pitched the tents
gathered firewood—
                                        this was wilderness,
although the pond was less than half an acre
and we could still see the grand magnolias
in the village cemetery, their waxy,
white conical blossoms gleaming in the foliage.
A dozen girls, the oldest only twelve, two sisters
with their long braids, my shy neighbor,
someone squealing without interruption—
all we didn't know about the world buoyed us
as the frightful water sustained and moved the flowers
tethered at a depth we couldn't see.

In the late afternoon, before they'd folded
into candles on the dark water,
I went to fill the bucket at the spring.
Deep in the pines, exposed tree roots
formed a natural arch, a cave of black loam.
I raked off the skin of leaves and needles,
leaving a pool so clear and shallow
I could count the pebbles
on the studded floor. The sudden cold
splashing up from the bucket to my hands
made me want to plunge my hand in—
and I held it under,
                                            feeling the shock that wakes
and deadens, watching first my fingers,
then the ledge beyond me,
the snake submerged and motionless,
the head propped on its coils the way a girl
crosses her arms before her on the sill
and rests her chin there.
Lugging the bucket back to the clearing,
I found nothing changed: the boat
still rocked across the pond,
others dispersed among their noisy chores.
The fire straggled and cracked as we fed it
branches and debris into the night,
leaning back on our pallets—
spokes in a wheel—learning the names of the many
constellations, learning how each fixed
cluster took its name,
not from the strongest light but from the pattern
made by stars of lesser magnitude,
so like the smaller stars we rowed among.

—Ellen Bryant Voigt



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PERSONAL HISTORY

LEARNING—IV

Thanking You in Anticipation

THE former principal of my first school, in Bombay, wrote to the director of the Perkins Institution, in Massachusetts:

New Delhi
June 30, 1948

Dear Dr. Farrell:

I am now writing to you on behalf of a blind boy about whom I wrote to you when he was a student in my school at Bombay about the year 1943. I am giving below his details:

Name: Ved Parkash Mehta
Date of Birth: March 21, 1934
Blinded in January 1938 from an attack of Cerebro-spinal-Meningitis.
Health: Good
Father's name: Dr. A. R. Mehta, M.B., B.S., D.T.M. (London), Director of Public Health, East Punjab.

He is a refugee from West Pakistan. His services are being continued in the Union of India.

I wrote to you in 1941 and again in 1943 to enquire whether you could kindly grant the boy a maintenance scholarship at Perkins and admit him as a special student as you do in the case of students from other schools in the U.S.A., Japan, and China. You were then of the opinion that the boy was too small to leave his parents. He is now 14 and is attending St. Dunstan's at Dehra Dun as a day scholar. I am told that he has shown special aptitude for music *and he and his parents are anxious that he* should specialize in Western music. The boy can speak and understand English. I am now writing to request whether you can kindly consider him for a maintenance scholarship in Perkins Institution.

If you gave him a scholarship, his father would send him to the institute in company of an American missionary who may be going to the States. I had a very frank talk with Dr. Mehta and he has agreed to the following terms, if you could accept the blind boy as a scholar in your institute.

I. Dr. Mehta would arrange for his passage and stand responsible for all the *financial obligations in this respect.*

II. He would deposit with you an amount varying from $100 to $200 immediately.

III. He would stand responsible for his ward's pocket money, as we say it in India, meaning additional personal expenses.

IV. He would be responsible for the payment of his boarding fees for holidays in a *rural area,* so that he may find it easy to pay the bills for the holiday months.

He would also, if necessary, find out a local guardian for the boy in Boston.

I do not know whether I have done the right thing in making this request to you at this moment when Perkins is probably passing through a period of financial readjustment, but I have done this in full faith that due consideration will be given. I shall personally remain grateful if you consider this case sympathetically.

Yours sincerely,
Ras Mohun

The Rev. Dr. Gabriel Farrell, B.Sc., B.D., D.D.,
Director,
The Perkins Institution,
Watertown, Mass., U.S.A.

The head of my third school wrote to my father:

Phone 606
St. Dunstan's Hostel for
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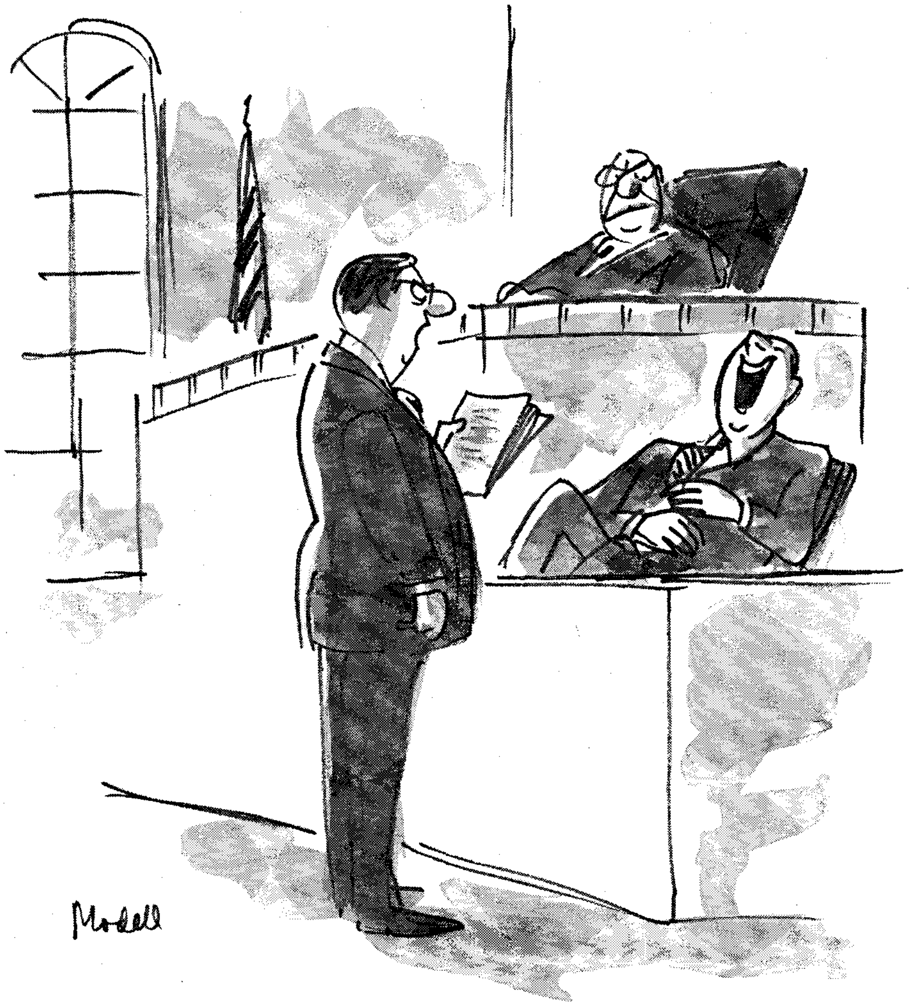
Governor General's
Bodyguard Lines,
Dehra Dun, U.P.
July 26th, 1948

Dear Dr. Mehta:

I feel I should give you a little advice regarding Ved Parkash's future. As you know this place is primarily a centre where we teach handicrafts. Braille and typing etc., are really secondary considerations and are only taught to such of our men as were literate before becoming blinded. We do not aim at a very high standard of education but merely at enabling the men to read Braille and be able to type. Ved, of course, could read Braille before he came here and is a very excellent reader. He can now type quite satisfactorily and I feel that you should consider the possibility of placing Ved in circumstances where his education can now progress beyond the standard which we have here. I feel certain that your ambition for Ved is that he should ultimately get a university degree and enter one of the higher callings open to a really capable blind man.

I also feel that Ved would be much better off in the society of boys of his own age. This constant association with mature men who have recently become blinded and who tend to regard their blindness as a terrible blow upon their fate and as perhaps visited upon them by the gods for some misdoing, may I feel tend to warp Ved's outlook. The child who has been blind since early childhood, regards blindness as normal and it does not have a very serious psychological effect upon him, but should he become imbued with the somewhat depressed outlook of one or two of our blinded men, it might give him some sort of complex.

Ved is a charming youth, most respectful and obedient and he has been very helpful on occasions in conducting the Braille



"Perhaps you would like to tell the court what it is about May the third that breaks you up."

classes when the actual Braille master, for some reason or other, has been away, and I should be only too glad for him to be here as long as he wishes to stay. However, having the interest of all blind persons at heart and not only those of our blinded ex-servicemen, I feel that you should very seriously consider the next step in Ved's progress—a step over which, I fear, we are not competent to help him for the reasons I have quoted above.

Yours very sincerely,

Sd/-A. H. Mortimer
Commandant
St. Dunstan's Hostel

A. R. Mehta, Esqr.,
Director of Public Health
East Punjab
SIMLA

The reply from Perkins:

PERKINS INSTITUTION AND
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND
Watertown 72, Massachusetts
July 29, 1948

Mr. Ras Mohun
Assistant Educational Advisor (Blindness)
Government of India
Ministry of Education
New Delhi 3, INDIA

DEAR MR. RAS MOHUN:

I have your letter regarding Ved Parkash Mehta, and recall our previous correspondence about him. I am sorry to have to say that I am still of the opinion that it would be inadvisable for this boy at the age of 14 to come to this country with the long course of instruction that the completion of his education would require. There are, as you know, many problems involved as to his personal care, provision for the holidays and so forth. I note your suggestion regarding the boarding fees for the holidays, but at the present time it is practically impossible to secure boarding homes of that type.

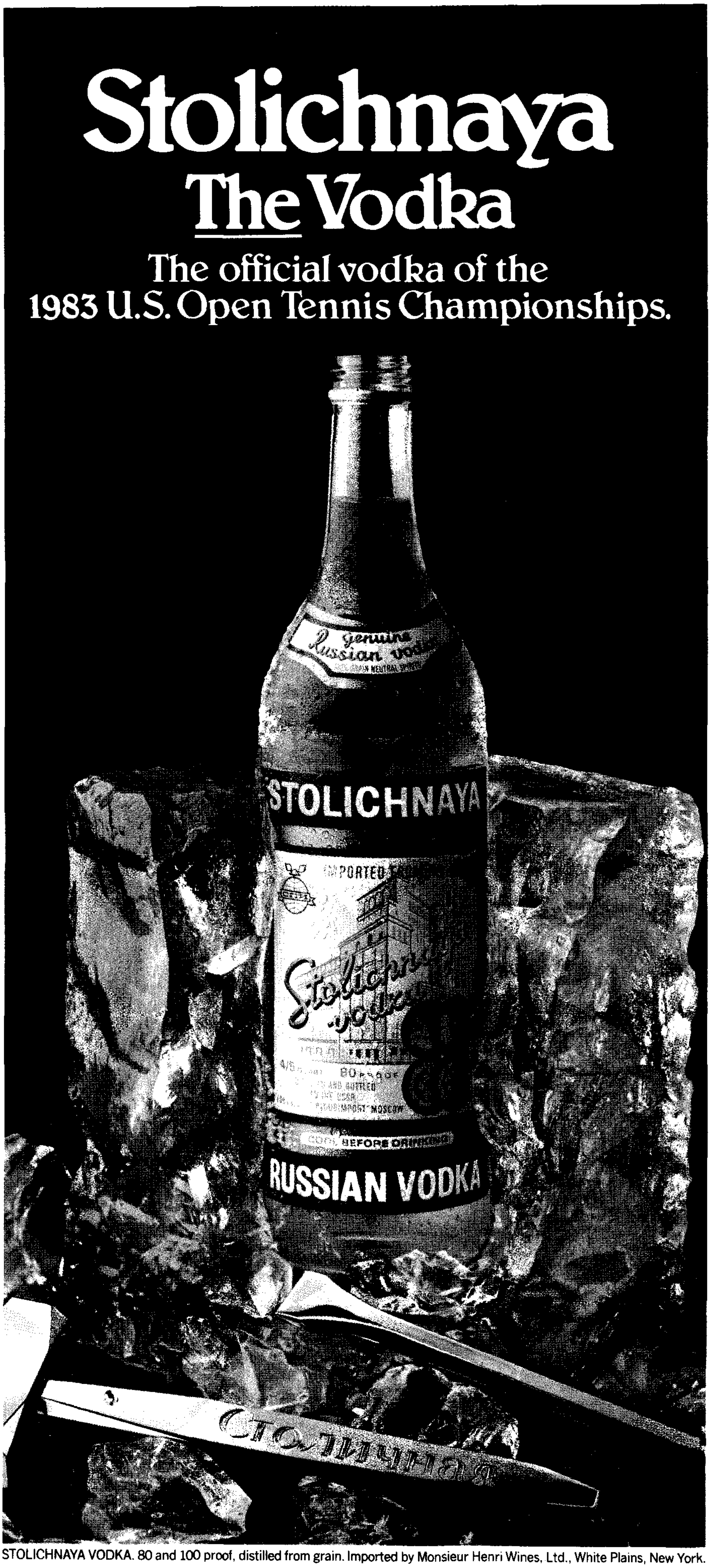
These, however, are factors that you and the father will have to weigh. Then, too, I must make the statement that we are not in a position to grant a scholarship at this time. Our funds are much more restricted than they were when you were at Perkins. We have already committed ourselves to two girls from China, entering this fall, and that is about the extent of scholarship aid for the regular school program. As you know, we have a larger opportunity to give scholarship aid to those who are qualified for the Harvard Class.

It is always nice to hear from you, and I hope that your work is going along in a good way.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,
Gabriel Farrell,
Director

Mr. Ras Mohun forwarded Dr. Farrell's letter to Daddyji, and Daddyji forwarded it to Captain Mortimer, but Captain Mortimer was convinced that I must leave St. Dunstan's—and the company of "mature men"—for my own good. That September, Daddyji brought me back to Simla, and I once again began living



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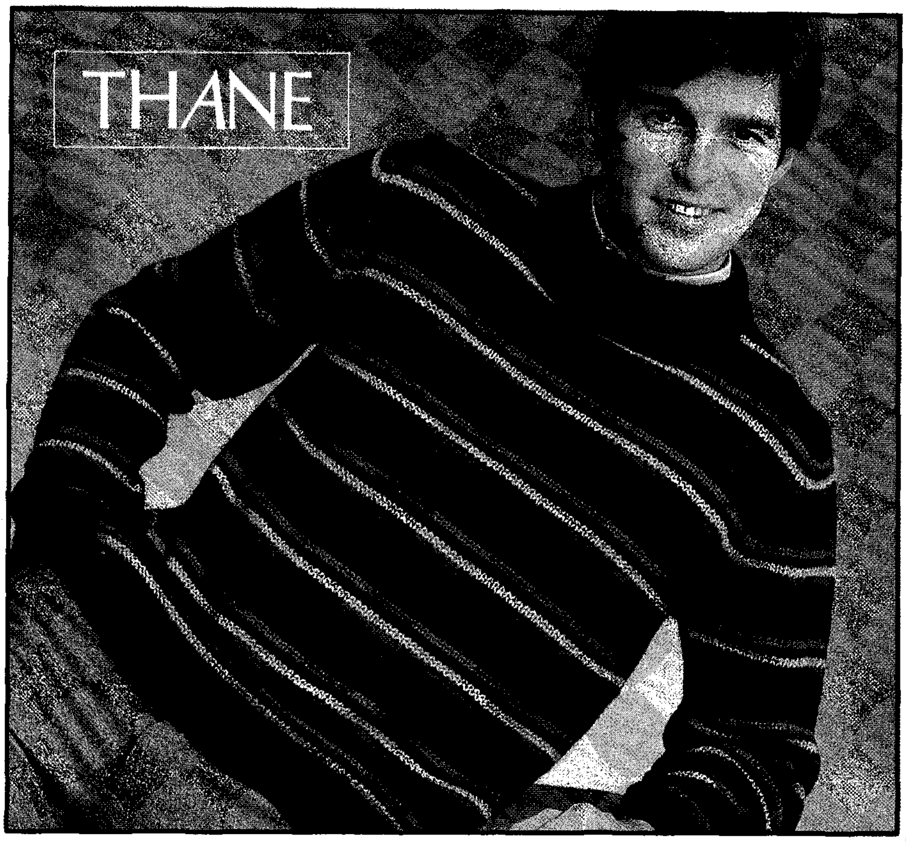

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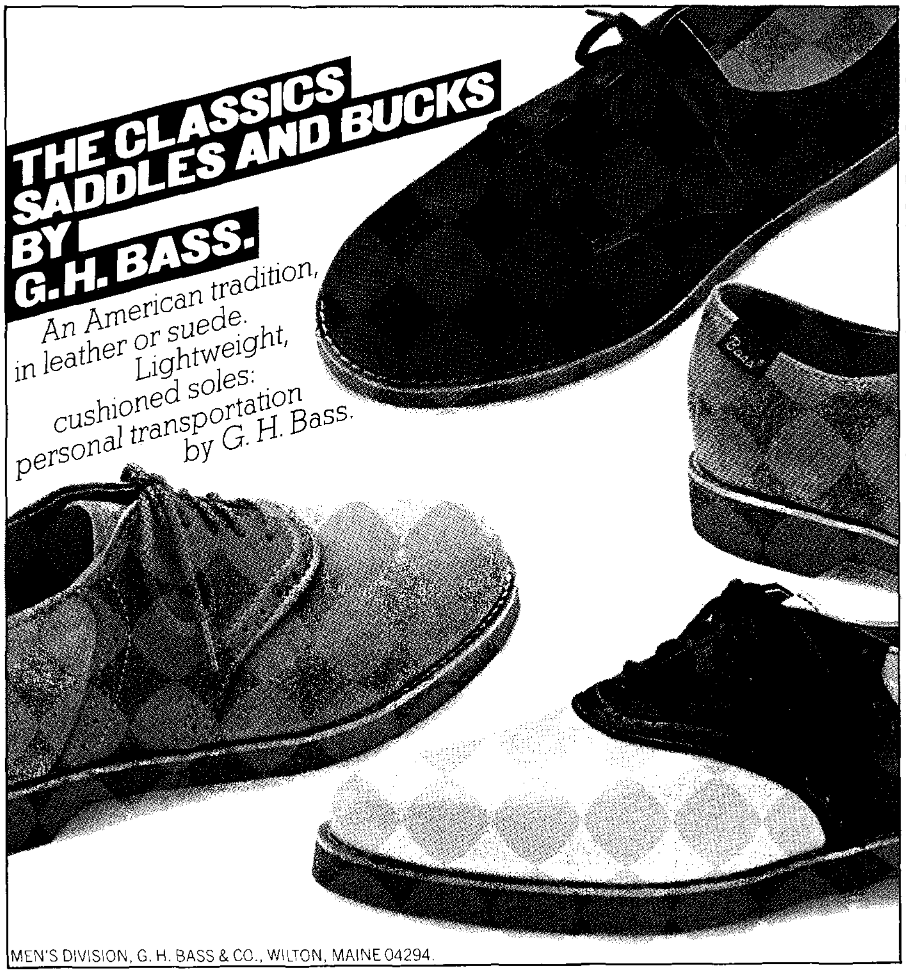

with the family in our rented upper flat in the cottage called Erneston.

"IT looks like a rotter of a day!" Brother Om exclaimed. "The balloon would have been up by now if it was going to be."

"What time is it?" I asked, stretching my legs to the bottom of the bed.

"Six o'clock," he said. "Go back to sleep."

He was leaning over my bed in the glazed veranda and looking out the window, which alone afforded a view of the balloon that the authorities would send up to signal that there would be ice-skating—that in the night it had been cold enough to freeze the water in the tennis court turned ice-skating rink. Ice-skating was the main sport in Simla in winter, as tennis was in summer. It seemed that my big brother and big sisters were always rushing off, morning and evening, for ice-skating or tennis, and that I alone was left behind. In Simla, I had *no* teachers, *no* friends. My *younger* sister, Usha, was away at boarding school in Dalhousie, and Sat Dev, Daddyji's peon, who was assigned the duty of taking me out for walks, was kept so busy at the office that he often didn't show up. Most of the day, I was shut up in the cottage with little to do.

I so much wanted to go ice-skating with everyone else, but Sister Nimi had told me, "Ice-skating is one thing you can't possibly do. The rink is very crowded, and you have to see to avoid the other skaters. The skate blades are so thin that if you stood still to listen to where other skaters were, your feet would fly out from under you, and you would hurt yourself and everyone around you."

I had carefully examined her skate blades, and they really were as thin as she said they were. Indeed, I had difficulty imagining how anyone could stand on them without holding on to something. Then I remembered that bicycles didn't stay up unless one was moving. "But I learned to bicycle," I had said.

She had rejoined, "That was because you could practice by yourself in our empty compound for hours at a time."

Now Sisters Nimi and Umi joined Brother Om on my bed, pinning me under my bedclothes, as if I weren't there.

"Look! The window is wet with frost," Sister Umi said. "It must have frozen last night."

"Look! Look!"

"The balloon is up! The balloon is up!"

The three started bustling about, looking for their skates and boots, caps, mufflers, and mittens. Soon they were all dressed and were off—talking with balls of sweets in their mouths.

I stood shivering at the open door, listening to their retreating voices as they hurried up the slope.

Once, I had made them take me along. I had stood alone at the edge of the rink and listened to the happy shouts of the skaters as they went round and round to the tunes of popular film songs. Now and again, someone had skated up to me and asked "You're Om's little brother?" or "Why are you up so early if you can't skate?" or "Enjoying the music?" or "Cold enough for you?" I had hated the attention and had felt stiff with cold. After that, I'd stayed back in the cottage.

I quickly shut the door. The cottage felt bitter. Jets of icy air blew in through the cracks around the windows and swept through the glazed veranda. I went back to bed—the only place where I could stay warm—but I couldn't go back to sleep. I waited for Mamaji or Ashok, my baby brother, to wake up—Daddyji was on tour—but for a long time neither of them stirred.

It was that day, I remember, that Sat Dev told me about roller skates—that they required no rink of any kind, and that if one was good at balancing, as I was, one could learn to skate quickly on any wooden floor. I took all my pocket money, went with Sat Dev to the Mall Road, and bought myself a pair of roller skates. Like ice skates, the roller skates had tiny lips for attaching them to the soles of the shoes. Like ice skates, they had little nuts under the lips for adjusting the lips to fit the shoes snugly.

I fitted the skates onto my shoes with a little skate key that came with them, and started practicing standing on them on the wooden floor of our front veranda—pretending that they were ice skates and that the veranda was my private ice-skating rink. Holding the railing, I went up and down the veranda, half walking, half sliding. Now I would roll on one foot and bump along with the other, now roll on both feet. Sometimes the skates would shoot out from under me, and I would land on my back, but before the wheels had stopped whirring I would be back on the skates. In time, I discovered that by half sitting in a crouch with my weight forward I could skate

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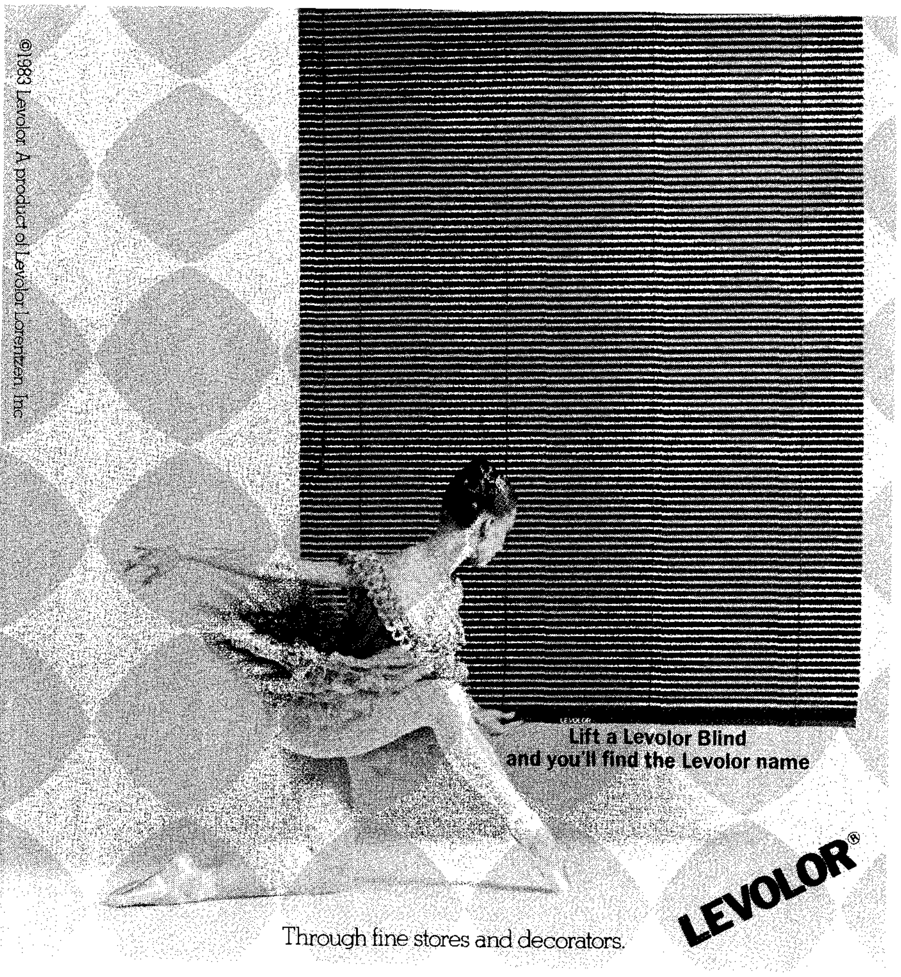

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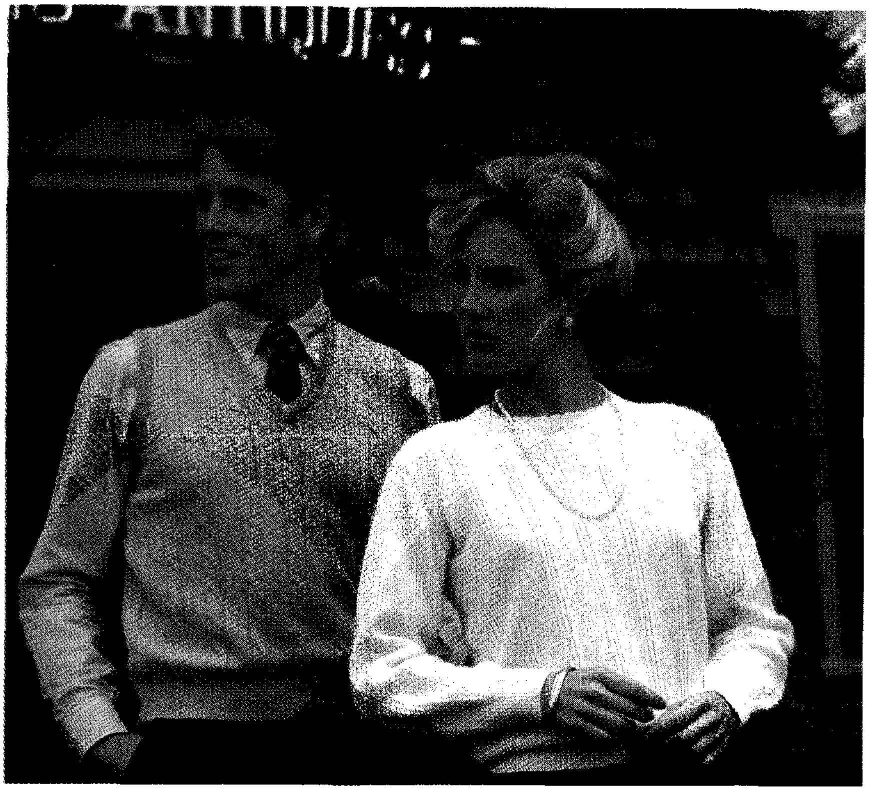

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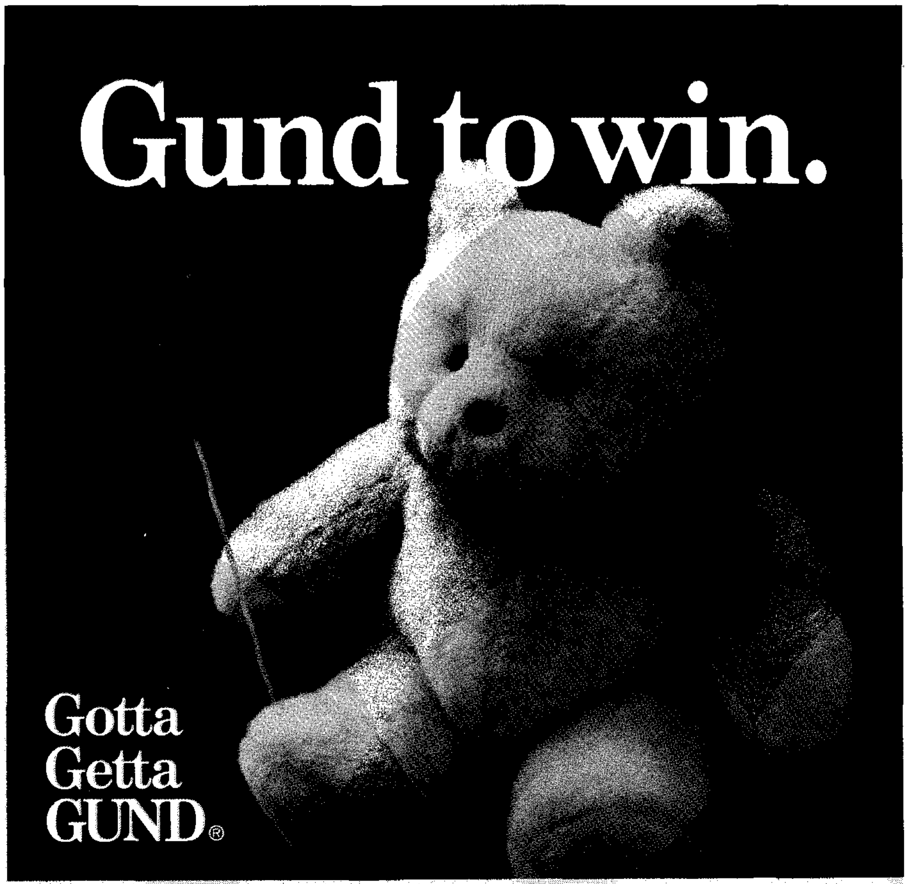

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without holding on to the railing. After that, it was only a matter of days before I was standing upright and skating unaided.

Whenever other people were in the cottage—the lower-flat tenants or Mamaji—they would complain about my skating. "*Grr-rrr-rrr* all day long," Mamaji scolded. "My head hurts. I don't know what tortures you will think up next." I learned almost to enjoy the deafening noise of the skates, and sometimes even wished I could make more noise, so that I could take revenge for not being able to go ice-skating.

The veranda was no more than fifteen feet long and four or five feet wide. Sometimes I would get so dizzy from skating back and forth, back and forth, turning and turning, that I would have to lie down to stop my head from skating, as it were.

One morning, I took my roller skates and went up the slope to the road. It was after everyone had gone to school or to college, to the office or to the bazaar, and the road felt empty. I sat down at the roadside and put on my skates and made them fast with the skate key. And I was skating on the road. The road was open and unconfined. The air was bracing. I felt giddy. I'll skate down to the next house, I thought. I was gaining speed. I heard a rickshaw coming. I tried to slow down. But I realized in a panic that skating on tarmac was not at all like skating on a wooden floor: the skates seemed to be racing ahead on their own momentum. I swerved to avoid the rickshaw. I missed it but smashed into a lamppost.

I returned to the cottage with my lips swollen and blood trickling down my face, with my roller skates and half of a broken upper front tooth in my hands, barely able to enunciate words to explain what had happened. Even when the swelling in my lips went down, I had trouble preventing words with "th" sounds in them from coming out in a hiss. I had to retrain myself to pronounce such words by placing my tongue a little higher, above the broken tooth.

ONE cold Sunday morning, Daddyji and I left our cottage for Clarke's Hotel, at the foot of the Mall. We were going to see a Mr. Baldwin, a representative of a large American corporation. The corporation's business in India was growing, and it wanted to do something for the country, so it was considering giving scholarships to deserving Indian boys for study in America.

We were walking along with our hands scarcely touching—as if I were normal and the road belonged to us. But I hadn't slept all night. One moment, I had felt excited, thinking that Mr. Baldwin would finally get me to America, and the next moment frightened, thinking that Mr. Baldwin's corporation could not possibly be interested in me, because my formal education had stopped with the fourth standard.

"Americans as a rule are easygoing people," Daddyji was saying. "They're very understanding. Even if you make a mistake in reading, it won't matter." I had brought along the latest Braille issue of the *Reader's Digest* so that I could do a reading demonstration for Mr. Baldwin. "Americans put a great deal of stock in personal impressions, and we Mehtas always make a good impression."

At Clarke's Hotel, Daddyji sent up his visiting card, and we were directed to Mr. Baldwin's room, upstairs.

"So this is the young fellow, Doctor," Mr. Baldwin said, taking my hand. His hand was stiff and unfriendly. "Come on in and take a seat, son." He led me to a chair with a folding table in front of it.

Mr. Baldwin chatted for a time with Daddyji. Daddyji's British friends spoke English in a crisp, relaxed way that never failed to delight me, even though I didn't understand much, but Mr. Baldwin spoke fast in a nasal voice that I didn't like.

Then Mr. Baldwin came and stood beside my chair.

"Why does he cover his mouth that way?" he asked.

"I broke my tooth roller-skating," I said, putting my hand down. I don't like him, I thought. He should have directed the question to me.

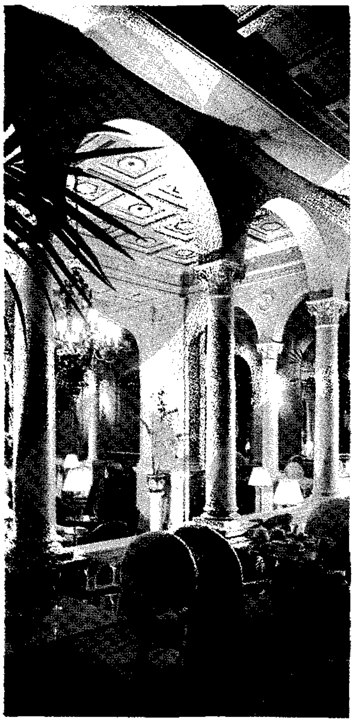
"You must learn to be careful," he said, and he added very slowly, as if he were making an effort to speak to a child, "I understand you want to go to America. What education have you received so far?"

I told him in my little English, feeling ashamed and nervous.

"All told, four years, and you say the boy is over fourteen," Mr. Baldwin muttered. Then he said to me, in a brisk, businesslike manner, "Your dad says you have a *Reader's Digest* there—what month is it?"

I didn't know. I found the date and read it out.

He riffled through magazines on a



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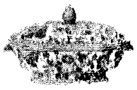

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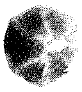

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table and announced, "As it happens, I have a print copy of the same month—we are in business."

Thinking that he would ask me to read an article of my choice, I had rehearsed "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met," and had learned all the difficult words in it. But, to my horror, he said, "There's a good article here about American youth and the effect of comic books on them. I think you'll find that interesting. Could you turn to it?"

I ran through the table of contents, painfully feeling that he was watching my hands—he had returned to the place beside my chair. I missed the article the first time around, and had to go through the table of contents again. Finally, I found the article and started reading it, holding my arms close to my sides and pressing down hard on the dots, in order to steady my fingers. I stumbled in the very first sentence, but Mr. Baldwin did not come to my rescue. Daddyji also said nothing. I read on, without paying attention to punctuation, the words coming out as isolated sounds, and "th" as "s."

Mr. Baldwin stopped me. "The sentence you just read—what does it mean?"

"I don't know." The sentence had unfamiliar big words, like "manifested," "juvenile," "delinquency."

He set up a portable typewriter on the folding table and started dictating to me from the same *Reader's Digest* article. If I can only steady my fingers, I thought, I'll be able to type it. I've just read the words, so I should know how to spell them.

I typed the first sentence of dictation fast, feeling excited, but then I realized that I was using the third row instead of the second one as the home row. I never did get my bearings after that. I typed and back-spaced, then typed over again.

Some time later, Mr. Baldwin was saying, "Doctor, your son's language handicap"—he again talked to Daddyji as if I were not in the room—"and the very sketchy quality of his educational foundation would put him in a poor situation in America, where he would have to compete with boys and girls who have been in school continuously from age six."

Daddyji protested. He said that I was quick to learn.

"Doctor, I'll write to a friend in my company back home, acquaint him with your circumstances, and try to

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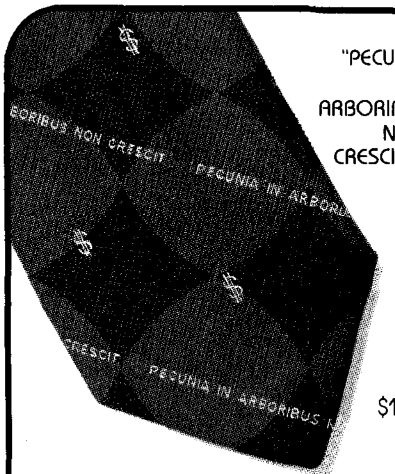

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find out what can be done," Mr. Baldwin said.

I didn't follow all the exchanges between Mr. Baldwin and Daddyji at the door, but I did catch one sentence: "I want to be frank, Doctor—I think this boy should stay here."

The door shut behind us, and Daddyji and I descended the staircase. "Success depends on determination and perseverance, and hard knocks are the best school for learning them," Daddyji was saying. His voice was confident, as usual. "It doesn't matter about the scholarship. Remember, I am always there. I will stand by you, and you will go to England or America. We'll manage somehow. I'll get leave and take you across."

"But I don't want you to pay. We are refugees. Mamaji says you have too many responsibilities."

"But if my children aren't my responsibility, then what is? From the very day you lost your sight, I set my heart on giving you as good an education as the other children. You have waited a long time."

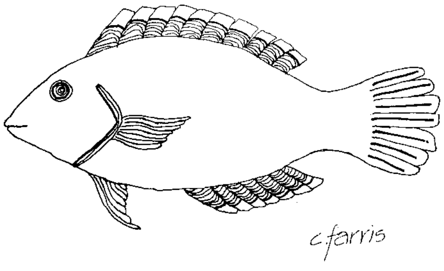
A phrase from Daddyji's old diary which he had quoted to Cousin Dharam Bir, and Cousin Dharam Bir had once repeated to me, came back now: "I'd sell my soul to give Ved an education."

"But when I lost my sight you had no idea about Partition and how it would change everything."

"Remember Lalaji's circumstances." Lalaji was Daddyji's father. "He used to say, 'I've come into the world to donate education.' No man in his position even dreamed of having an England-returned son, and yet both Daulat Ram and I studied in England. The sacrifices I have had to make to send you children to school are nothing compared to the sacrifices he made. I tell you, Son, education is in our blood."

"But I'll never get admission anywhere."

"Once you're in England or America, some school will be bound to take you. They won't send you back. I myself went to England without having an admission. Once I got there,



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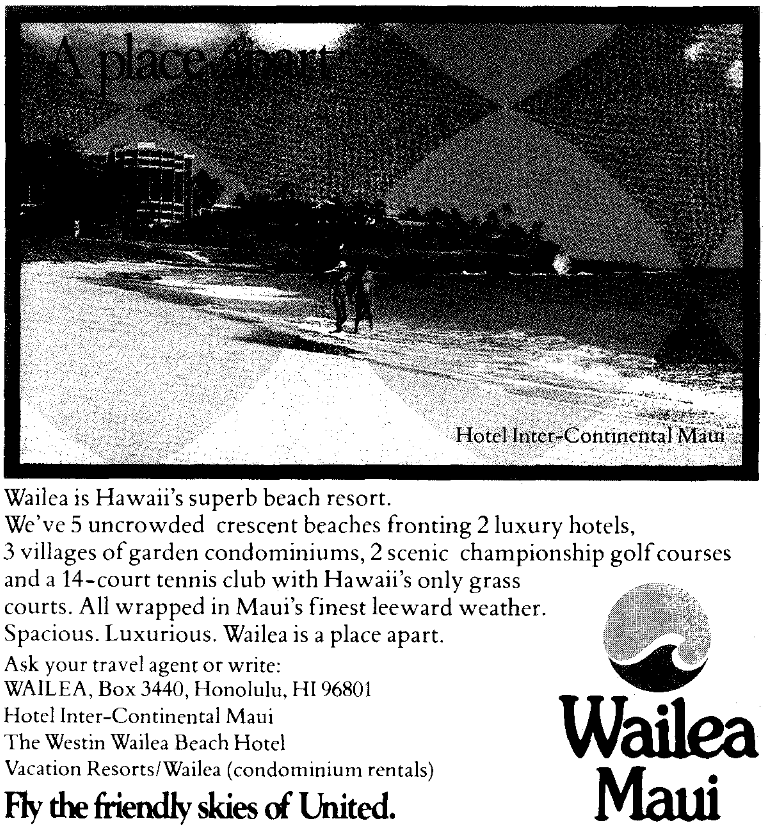

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doors fell open. We Mehtas carry our luck with us." He quoted an Urdu couplet:

> Raise yourself to such heights that the
> Almighty,
> Before deciding your fate, asks you,
> "What do you desire?"

I laughed right out, and forgot to cover my broken tooth.

COUSIN NITYA NAND, who had gone to Cambridge for his post-graduate studies, wrote temptingly but confusingly:

St. John's Road
Cambridge
10 October, 1948

MY DEAR VEDI,

I got your loving letter just before I left Bombay; I have after all reached this place, and was glad to know that you are coming here too. I am looking forward to meeting you here.

I was sorry to know that the typewriter which was repaired at Bombay is not working well. I wish you had got it sent to Bombay, and I would have got it repaired again from the same man. Vedi, wait until you come here to get the typewriter repaired. It will be extra wastage of money to send a new one from here and it might even get damaged on the way. In the mean time you can get the old typewriter repaired, which you might have even got done by now, and use it for the next few months. I shall write to the National Institute for the Blind, and get one reserved for you, so that you get it as soon as you reach this place. Anyway you can discuss it with Daddyji and let me know, and I shall do accordingly. I am writing to Sister Nimi also about it. So write to me soon about it.

I had a very good journey and am now very comfortably settled in England.

With love,

Yours affy,
Nitya Nand

St. John's Road
Cambridge
7 December, 1948

MY DEAR VEDI,

I received your nice letter of the 6th Nov. just two days back. Certainly I shall try my best to get you admission in one of the schools here. I shall be going to London monthly and will personally go and try to get your admission done. I shall let you know about it in due course of time. You don't worry about it at all.

With love,

Yours affy,
Nitya Nand

Mr. Cameron, one of my teachers at St. Dunstan's, and my newfound correspondent, wrote:

Sarabjee's Flats,
The Mall.
Ranikhet, U.P.
29th January 1949

MY DEAR VED,

Thank you for your letter of the 22nd ultimo, duly to hand, and for your kindness in offering me "We're Here." If you don't mind, I will send it on to St. Dunstan's after I have read it, as it will be of no use to me once I have done so.

I must also thank you for offering to present me with other books from your library; the only other book I would like to have is "Certificated School Composition Writing," in 2 volumes, which you got out from Edinburgh last year, also any other educational books you would like to give away.

I am returning herewith, under separate cover, all the magazines which you so kindly let me have to read, except the magazine *Deepavali*, which has some very interesting articles on blind welfare in India, which I shall return later on if you wish.

I shall be glad to receive another bundle of magazines as soon as you send them, as I have read every article in those you sent.

I will give you my opinion on the book which you have promised to send me after I have read it. I certainly do not think "We're Here" a masterpiece, but it makes very pleasant reading while it lasts.

So you were determined to get "Sons," by Pearl Buck, in spite of my telling you that it was not a fit book for you to read!

No doubt you would like to know what sort of place Ranikhet is! I will tell you. It is a very pleasant hill station and a cantonment. We have the Kumoun Regiment here, in fact it is the centre for these troops. Ranikhet is about 6000 feet above sea level, and about fifty miles from the railhead. There is a very fine car road all the way, in fact it goes right on to Almora, and even further. It must have been a lovely place when the British were here and very crowded, but now most of the houses are lying empty. There are some very fine walks and forests of pine trees. One can also motor here, for miles around. Its climate is also very fine, not too cold; I wear a cotton suit all day, with a pullover all day. There is also a very fine station club, with a library and plenty of tennis and billiards for those who are able to play.

I have just received "The One Who Looked On." Many thanks for same.

I will close now, as I have no more for the present.

With best wishes.

Yours sincerely,
H. L. Cameron

Although my typewriter was broken—the carriage jumped, the left margin didn't hold, the bell often didn't work—I typed on it from morning to night, sitting at the dining table or in my bed, my fingers stiff with cold. I wrote to Cousin Nitya Nand urging him to make personal representations to English schools, to Mr. Cameron about my impressions of what I read, to Dr. Farrell urging him to reconsider, to Mr. Ras Mohun and Captain Mortimer asking for letters of reference. I wrote off for books and magazines from Braille printing presses abroad. (There was no Braille printing press in India.) After I had read whatever material I received, I sent it on to Mr. Cameron, who had

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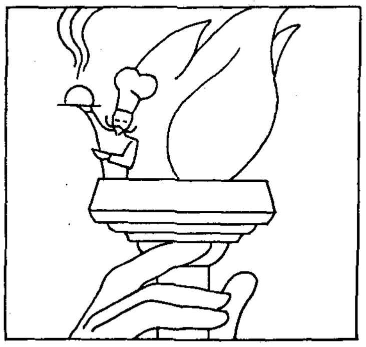

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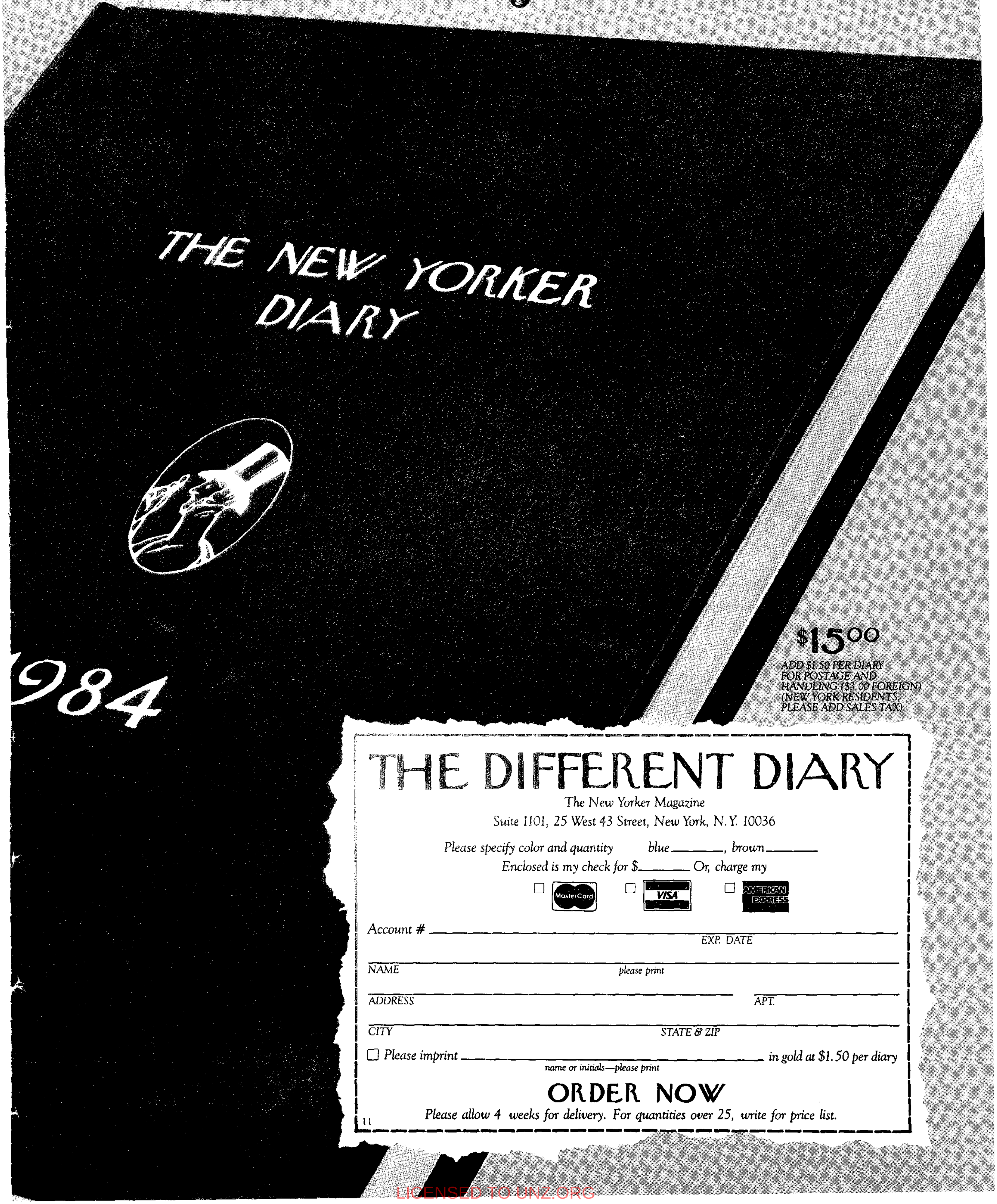
MAURICE

lost his job and could not afford to get material from abroad himself.

Through my reading, I came to know the names of many schools for the blind in England and America. I read that the American Printing House for the Blind put into Braille many of the publications of American schools for the blind. I got hold of the catalogue of these publications and learned the names of many more schools, in states I had never heard of. I started systematically writing to all of them, giving my particulars, saying diplomatically that that school was my first choice, and closing, "Thanking you in anticipation, Yours faithfully."

Whenever the postman brought a crinkly airmail envelope, I would race with it to get it read—generally to Sister Nimi. The letters, though they were answers to mine, would often turn out to be addressed not to me but to Daddyji, as if the authorities did not wish to enter into serious correspondence with a semieducated blind adolescent. Sister Nimi would open them anyway and read them to me. They were invariably letters of rejection, voicing more or less the same opinions: "Bringing these boys to England appears not altogether to be doing them a kindness." "It is essential that he not be too subjected to Western influence too early in life." "He's much too old for our school. It would be five or six years before he could finish our high school. Besides, what would he do for his holidays? Where would he go?" The principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, in England, referred us to the Secretary-General of the National Institute for the Blind. The Secretary-General explained that his institute was a welfare organization, and referred us to the headmaster of the Worcester School for the Blind. And the headmaster wrote to Daddyji that he had discussed my case with the Secretary-General, and that "we both agree that it would be a mistake to bring your son over to England during the most formative years of his life." To our surprise, he added, "We have had two Indian students at our secondary school for blind boys in Worcester and both of them on their return have found themselves ill-adjusted to Indian life, and out of touch with the interests of their people." The director of a school in Paris inquired in French about the level of my proficiency in that language. (We had to get his letter translated.) The principal of a school in Edinburgh wrote that his was not a school at all but an asylum, 128 PAGES. BOUND IN KID GRAINED LEATHERETTE, AVAILABLE IN EITHER NAVY BLUE OR DARK WALNUT BROWN. FEATURING 50 CARTOONS BY NEW YORKER ARTISTS MARKING THE SEASONS, HOLIDAYS, AND TOPICAL SUBJECTS. REFERENCE GUIDES TO "GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN," THEATRES, MOVIE HOUSES, ART GALLERIES, HOTELS, NIGHTSPOTS, AND OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST. INCLUDES CALENDARS FOR 1983, 1984, 1985.



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and referred us to his friend the superintendent of the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind. "What does he want to do with his education?" the superintendent wrote. "Does he want to specialize in anything?"

"Shall I write to him that you would like to specialize in Western music?" Daddyji asked when he saw the letter. "If you could master Western music and fuse it with Indian music, you might have a great future in our cinema. Our film songs have started using Western harmony, and this has really enhanced their popular appeal."

"I don't want to go in for music," I said. "I want to study."

"What about going into work for the blind, then?"

"I have no interest in that. I just want a normal education, like everyone else."

Daddyji sent a rigmarole of an answer to the New York school, and we heard nothing more from it.

It was around that time, I think, that I typed out a letter to Prime Minister Nehru asking him to help me get to England or America, and telling him about Daddyji's long government service and about our all being refugees.

"Little Sahib, Pandit Nehru has the problems of millions of refugees on his mind and the weight of the entire country on his shoulders," Daddyji's clerk said when I took the letter to him to be checked for typing mistakes and stamped and posted. "He doesn't have time to worry about Little Sahib."

"Never you bother. Just post the letter. Register it, and bring me the receipt. I must have the receipt."

I got the receipt and, two weeks later, a perfunctory acknowledgment from the Ministry of Education, telling me that nothing could be done. I kept a brave face in front of Sister Nimi while she read it, but then I went back to my corner of the glazed veranda and broke down.

COUSIN DHARAM BIR, who was the eldest son of Daddyji's only sister, came to visit us in Simla. A great fuss was made over him. He was so close to Daddyji that if anything had happened to our parents during the Partition troubles he would probably have become our guardian.

"So what do you think, Dharam Bir, about Ved's going to America?" Daddyji asked.

Cousin Dharam Bir had just re-

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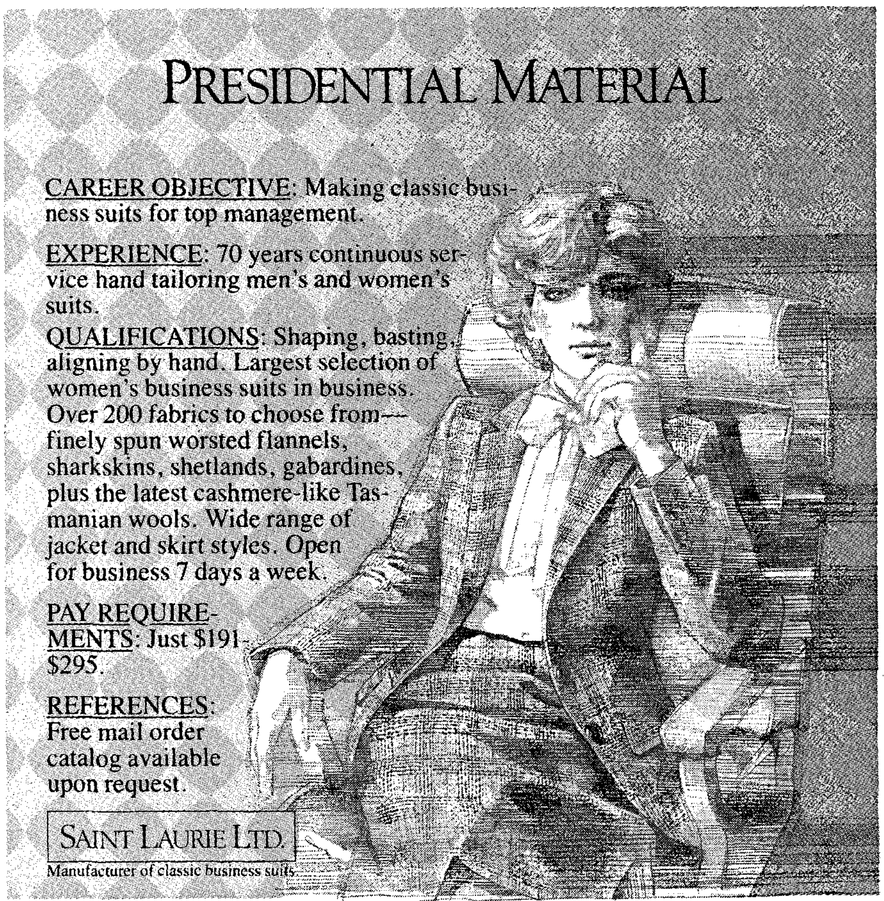

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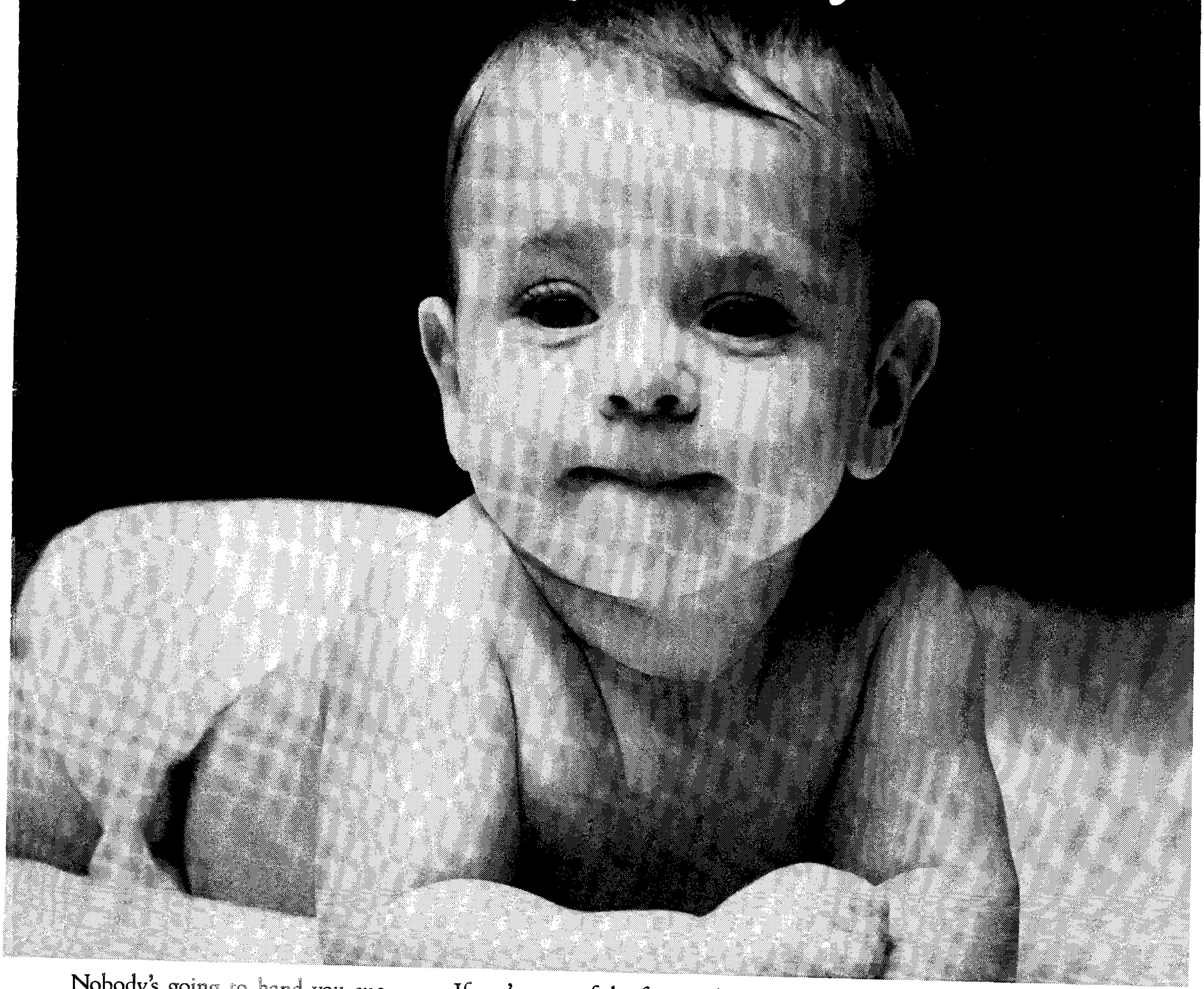

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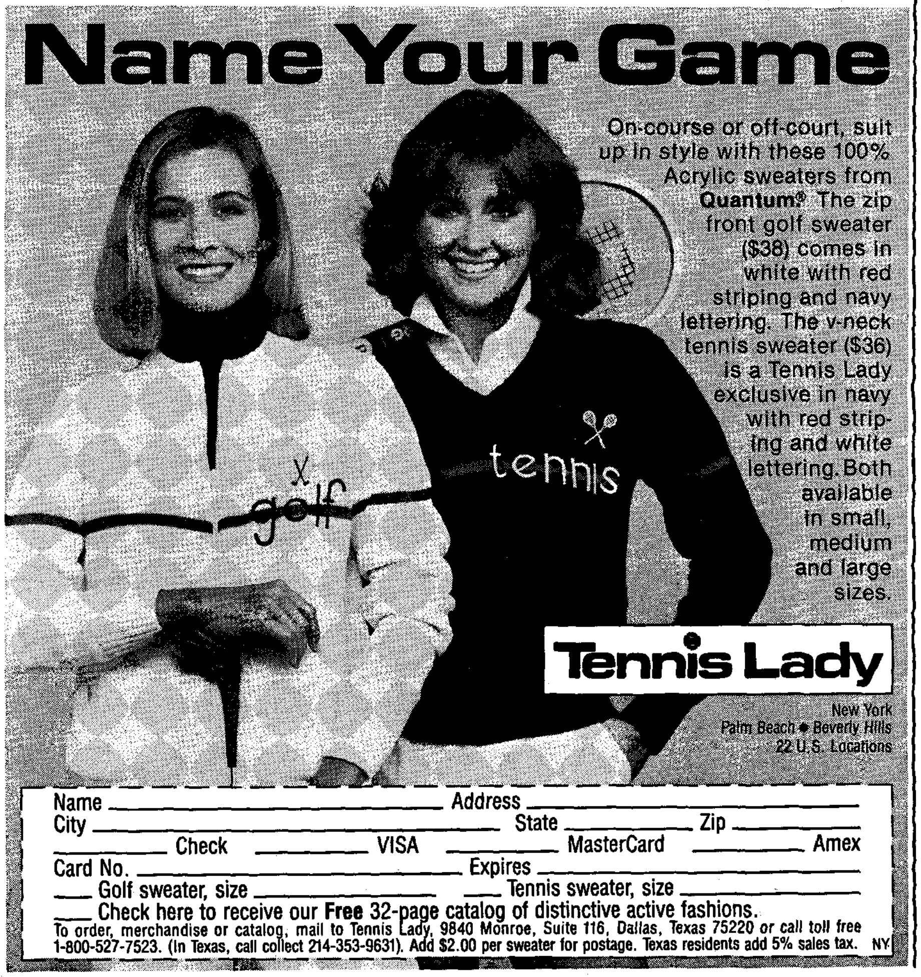

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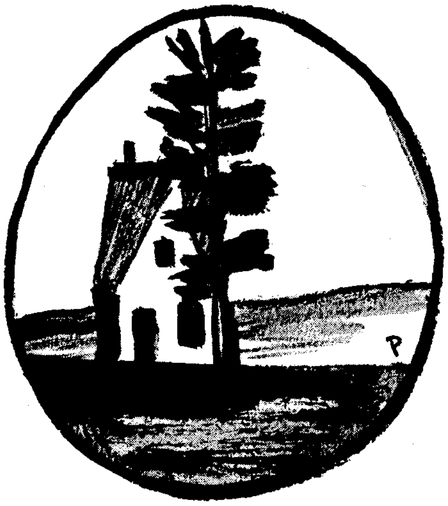
turned from there. He blew some smoke out slowly—he was about the only one of our relatives who dared to smoke in front of Daddyji. "It's a sick, immoral society," he said. "No place for any young boy. He's bound to go astray there."

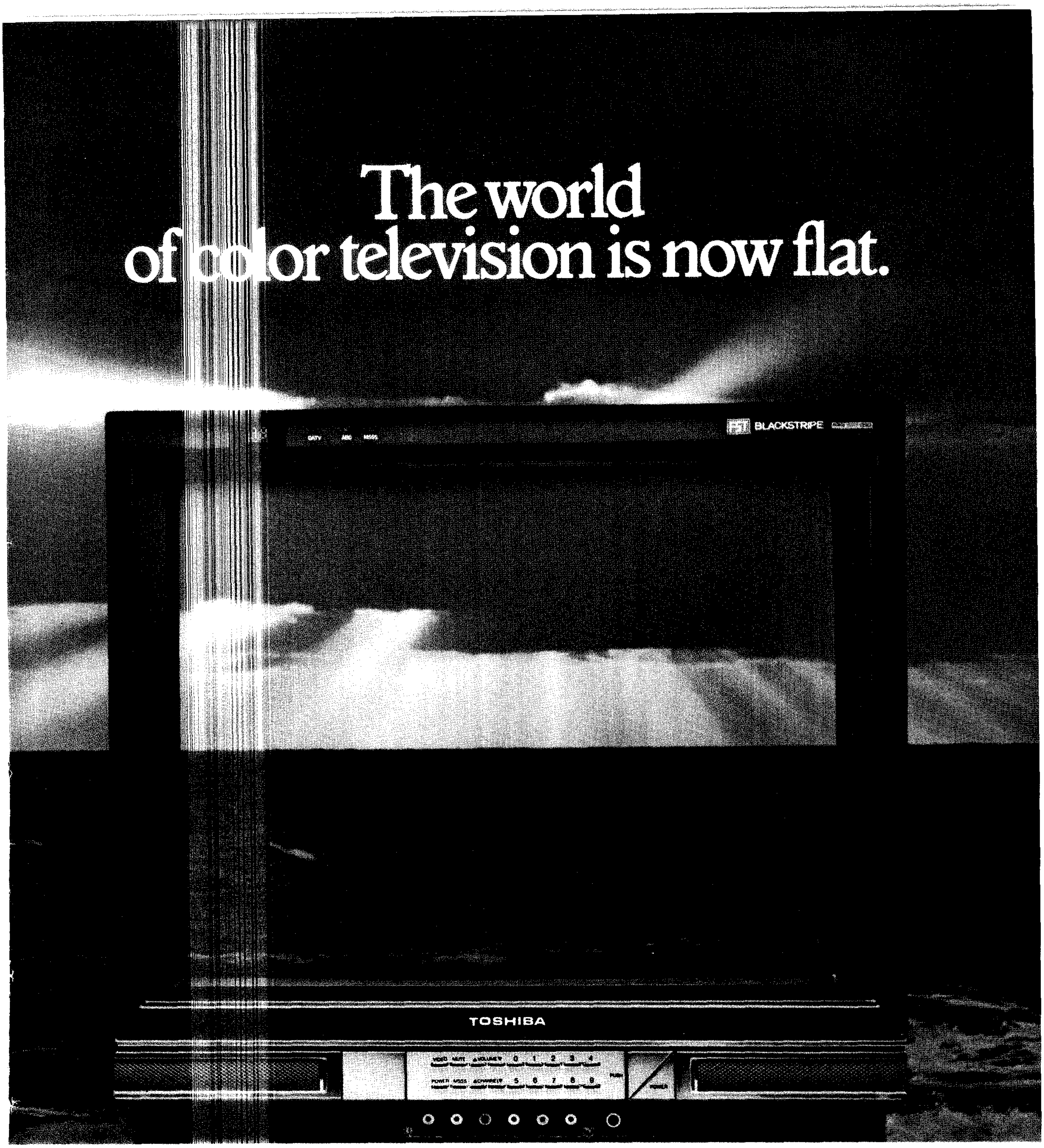
"I don't know, Dharam Bir. I've always thought of America as God's own country, the land of opportunity," Daddyji said.

Cousin Dharam Bir blew out some more smoke. "In truth, I don't think Ved ought to go abroad at all. Suppose he did get all the education he wants and you want for him. What would he do with it? You know how many young people there are in this country today walking around with B.A.s and M.A.s. They can't get jobs—and they can see. Suppose he got sick there. Who would take care of him? Who would pay the doctor and hospital bills? Who has ever heard of a blind boy of fourteen going alone halfway round the world, to a place where he knows nobody—with neither family nor friend, neighbor nor relative to turn to in case of need? I think he would have a happier life if he stayed at home and concentrated on his music. That way, he would be close to us, and if he needed help we could all take care of him."

Later on, when Daddyji and I were alone, he said to me, "I wonder if Dharam Bir isn't talking sense. We do not know how your small education compares with that of boys and girls there. You may have to start at an elementary-school level. Whatever money I'd spend on sending you to the West could be used for you here to study music and perhaps one day to teach it. We could even open a small shop for selling musical instruments. What do you think?"

I asked myself yet again if I could





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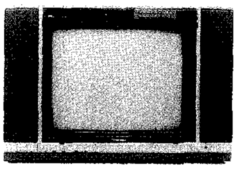

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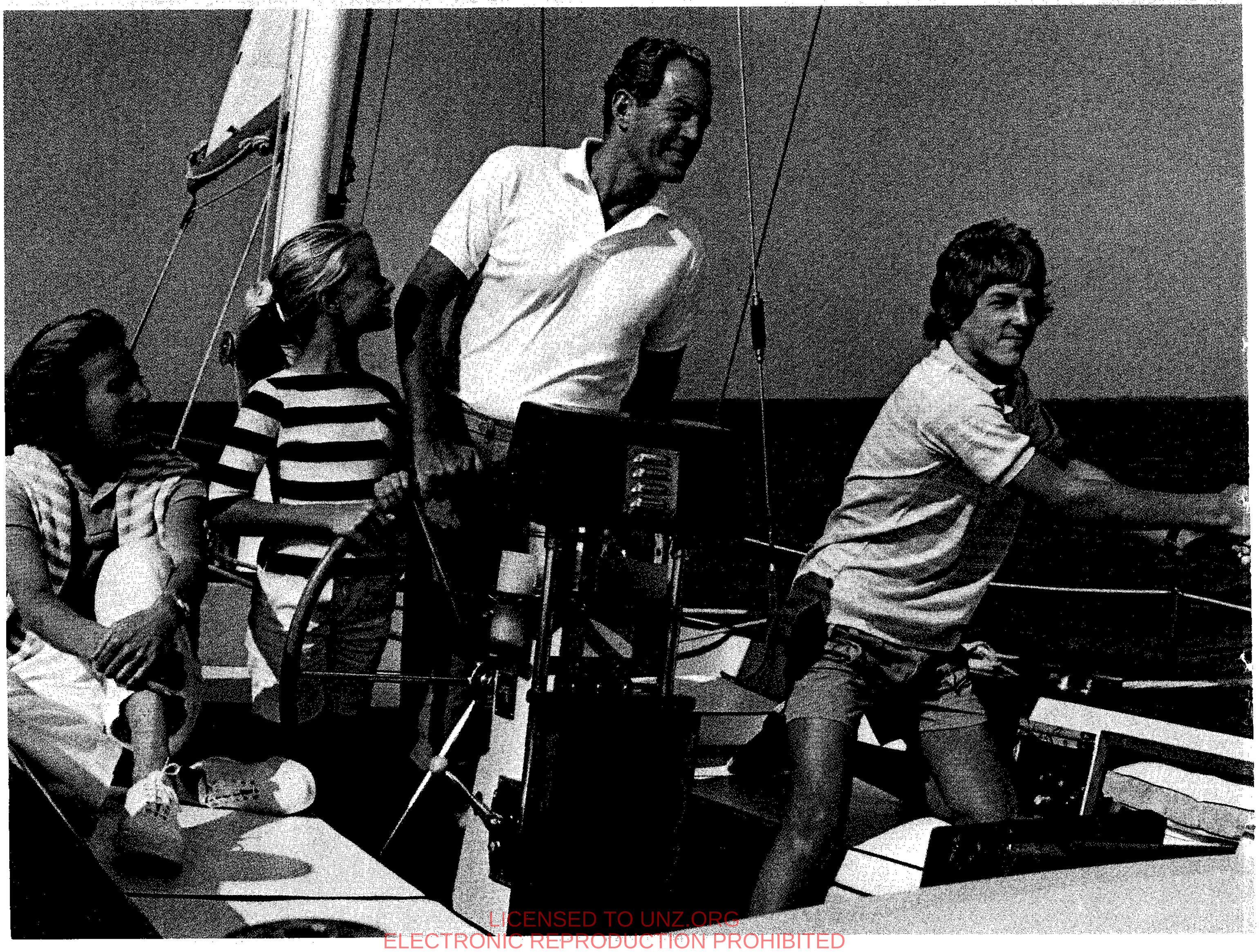

ever be happy teaching music. I recalled my visit to the refugee camps. I remembered the refugee without hands. People had lost their limbs and lives, homes and land. What was the sacrifice of my ambition to go to the West compared with their loss? "Whatever you think best," I said, swallowing hard. "But can I still go on writing to schools in England and America?"

"Of course," Daddyji said. He put his hand on my shoulder. "Who knows? Something may still work out."

WEEKS passed. I continued writing letters to schools, appealing to one to reconsider, asking another to send me its admission forms. I now typed out this letter:

Simla
31st January, 1949

To
The Manager,
Arkansas School for the Blind,
Little Rock, Ark.

DEAR SIR,

Unfortunately I am a Blind boy of nearly 15 years of age. I beg to state that I would like to come over to America for my further studies. I know the following subjects.

English
Mathematics.

I can read Braille and can write Braille and I know sighted Typing with touch system. I know contraction and brivations. I have colified from the following Institution:

1. Dadar School for the Blind.
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3. St. Dunstan's for the War Blinded. Dehra dun. India.

I have been studying in Dadar Blind School Bombay for nearly four years. I learnt Braille reading and Writing and English. I was sent there by my father when I was only five and a half [actually, a month short of five]. I got Blind when I was Four Years old, I lost eyesight with Manigitis. I studied in Emerson Institution For the Blind Lahore for one year [actually, six months], where learnt only Mathematics. And little bit of my Country Language. Then I was sent over to St. Dunstan's for the War Blinded. As this Institution was only ment for War Blind Soldiers then even as I was Civilian I had to come across many difficulties before I could get myself admitted in St. Dunstan's. I was taken there as a extra ordinary case. I stayed there for only one year [eight months] but I must confess that I made very good progress in St. Dunstan's. I stayed in St. Dunstan's Hostel for months and rest with my relation. I am herewith enclosing a copy of a Certificate from St. Dunstan's from which I think that you will be able to judge that what is my position at present. St. Dunstan's is the biggest Institution going in India. And there is no more scope in India for my studies as I

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have gained from St. Dunstan's what they could teach me. However, I shall feel obliged if you could send me your Application Form & Particulars. Anyhow I would like to possess your form & Particulars even if you do not think [I am suitable] or if such question arises that with which you would like to know some information. As this matter has been already been extremely delayed I won't like the matter to be more delayed. I am very sure that you will help me in this matter. I am typing this letter myself. The typing and Braille gr 2 was taught me in st. Dunstan's. My Father won't mind spending any thing as far I can be admitted in your School. I would like to complete your full course. I am herewith enclosing a Picture of mine I hope you will appreciate it. Do you have university Examination?

I do hope to get a reply in affirmative.

An early reply is requested.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours faithfully,
V. P. Mehta c/o Dr. A. R. Mehta,
Deputy Director of Health services,
Erneston (Upper Flat)
Simla, East.
East Punjab (India)

February 16, 1949

Mr. V. P. Mehta
c/o Dr. A. R. Mehta
Deputy Director of Health Services
Erneston,
Simla-E
East Punjab, India

DEAR MR. MEHTA:

I have your letter of January 31, in which you state you would like to attend the Arkansas School for the Blind.

In reply, I will say that we shall be happy to have you if details can be arranged. By this I mean, entrance into the United States, which I presume can be arranged on a student basis, financial details, length of time you will want to stay, course, or courses you will want to pursue and perhaps other details.

The usual fee charged for out of state pupils is $600.00 per school year of nine months. I am not sure that $600.00 would be the fee charged you, but certainly no more than that.

We offer an academic course which prepares you for University entrance. This consists of the usual courses offered in most American public schools. In addition we offer broad courses in music, many vocations and athletics.

I am not enclosing an application form, but will send one later if you are still interested. We are sending you a Braille copy of the *Arkansas Braille News* so that you may read for yourself something of our educational programme here.

May we hear from you again, if you are still interested in our school.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. Woolly, Superintendent.

"Happy to have me!" I shouted. "It's an acceptance!"

"What do you know about the school?" Sister Nimi asked.

"All schools are the same."

"I think you'd better show the letter to Daddyji and see what he says."

That evening, I handed the letter to

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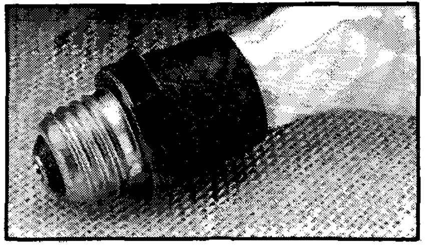

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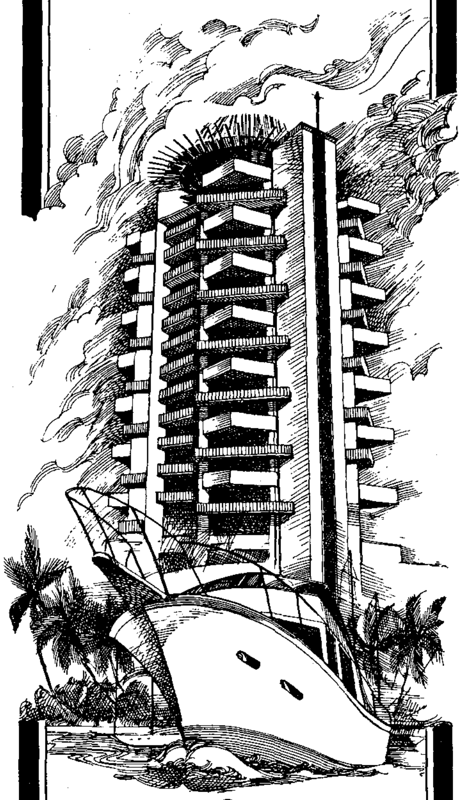

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Daddyji. "That's encouraging, all right," he said. "But the school is in the South. That's a very poor part of the country. It may not have more than two or three classrooms. For all we know, it may be a school for Negroes. All the same, I'll follow the lead. But don't bank on it too much."

I could tell from his warm voice that in spite of his reservations he was happy for me.

"Is Arkansas near Johns Hopkins?" I asked. He had studied at Johns Hopkins.

"Not at all," he said. "By the way, I remember reading somewhere that the name of the state is not pronounced 'Arkan*sas*' but 'Arkan*saw*.' "

"Why is that?"

"I don't know. Perhaps people who live in that state have an odd accent."

"I don't care whether it's a school for Negroes or not, or what kind of accent they have—I'll just go there."

"That may be just as well. There may be no way to find out from here what the place is like."

Daddyji wrote to Mr. Woolly:

Registered Air Mail
Deputy Director of Health Services
East Punjab
Simla, dated the 9th March, 1949

DEAR MR. WOOLLY,

I acknowledge with many many thanks your kind letter to my son Ved Parkash Mehta, dated the 16th February.

Both my son and I are grateful to you for the hopes given therein to admit him into your institute. . . . Since [his blindness] over eleven years ago, I have left no stone unturned to give him as best an education as was possible in India, but as you know the facilities in my country are very limited indeed. . . . Ved regularly receives "Reader's Digest" every month and reads the same and he can read, understand and talk in the English language fairly fluently. He was presented with a small radio set a few years ago which has helped him a great deal to increase his knowledge of English as well as of the world. He has also a very good ear for music and if given proper facilities to develop the same he should do extremely well in this line.

He is a fairly tall boy for his age being 5′ and 5½″ in height with straight nose, straight hair and a fair complexion like that of an Italian or a Spaniard. In fact he may be called a handsome youth of the pure Aryan type as we all are from the north of this country.

I enclose a letter from Captain Mortimer, the Commandant St. Dunstan's Hostel, Dehra Dun. The letter is self explanatory and it was as a result of this advice from the Commandant that my son has been making efforts to get admission into an institute where he can have a fuller scope for his ability and ambition. The opinion of Captain Mortimer with regard to his ability and chances of making his life a success will I am sure interest you all the

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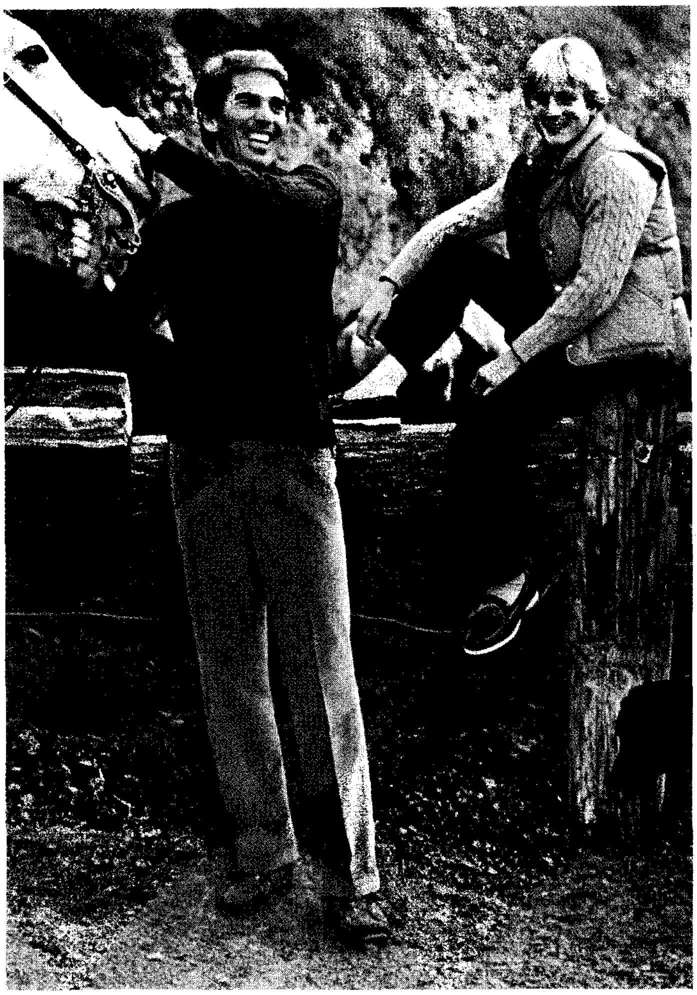

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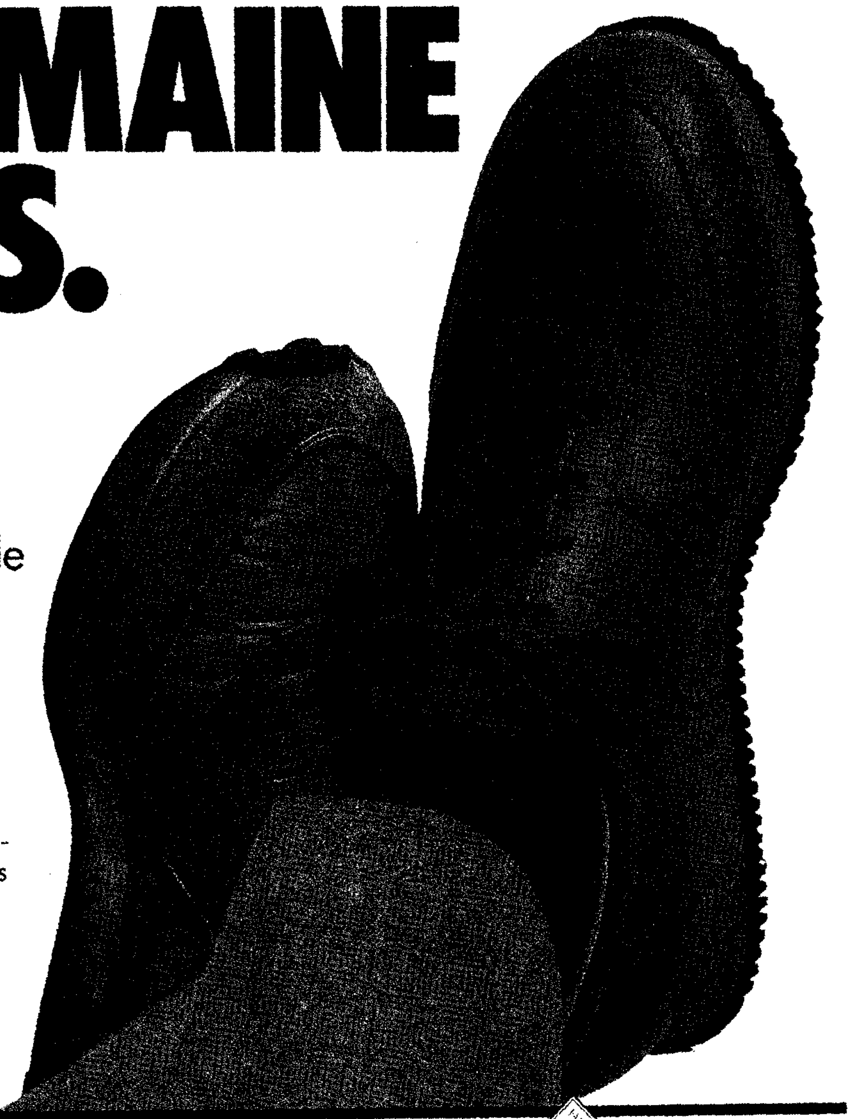

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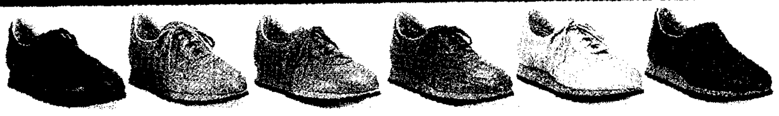

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more in the boy and one day it may give you satisfaction in the fact that a really deserving case received support and due consideration from you.

In the absence of a proper form I hope the information given may enable you to kindly confirm his admission.

I have noted the usual fee charged and in case no special reduction can be given in the case of this deserving child, I shall be prepared to meet these expenses as well as to arrange for his board and lodging during Christmas and summer vacations; even though I may have to beg or borrow (being incapable of stealing!). Perhaps you are aware that there is rather a strict control on foreign currency particularly the dollars which are considered to be hard currency. But I am sure, as soon as I receive a certificate of admission for my son to your institute, I shall be able to arrange with the Reserve Bank of India to allow the requisite amount for his education. May I add here that you will very kindly recommend the amount including his expenses during the vacations so that the full demand is made in the very first instance.

Thanking you once again for your very kind letter and the interest shown in my handicapped son.

With kindest regards, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
A. R. Mehta

J. M. Woolly Esqr., Superintendent,
Arkansas School for the Blind,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

P.S. Reply per return of post shall be greatly appreciated.

March came and went, and April came and went—still there was no reply. I grew despondent. I supposed that perhaps Mr. Woolly had spoken to authorities in other schools and thought better of accepting me. Then, in the middle of May, Daddyji returned from the office with this letter from Mr. Woolly:

May 6, 1949

Dr. A. R. Mehta
Deputy Director of Health Services
East Punjab,
Simla, India

Dear Dr. Mehta:

I am happy to tell you that my Board of Trustees will permit me to admit your son to School at the beginning of the next school year, which will be about September 5, 1949. We will advise you later of the exact date.

I have located a place here in the City where he can spend his Christmas vacation, and also his summer vacations. We have an Agency which is concerned with the rehabilitation of newly blinded adults, which will be happy to take him during these vacations. Board and room there, will be in the neighborhood of $40.00 per month. It is a nice place and I can tell you he will be very well cared for, but of course, will receive no educational benefits at those times.

His tuition here will be $600.00 per school year. That, plus summer board and room, travel expenses, clothing and other

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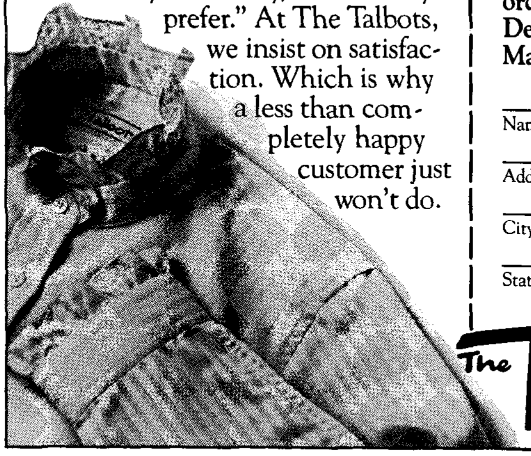

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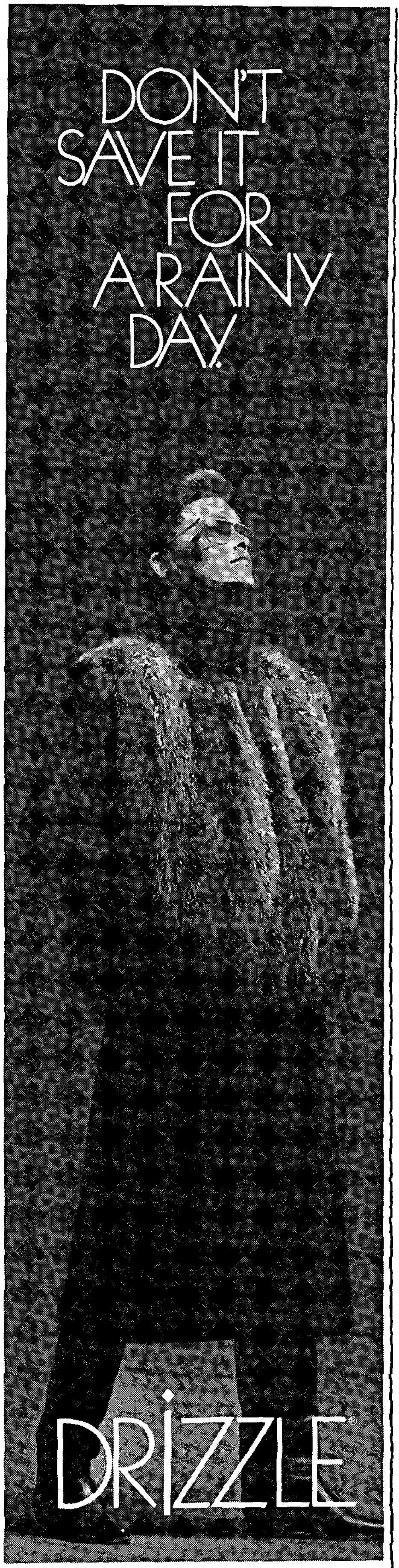
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incidentals, will make it necessary to have from $1000.00 to $1200.00 available for the first year, I believe. Prices are on the decline in this country and perhaps he might do on somewhat less in subsequent years.

I am enclosing the usual application form required of State pupils, and would appreciate your completing and returning it to me.

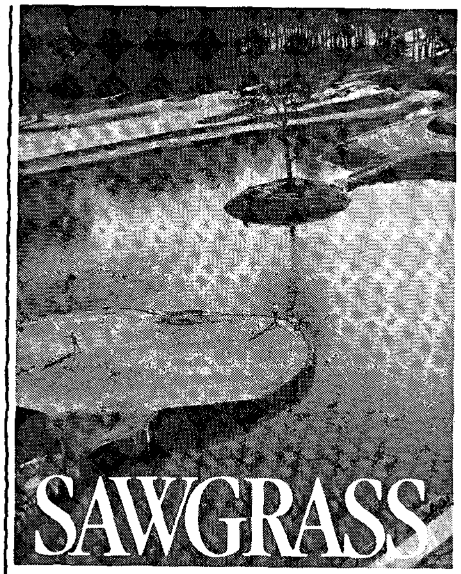
Sincerely yours,
J. M. Woolly, Superintendent

The application form was very simple. Daddyji filled it out by hand, reading aloud some of the questions and his answers as he went along: "Color? Fair, like an Italian or a Greek. Was the child born blind? No. Is the child subject to epilepsy? No. Is there any physical deformity? No. Is it addicted to the use of tobacco or spirituous liquor? No. Is it of sound mind? Yes, highly intelligent. Has it had smallpox? No. Measles? Yes. Whooping cough? Yes. Mumps? No. Has it now any contagious disease? No. Any offensive disease? No. Is it subject to fits? No. Were any of the relatives blind, deaf, and dumb, insane or afflicted with any infirmity of body, especially syphilis or tuberculosis? No. Give railroad station: Simla. Bus: Simla. Is this the nearest point of communication? Yes. Certificate to be signed by the parents or guardian: 'We hereby agree to furnish suitable clothing for the above applicant at the time of his entrance into the school and during his continuance there, and to provide for his travelling expenses to and from the institution, not only at the time of the first entrance and final departure but at any other time when his removal is requested by the Superintendent of the School.' "

"Why do they want to know about the railroad and the bus?" I asked as Daddyji was signing the form. "Why do they want to know about travelling expenses?"

"The application must be for local residents. They've probably never had an out-of-state student, never mind a foreign one. But you'll find all that out for yourself when you get there."

Daddyji sent off the application with a letter thanking Mr. Woolly ("The whole family is happy to learn that Ved has been admitted to your School and I can assure you that in due course you will find him a credit to his Alma Mater") and asking him what clothes I would need ("Ved is in a growing age and every few months we find that his clothes have either to be altered or discarded. . . . If you



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would kindly give me an idea of the present-day prices of woollen and cotton suits, shirts, blankets, cotton sheets, etc., I shall be able to compare the prices ruling here in India and arrange accordingly") but tactfully omitting to ask whether it was in fact a school for Negroes.

A day or two after Mr. Woolly's first letter arrived, I received copies of the *Arkansas Braille News*. I couldn't take my fingers off them. They told of how the blind students went around the town with just a white cane. They told of the school's course of study and of the social-adjustment program, of band music and athletics. I didn't know how a cane could take the place of the hand of, say, Usha or Sat Dev. But the *News* made the school sound like the best one in the world, and I couldn't wait to get there.

"THE agent is my personal friend," Daddyji said as we walked into the office of Thomas Cook & Son on the Mall Road. "He may be able to get us a passage on a ship. Anyway, Mr. Woolly's letter can be used to get you a passport, an American visa, and dollar exchange. I have four months' accumulated leave, and we can go as far as England together. There I can look into the possibility of starting a medical practice in London in a year and a half, after my retirement. I can also try to arrange to get you into a school in England. If I can't, you can fly on to Arkansas and try your luck there. And I'll come back home for the final year of my service."

Daddyji introduced me to the agent: "This is my son who will be going to America."

"Congratulations, young man," the agent said.

I was five feet five and a half inches and weighed ninety-one pounds, but I felt that I was as tall and broad as the Aga Khan and was being presented with my weight in gold. I felt that I was already in "God's own country," the land of opportunity."

"Ships going to England are very full these days," the agent said, shuffling the pages of a register. "There's a long waiting list for every ship." He stopped shuffling and drummed his pen on the register, as if he were considering something. "But, as it happens, I have a cancellation of a small cabin with two berths on the S.S. Corfu—I have not informed our office in Delhi yet—and I can give it to you and your

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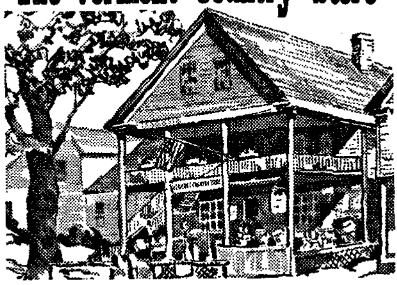

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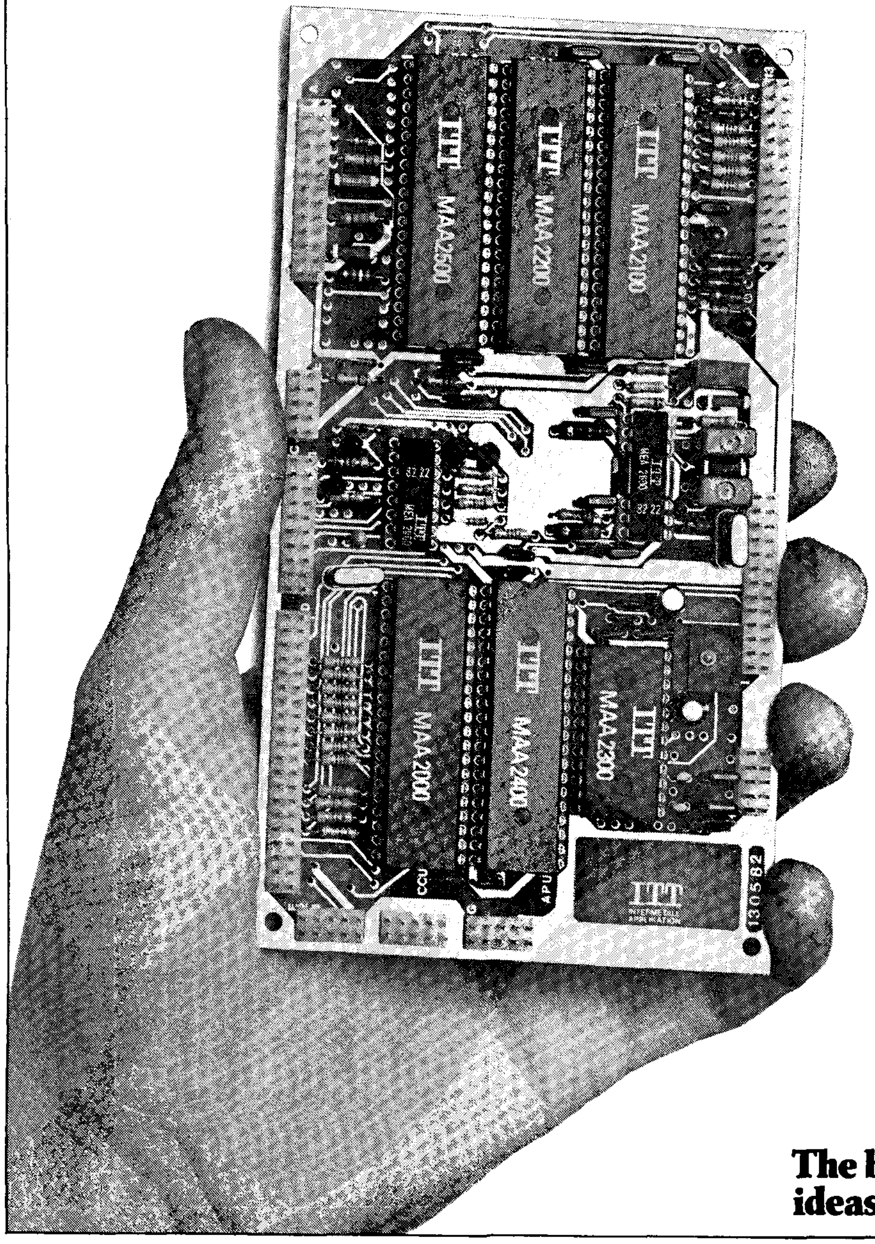

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son, no questions asked. The ship is sailing in June. It will dock in Tilbury on the eleventh of July."

"Done, my friend," Daddyji said, his voice wide with a smile. He immediately began writing out a check for a deposit.

Daddyji thanked the agent, and we shook hands with him and walked out.

I had never been near a ship, and I couldn't imagine how a huge building with bedrooms and bathrooms, drawing rooms and kitchens, stairs and parapets could move on water without wheels or legs, coolies or animals. I couldn't imagine why waves didn't pitch it over or how people could stand on it, walk on it, eat on it. And S.S. Corfu sounded like such a tiny name for such a vast conveyance.

"We should have a good few weeks on the Corfu together," Daddyji was saying. "It will give you a chance to practice your English with me."

"And you will teach me how to eat with a knife and fork." I had never learned to eat with a knife and fork; Indian food required only a spoon. Once or twice, I had tried to eat a poached egg on toast with a knife and fork, and it had slid off the plate and ended up in my lap. I used to stay awake wondering if I could ever learn to master a knife and fork.

"A knife and fork—oh, that you'll learn in no time on the Corfu. It's just a matter of being served English food and having to use them."

"And tying a necktie?"

"That, too. We'll have plenty of time on the Corfu."

We were in front of Clarke's Hotel, and I hurried Daddyji along.

IMMEDIATELY after our visit to Thomas Cook & Son, Daddyji went to New Delhi for a few days. When he returned, he said, "I have been posted to the capital. I am going to the central government as deputy director-general of health services."

We all spoke at once:

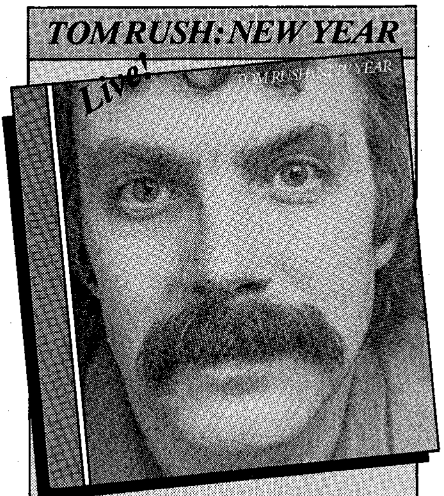
"Daddyji promoted!"

"Where is a little hill station and where is the capital of independent India? What is the comparison?"

"Yes, where is the Punjab government and where is the central government?"

"We'll be living in the same city as Babuji and Mataji—just as we did in Lahore." (Babuji and Mataji were Mamaji's parents.)

"I have been trying for this post for some time," Daddyji said. "It enables



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- Foster Parents Plan originated the child sponsorship concept in the United States in 1937 and is currently aiding over 223,000 Foster Children in 20 countries.
- Foster Parents Plan focuses on sponsorship of children within their own families overseas, not by uprooting children for international adoption.
- Through frequent letters and photographs, Foster Parents Plan offers a sponsor the greatest opportunity to develop a truly close personal relationship with his sponsored child. Each sponsor's funds are allocated to aid and services that directly benefit his Foster Child.
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me to stay on in service another year after my compulsory retirement at fifty-five." He turned to me. "But this means, Ved, that I won't be able to take my accumulated leave this summer, and we'll have to postpone our going to England for a year or so. But the year will pass very quickly."

"But we're already booked on the S.S. Corfu!" I cried. "You can't back out now!"

"We'll have to cancel our passage."

I protested, I pleaded, I sulked. I argued that I had nothing to do all day, that I couldn't live in the confines of Erneston another day. I said that I would go on the S.S. Corfu alone.

"A year will go very quickly," Daddyji said again.

"Daddyji has a duty not only to you but also to the rest of us," Sister Umi said.

"If we don't all make sacrifices, the country will go to the dogs, just as the British said it would when they left," Sister Nimi said.

"If you can wait a year, I'll take you," Daddyji said. "But if you insist on going this summer you'll have to go alone. It's up to you."

"I'll go alone," I said, without hesitation.

"Come to think of it, the shipping company won't allow you to travel alone," Daddyji said. "It would be liable if you fell down or hurt yourself. We know you won't, but they will still take that view. We'll have to try to find someone to travel with you."

IN the morning, Daddyji left for New Delhi, saying that he would send for us the moment he was able to arrange for accommodations, and promising to look for a travelling companion for me.

44 Western Court
New Delhi
4-6-49

MY DEAR VED,

I am very glad to receive your affectionate letter of the 28th May. Though I still feel that the best plan will be that I take you myself to U.S.A. even if we have to postpone your studies by a year, still I have contacted Govan Brothers, Christian Medical Association and have asked Mr. Ras Mohun to contact American Mission people to find a suitable companion for you by S.S. Corfu, which will reach on 11th July Tilbury London (please note the correct spelling). As desired by you an advertisement will also be put in the *Statesman* and let us hope for the best.

Please ask Thomas Cook & Son, Simla to send your file to their Delhi office where I shall deal with the case on the spot. I have also made an appointment with the Reserve Bank people to get dollars. Your passport application also needs completion

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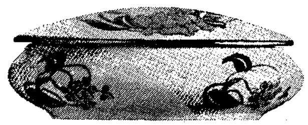

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for USA which can only be done after dollars are sanctioned.

Namaste to you all.

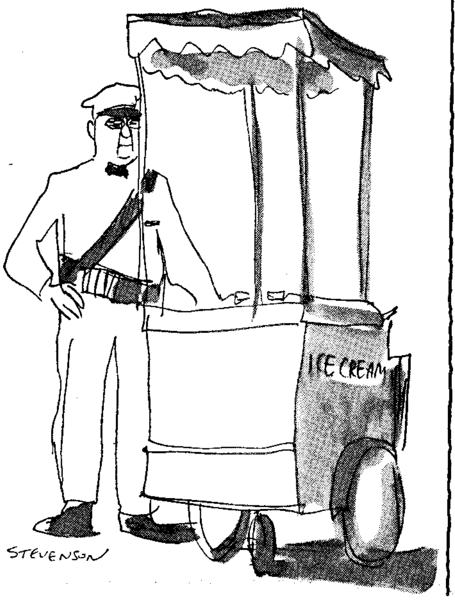
Daddy

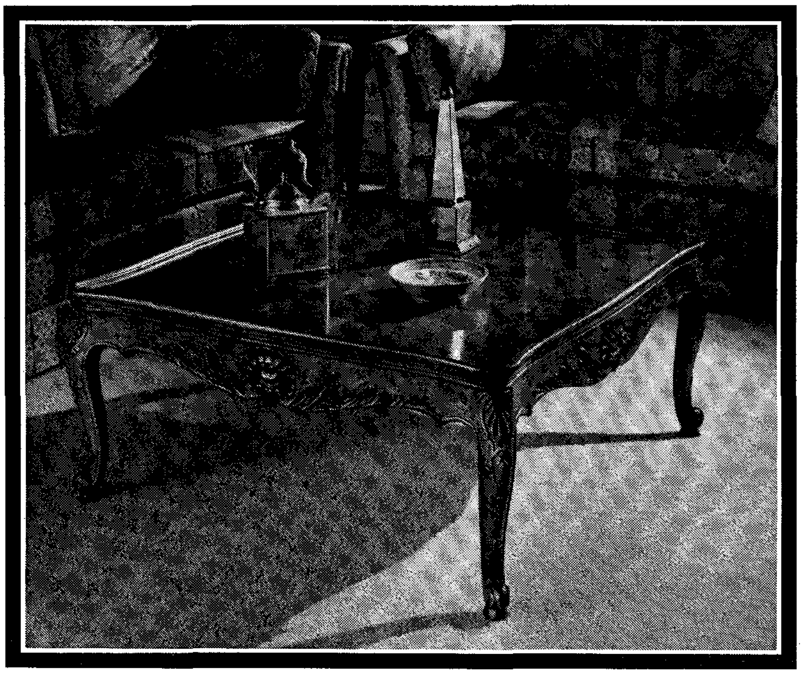
Erneston,
Simla East, E.P.
6th June 1949

MY DEAR DADDYJEE,

I was very pleased to have your affectionate letter of 4th June which I received yesterday. I have also received a letter from Mr. Cameron, who was Braille/typing teacher in St. Dunstan's and for whom we tried to get a job. He can see partially and he is very good in English. Now we have got a spare berth and I have written him to offer it on payment of course. He is a very nice person and once we thought of calling him up to Simla if I could learn something from him. But however the proposal was dropped if you remember. But I still think that if he could travel with me in the same cabin I think it will be very good company and as he won't be able to do any thing else that he will be able to devote all the time to teaching me. I bet that I shall be able to learn a lot from him. I would also like you to write to Mr. Cameron. He can see his way and has got so much sight. I also hope that he shall be able to assist me on the board to move about as desired by Thomas Cook people. However, you are the best judge. If this plan of mine is valid to your point of view, please call me down to Delhi so that I could get my clothes and visa etc. made or done. The time is very short and I would like you not to delay this matter at all. The things which I need I shall bring along, for instance, my type writer, Braille writer, books which I would like to read in the ship. Please ring me up or wire me to come. I shall be waiting eagerly. Regarding going a year after, I believe that the thing you want to do to-morrow that should be done to-day and the thing which you want to do to-day that should be done, the very minute. I am of course follower of Great Man Gandhi in this. Now I have got no English teacher. I have packed my books and am absolutely ready to leave Simla whenever I receive instructions from you for which I am waiting very patiently.

I am using office typewriter and it has





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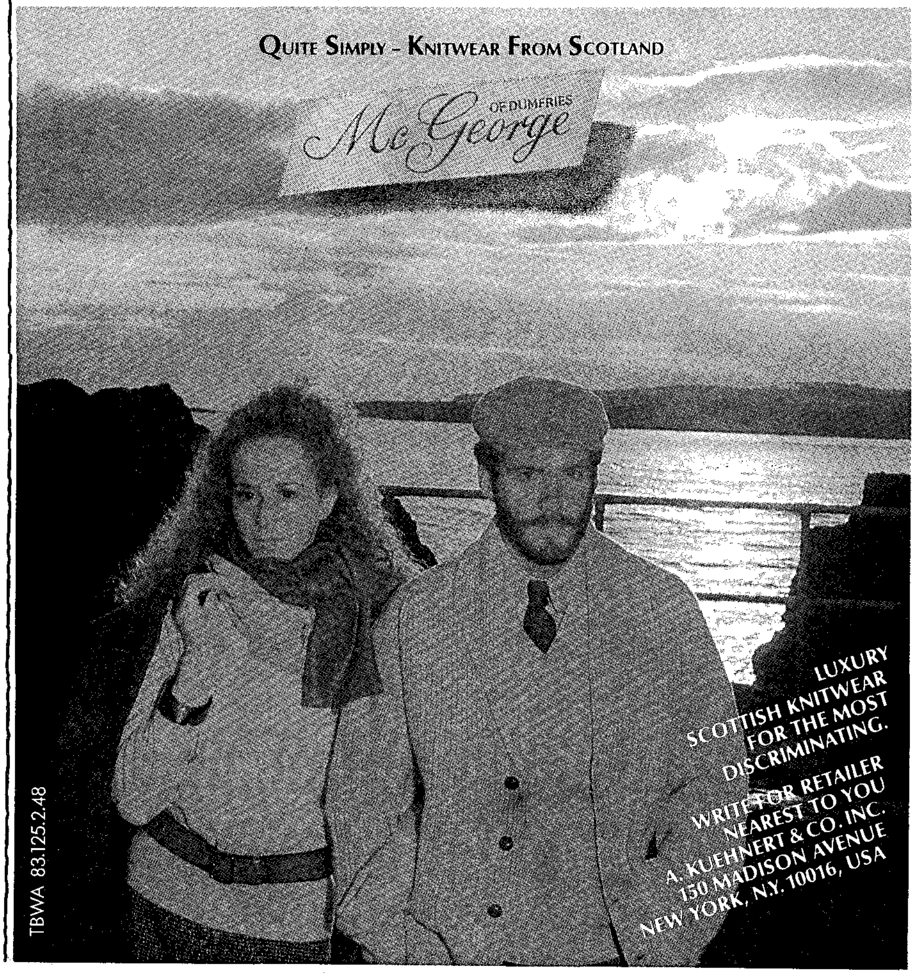

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got a defect which is that it makes spaces when I do not even press the space lever. It also misses some letters and the people who have some idea of this say that it is due to rains.

Sat Dev the peon is transferred. The Finance Secretary Mr. K. S. Malhotra told him that he should come and take up his work at his office immediately. He refused many times but then Mr. Malhotra passed Official orders and told the present deputy director of health services to send him immediately. At the same time, Mr. Malhotra also told him that as soon as Dr. Mehta asks for you you shall be sent to him without any delay and you need not worry. Sister Umi told me to convey this message to you. She also says that if you want to keep him call him at once as Sat Dev says that even if he has to leave his Government Job here and become a private servant of yours he shall do so without any hesitation.

With respects to you and love from all.

Yours,
Ved

New Delhi
7th June, 1949

MY DEAR VED,

I have carefully considered your letters and I have made effort to contact certain people who are going to United Kingdom by S.S. Corfu. I have been able to contact through Mr. Ras Mohun, Reverend G. Ross Thomas, whose daughter Patsy with two other friends is travelling by the same ship. [Patsy Thomas's mother had been the superintendent of Dadar School, and Mr. Ras Mohun had intended to send me on a ship to America with her in 1942. The coincidence made me remember all over again the years of waiting.] I have also been able to secure 600 dollars for the first six months of your education in U. S. A.; there was some difficulty in obtaining the same as the name of your school does not appear in the institutions recognized by the Reserve Bank for teaching purposes in U.S.A.

I have very carefully discussed the question of your proceeding either by this boat or by air. Everyone of the friends and those dealing in passages have stressed the point that the best course for you is to travel in the last week of August directly from Delhi to Little Rock. The 'plane will leave at 1:30 in the afternoon reaching London next day in the evening and a day after will reach New York and on the fourth day you will be in Little Rock. The stewardess on board the aeroplane shall look after you during these three or four days which will certainly pass like a pleasant dream. I have come to the definite conclusion that you will have to go by this means, whether you like it or not; you must have trust and confidence in my decision. As regards the expenses, it is not for you to worry and even here the saving is not worth the trouble of the long voyage and break of journey in England.

I do not consider it fair either to ask Miss Thomas to look after you on the voyage, where perhaps your cabin may be at one end of the ship and theirs at the other, or, even on a different deck. Although Nitya Nand will do all to make your stay in United Kingdom fairly comfortable, I am worried that it will affect his studies and it will be perhaps hard for

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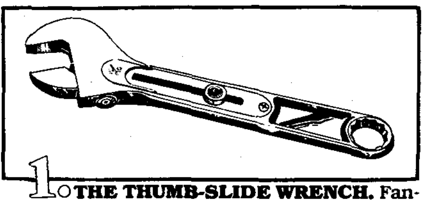

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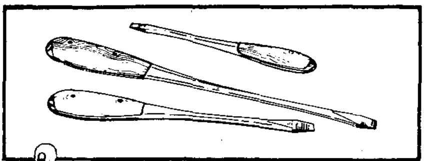

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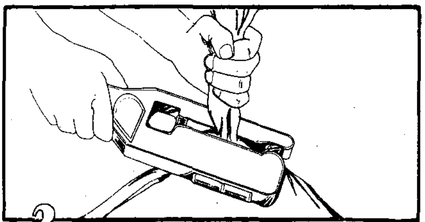

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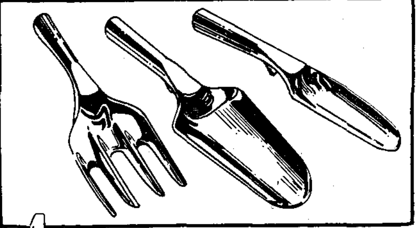

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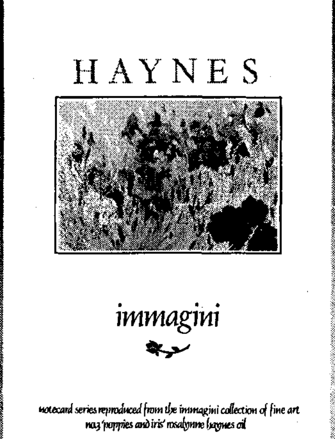

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you to pass as long as six weeks in England doing nothing, and from England, in any case, you will have to fly as no passage from England to New York can be arranged by any shipping company till about the middle of October, when the Atlantic Ocean becomes really rough and I have an experience of such a weather, which, to say the least, is not congenial by any means.

Please consider the matter carefully keeping in view the experience of your father and friend, as against your youth and your enthusiasm, and write to me definitely tomorrow. Day after tomorrow, I shall send a telegram to Bombay cancelling our passages by S.S. Corfu.

I quite appreciate your point of view that you have no teachers to teach you and how difficult you find the time to pass, but I have taken everything into consideration before coming to the decision that you must fly and get to Little Rock within the shortest period from India which will be as little as three to four days only and very comfortably you shall reach your destination.

Lastly, I would like you not to fret at all to have trust in God who does the very best for us.

With my very best wishes for you all, I am,

Yours affectionately,
Daddy

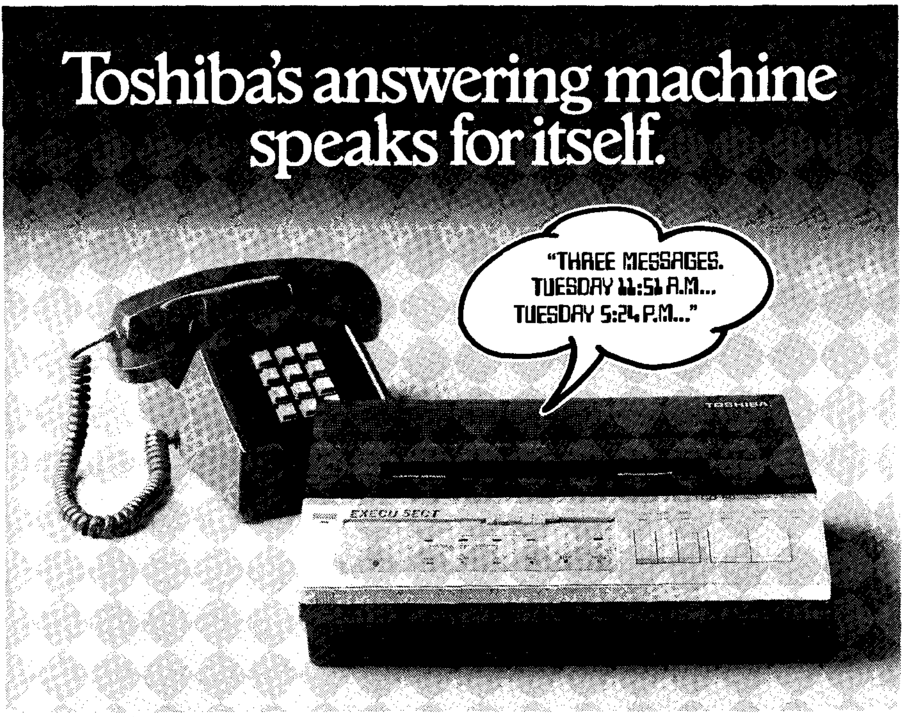
Erneston,
Simla East, E.P.
15th June, 1949

MY DEAREST COUSIN NITYA NAND,

Taking every thing in consideration I have decided to go by air to U.S.A. via U.K., where probably I shall be lucky enough to see you. I shall be flying from India in the third week of August. I shall be in the place where I want to go on the fourth day. I shall reach the next evening in U.K. the day I start at one 30 P.M. Daddyji being in Delhi even consulted Mr. Ras Mohun and he also advised Daddyji that I should go by Air because, being not big enough, I may get ill or such like things may happen in the voyage. Although I would have loved to go in the Ship than by air, it could not be helped. What was decided by Daddyji I thought there was not use grumbling on it and I have not taken it to heart at all.

Please do see me when I shall reach England, for an hour or so. I shall write to you later about the name of the aeroline and the name of the aero drome where it will land.

Please do let me have your opinion that does one feels lost when one is out of ones own Mother Country and is so far from their parents. Specially I being in U.S.A. shall be very far from my parents and I always ask how will I manage to pull on. But for the sake of my future I think that it is very necessary for me to study very hard, wherever I may be, as I think that is my duty towards my parents who will take so much pains to send me out and then give me so much money. Please also let me know if there is any way for a Blind boy like myself to earn little bit in U.S.A. As you being in U.K. must be knowing Blind students who partly support themselves to Educate themselves. I do not want any person in our family or relatives to feel that if I could have been a sighted Boy I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could earn partly if not whole to educate myself as others do in abroad who are foreigners. I am that sort of a person who would like not even one person to feel that I should have been sighted as I do not feel that myself. I think that I am better off than others. I would like to know if or how the Blind students in U.K. are earning to educate themselves partly and are less nuisance to their parents as I want to be.

It is very certain that I must give you a nice present while passing through England. But for a person like you who is very simple I cannot decide at all.

Do write to me something about foreign countries and how the people there are and how to deal with them because now when I reach U.K. I won't have enough time to talk or take lessons from you very long. I do not know about any thing of the people there and how to live with them and how to manage or pull on with them with keeping your dignity.

Now there is one more thing which is worrying me, that is, that if there is war between Russia and United States before I leave for U.S.A. my father may not send me at all or the U.S.A. people may not accept me. Please let me know that will there be any war so soon as all that. If there be, then My future will be ruined absolutely and my ambitions will remain where they should not.

Do write to me something about your self and of your college.

May I closing hoping that I shall have a letter from you very soon and shall have answers to the questions which I have raised in this letter.

With respects,
Ved

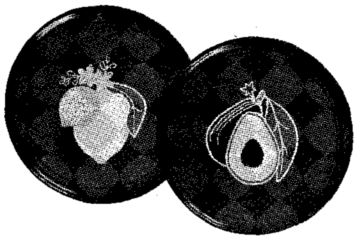
Erneston,
Simla East. E.P.
15th June, 1949

MY DEAREST DADDYJEE,

Brother Om collected my typewriter from Captain Puri yesterday. But I regret that there are yet three defects in the typewriter though I am typing on it now. I can type on it alright. Without the typewriter I feel lost. It types well no doubt. There are three defects which are that the tabulator does not work, at times the back spacer fails, and there is a little defect in margin releaser that is, that once the carriage reaches the end it does not come back unless you press the margin releaser. I am writing also to the Underwood people and explaining the defects and telling them that when I come down to Delhi on my way to the U.S.A. I shall have to get the defects removed.

I am writing to National Institute for the Blind as you directed in your telephone call to Sister Nimi saying that I shall be travelling by air and that I thank them for all they did to help with the sea passage.

I feel very dull whole day long as we have been trying our level best to find an English teacher who could give me accelerated lessons for Little Rock, but so far we have been very unsuccessful. I went over to C. L. Chopra's place but he refused absolutely to come and teach me. I also asked Principal Mr. A. R. Khana of Bharagawa Municipal College but could not get a satisfactory reply. I wish I could get a proper teacher who could correct my pronounciation and my English. But where



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there is will there is way and so I am pulling on.

I hope that you are in your best health and do not have to work more than you should.

The weather here is quite nice but I hear in Delhi it is very hot. Therefore I think it must be difficult for you to go about in the sun. Please do let me know about the visa if you have been able to do something about it and which injections are necessary in order to obtain it. I shall get those injections here and shall obtain medical certificates and on your instructions I shall dispatch them on to you.

Please also do let me know whether there is any possibility of getting some fare concessions by air. I wrote to one of my friends in England of course pen friend and he told me that he thinks that through the blind welfare officer by which he meant Mr. Ras Mohun I should be able to get some concession. However, you being in Delhi I think you will be able to get some concession. Please do not take the ticket unless you are very sure that there is no such rule as that blind people are entitled to get concessions. Have you heard anything about securing a government scholarship for me?

With respects.

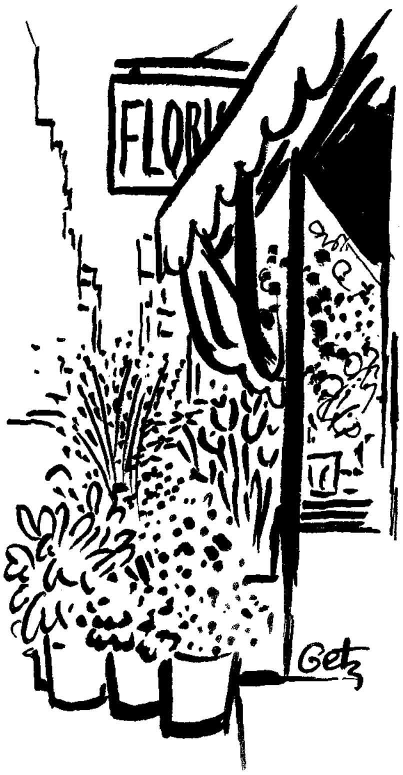
Yours affectionately,
Ved

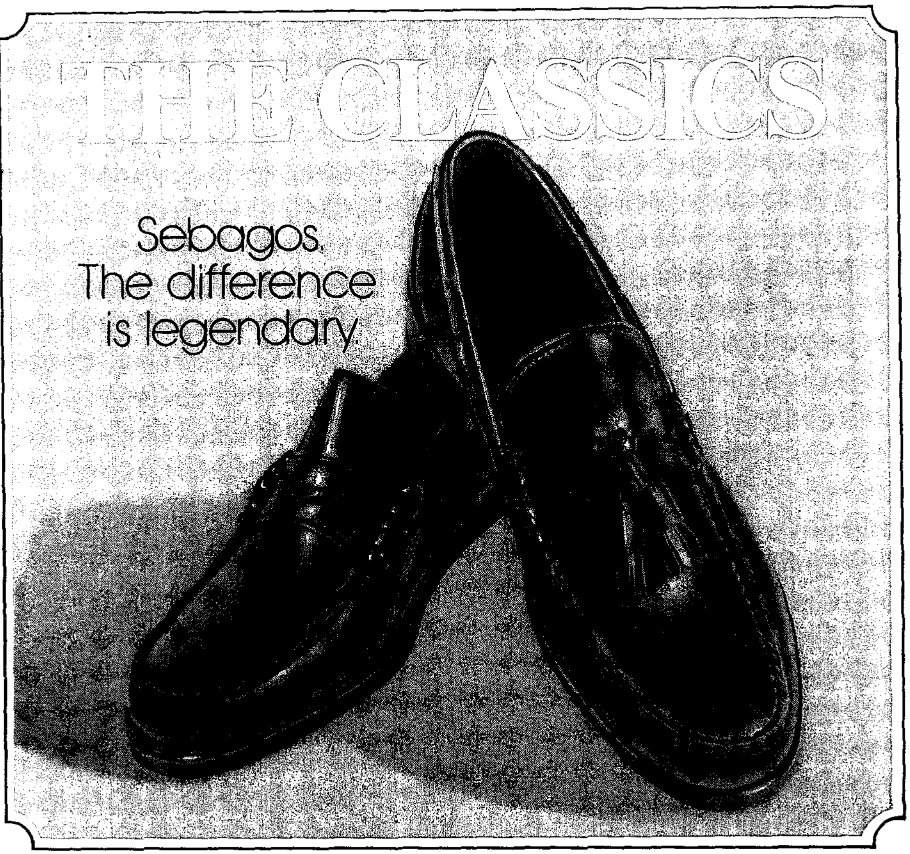
Arkansas School for the Blind
Little Rock, Arkansas
June 1, 1949

Dr. A. R. Mehta
Deputy Director of Health Services
East Pb.
"Erneston," Upper Flat, Simla East,
India

DEAR DR. MEHTA:

Ved will not need much wool clothing as our winters are rather mild. He will need one or two wool suits for dress wear, three or four cotton or wool pants for





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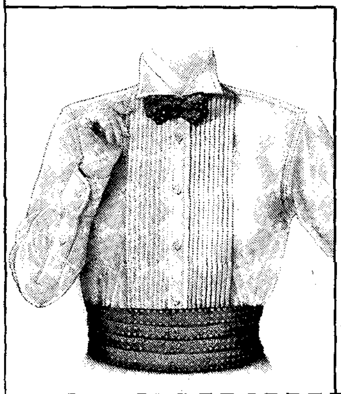

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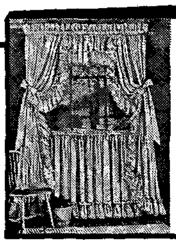

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school wear and perhaps a few pair of light cotton pants for summer wear. I should say a dozen cotton shirts would suffice for a year. He should have a jacket of some sort for school wear during the winter. If you want to buy a light overcoat he could use it. However, it is not essential. Light weight underwear and socks are sufficient since our building is steam heated. You will not need to send sheets, blankets, towels or pillow cases since we supply those.

Shirts may be bought wholesale through the School at around $2.00 each. A wool suit of good quality will cost $35.00 to $45.00. We can buy everything he needs at wholesale, except suits, overcoats, hats and such, and I believe save you some money.

I am enclosing a list of clothing which we recommend for the usual nine months school term, however your situation will be somewhat different.

We have found a place for vacation periods that will be happy to have Ved at any time you may send him. However, I would suggest he try to arrive not later than September 1st.

As you probably know, our school system is composed of eight grades in elementary school and four years of high school. From your correspondence, I judge Ved is ready for either the last grade of elementary school or the first year of high school. Will you please give us your thought as to where he should be placed. We, of course, want to put him where he should be and will administer some tests on his arrival to try to determine his placement. However, we would appreciate your thought on the matter.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. Woolly, Superintendent

Dty. Director General of Health Services,
Government of India
New Delhi
20th June, 1949

DEAR MR. WOOLLY,

I am very grateful to you for your letter dated the 1st instant, in which you have given the details of the clothes etc. required by Ved. Your directions will be complied with.

Ved and myself were to come via sea but as my leave has been cancelled and I have been appointed Deputy Director General of Health Services with the Government of India at New Delhi, Ved will now have to come alone. I have decided to send him by air. It is proposed to send him in the middle of August. He will reach New York in three days' time and may spend a week or 10 days with a niece of a friend of mine—she is married to a blind musician and they, being both Europeans [by which he means Americans], are settled in New York. Ved shall fly from New York to *Little Rock and will inform you of the* exact time and date of his arrival.

As regards standard of his education, Ved may be fit for the last grade in elementary school. I do not think he is fit for the first year of high school. You may, however, judge for yourself. All I can say is that he is exceptionally intelligent and quick to grasp and has an excellent application. In fact he is exceptionally brilliant as compared with my other six children and I have every hope that you will find

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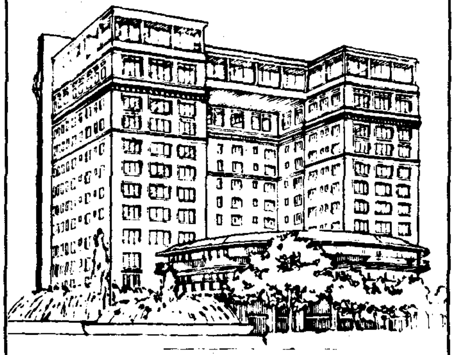

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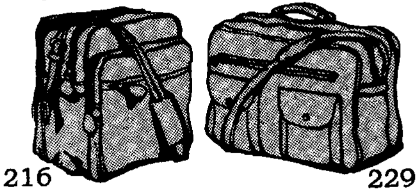

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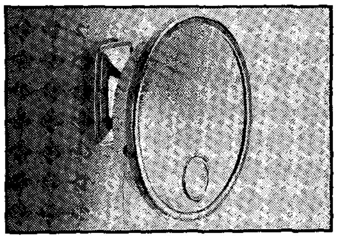

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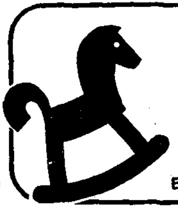

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him so. Moreover, his outlook on life is very responsive and he is a happy child.

With kindest regards, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
A. R. Mehta

To
J. M. Woolly Esqr.,
Superintendent,
Arkansas School for The Blind,
Little Rock, Arkansas

June 28, 1949

Dr. A. R. Mehta
Dty. Director General Health Services
Government of India
New Delhi

DEAR DR. MEHTA:

We shall expect Ved the latter part of August, will meet him at the Airport and immediately provide for him.

Formal class work will begin around September 12, and I am sure he can use the time prior to then in making acquaintances, seeing the City and perhaps we can administer some tests to determine his grade placement.

If questions arise regarding his trip, please write me.

Congratulations on your promotion.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. Woolly, Superintendent

Erneston,
Simla 2,
3rd July, 1949

MY DEAREST DADDYJEE,

With great difficulties I have been able to get hold of C. L. Chopra again. But as now the rainy season has started here C. L. Chopra says it will be difficult for him to come regularly. He says that when the day is good only then he shall be able to come.

I went to shop yesterday and gave two pants and one suit to be made. I also gave one dressing gown to be made and I shall get all these above mentioned clothes by the tenth of this month. I shall be also able to obtain all the inoculation and vaccination certificates by the tenth. You need not worry at all. I asked the health officer if I could take only half dose of cholera and if he would certify that I had taken full dose. But he refused to do so. I shall take first dose of cholera in my life to-morrow and the other on the seventh day as stated in the form.

Lieutenant Gautam Singh is visiting here. He says that it shall be necessary for me to take over coat with me. He also says that I shall not have to get my over coat weighed and I shall be able to put my small things in the pockets of it and that I should fill them up. Please do let me know whether I shall need an overcoat or not. In the list also it was stated which was sent by Arkansas that I should bring a light overcoat with me.

With due respects.

Yours affectionately,
Ved

WE all moved to New Delhi and started living in one big room in a government hostel for officers called Western Court, sleeping on the floor among trunks, utensils, and plates. (The room had a back veranda, where the servants set up a little

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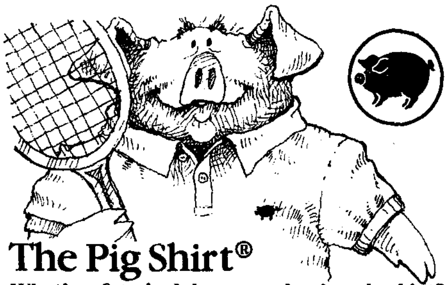

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kitchen.) Mamaji found herself a pandit, and he fixed the fourteenth of August—the day before her forty-first birthday and the day before the second anniversary of Indian independence—as the most propitious day for me to fly. Since Partition, Daddyji had begun giving in to Mamaji in such matters. He said that although he didn't believe in such things he would *not* gainsay the pandit. He got me reservations for that date.

Mamaji busied herself in getting my clothes sewn. Sister Umi started knitting me a sweater. Sister Nimi bought me records of love songs of Saigal and Noor Jehan to remind me of home. Sister Pom came from Dehra Dun to be with me. Ashok painted me a picture. Every time America was mentioned, Usha would become quiet or start to cry. Brother Om started avoiding me, as if my going were a matter of indifference to him. I mostly stayed in bed, feverish with inoculations: cholera, more cholera, typhoid. (I had not been able to take the inoculations in Simla.) Then I was down with malaria for a few days.

ONE morning, Daddyji came home from the office and said, "I've succeeded in getting an appointment for you to see Prime Minister Nehru tomorrow. It seems you're the first Indian blind boy ever to go to America for education, and you'll be going off with his blessings."

The most venerated man in India, the leader of three hundred and fifty million people, and he was *going* to see me. "What will we talk about?" I asked.

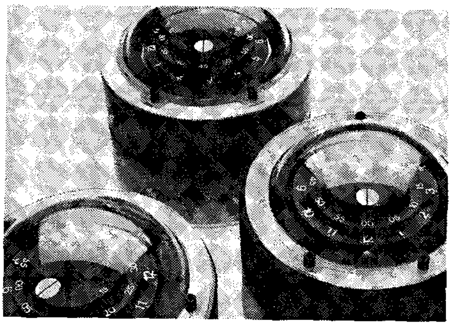
"Well, you'll bring your typewriter and the *Arkansas Braille News* and give a demonstration. Om will come along and bring his camera and take a couple of snaps of us."

The next day, I got into my newly sewn long trousers and proper jacket, and Daddyji, Brother Om, and I drove to the Prime Minister's house.

We were a few minutes early, and we drove around the streets, which seemed unusually quiet. The air, heavy with August heat and Delhi dust, blew in through the open windows, messing up my hair and my new clothes and covering the seat with grit.

We pulled up in front of the Prime Minister's house exactly at the appointed time, twelve, and were asked to wait in a room just beyond the front veranda.

I opened and set up my typewrit-



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er (now repaired), inserted a page, and double-checked the home row. One flubbed interview was enough, I thought.

"I hope Pandit Nehru won't object to my taking a picture," Brother Om said, fidgeting with the camera.

"Why should he?" Daddyji said. "He's probably one of the most photographed men in the world."

There were gentle but deliberate footsteps, and we all stood up. "This is my son Ved, about whom I spoke to you, Panditji," Daddyji said, putting his arm around my waist. "And this is my eldest son, Om."

We did our "*Namaste*"s and sat down, I with Pandit Nehru on a sofa, and Daddyji and Brother Om across from us.

I wanted to tell Pandit Nehru that I had kept my faith in him all through the cruel days of Partition, that I loved him like Daddyji, that I was prepared even to forgo ever going to America if I could serve him in any way. But my tongue felt like a wedge of ice in my mouth.

"Panditji, he can type. You can dictate to him," Daddyji said.

"Oh!" he exclaimed.

I waited, my fingers poised over the keys, to do his bidding.

Prime Minister Nehru seemed to be lost in thought, but then he dictated this slowly, as if he were thinking it out as he went along: "I shall be an unofficial ambassador of my country. Wherever I go, I will behave in a manner that will bring honour to my homeland."

I took out the page and handed it to him. The cheep-cheep of a sparrow on

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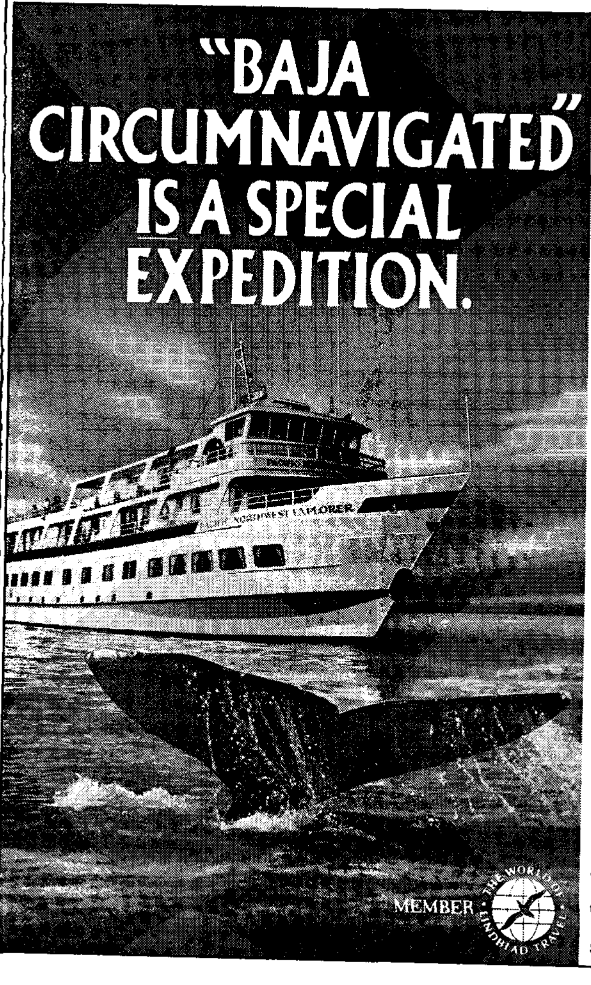

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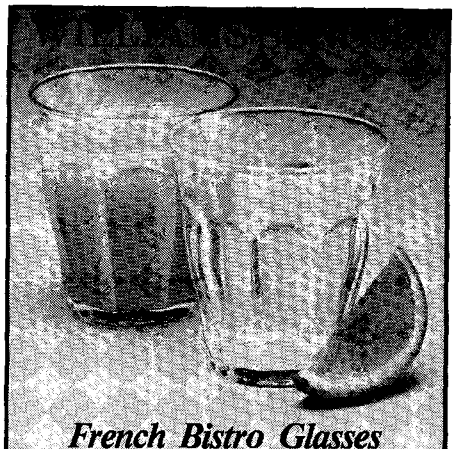

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the veranda sounded very loud in the silence.

"Panditji, would you autograph it?" Daddyji said.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Oh! If you like."

Daddyji gave Pandit Nehru his fountain pen, and he signed it.

Daddyji asked me to read aloud a few sentences from the *Arkansas Braille News*.

"That's not necessary," the Prime Minister said. There was a little rustling at my side, as if he were gesturing. "What happened?"

"Meningitis," Daddyji said. "He was very small."

"Oh!" he said, again with surprise in his voice. He added, to me, "I was almost your age when I went to England. But that was a very long time ago."

I had often heard him speak on the radio, but I was not prepared for how youthful he sounded. He could be a student, I thought—an older student, but still a student. I felt very close to him.

Pandit Nehru stood up.

"My eldest son would like to take your picture with Ved, Panditji," Daddyji said. "The light on the veranda is good."

We walked out onto the veranda, and Brother Om took two pictures—one of Pandit Nehru and me, the other of Pandit Nehru, Daddyji, and me.

As I was taking leave of him, Pandit Nehru abruptly said, "I think your father told me you were going to Arkansas. Why Arkansas?"

I felt blood rushing to my cheeks. I didn't want him to know about all the rejection letters I had received. (I destroyed most of them one day when I was seventeen, because I thought of them as constituting a record of my shame.)

"It is Arkansas, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, my voice barely audible to me. "That's the only place that would have me."

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and Asha and Satinder and Usha and Vijay and Naresh and Arun and Anil and Dimpi were all coming to see me off at the airport. But Mamaji said that Babuji's health was indifferent and he might not be able to come.

With Daddyji, I went to visit him at Uncle Dwarka's, in Old Delhi, where he was then living. He was sitting on the veranda and reading a newspaper.

"I don't know when we'll meet again," he said. "People who go to America nowadays never come back."

"Babuji, he'll come back," Daddyji said. "But it may be ten years or more, because he'll have to do his high-school graduation and then go to the university. Who knows? Then he may want to go in for a Ph.D."

"Your daddy is a very ambitious man," Babuji said.

"I'm certainly ambitious for him," Daddyji said.

"I would like to give you something to remember your grandfather by," Babuji said. He got up and went into his room, which was just to one side of the veranda.

I sat on a wicker chair drumming my fingers and wondering what Babuji could possibly have to give me. He had lost everything. He had been able to bring just his walking stick from Lahore.

Babuji returned and put in my hand some thin papers held together with an ordinary shoelace type of tape. "Just some papers," he said. "Family papers."

I held them on my lap as he blessed me and gave me the customary sweetmeat to sweeten my mouth.

In the car, I asked Daddyji what the papers were.

He glanced over at them and said, "They look like some fragments he's copied out for you from his diary about Partition."

I thought no more about them until years later, when I was trying to recall my departure. Then, when I had read them, I asked myself: What could Babuji have had in mind? (By then, he was dead.) How could he have given me something so staggeringly apt—especially since at the time Babuji believed that I was destined for the life of a music master, and that my going to the West was a whim of Daddyji's and mine which had to be humored?

The diary fragments read:

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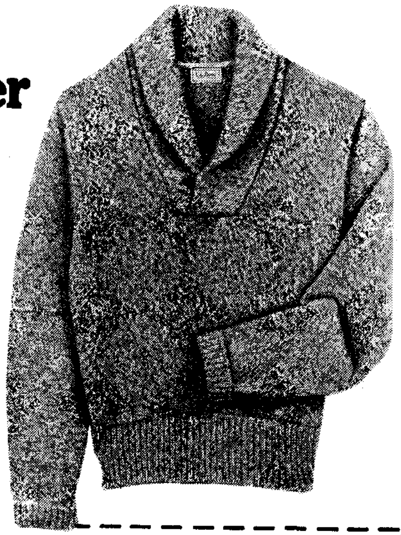

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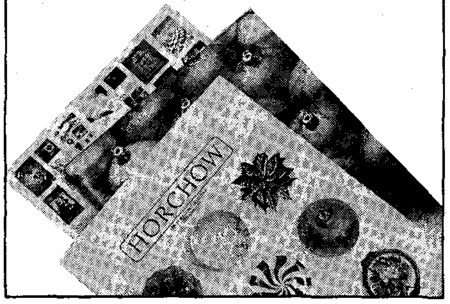

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Amritsar. Trouble started in the Punjab in Feb-March. Massacre & destruction of property by Muslims created a record. The mischief spread to Amritsar, Lahore, and other places in June and by end of August conflagration was in full swing—Had to leave Lahore on 27/8 as a refugee. Stay in Lahore having become most risky. Came to Amritsar where Bhagwan Das was working as addl. [additional] Sessions Judge. I was accompanied by wife & son Lakshman Das. His wife had left earlier with Shanti & family on 11/8. Knew that Lahore was to go to Pakistan but believed that this would bring calm & peace and that Muslims will stop their nefarious activities. As a fact the situation grew worse and Hindus & Sikhs were forced to run away for their lives. Immigration from both sides was in full force. Men, women & children were ruthlessly attacked in trains, trucks, & on foot, on both sides of the border & both Govts. failed to stop this carnage. This continued till end of Sept.—This continued in October, too. Convoys of Refugees from both sides continued their journeys by foot, by truck, & by rail—Left Amritsar for Delhi on 25/10 with Lakshman Das & his wife & boys & my wife in his Car—Refugees met us on the road which had been destroyed by floods of Sutlij & Beas Rivers. Reached here at 8.30 p.m. Delhi was full of refugees from Pakistan, rich & poor, old & young. All had suffered immense losses & were depressed.

At Delhi, too, the atmosphere was far from calm. Mahatma Gandhi did heroic work to restore peace—His daily speeches at his evening prayer meetings proved most effective in this connection. This created a sort of opposition & revolt in certain type of Hindus who were for retaliation against Muslims. This culminated in a most brutal act by a Hindu Mahratha young man who shot M. Gandhi dead at his prayer meeting on evening of 30/1/1948. What a tragedy. A Preacher of Ahimsa and a Saint thus assassinated by most violent act of a Hindu. God's ways are mysterious. There was a universal revulsion & general condemnation of this tragedy not in whole of India but in the whole world—Lakshman Das left for Lahore on 6/2 to work in his Bank there. He remained in Lahore for a fortnight.

On 27/2 full 6 months after our exit from our home, 16 Mozang Road, Lakshman Das went there to bring out our goods left there. But it was found that everything valuable had been stolen by the occupants!! What a sad commentary upon Muslim mentality. Highest to lowest have become callous & feel no scruple in robbing Hindus by all possible means.

Lakshman Das arrived in Delhi on 1.3 by air—He had fever due to Jaundice. His stay in Lahore nervousness, worry, & anxiety led to breakdown of his health, which needs rest, physical & mental.

Lakshman Das transferred to Lucknow. Reached there on 6/5. Wife went to stay with Pushpa, who was ill—I spent a fortnight in Simla in May.

4/6/1948—Sister Durga Devi died in Delhi at 4 p.m. after prolonged illness.

His will be done. A link with past snapped-

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Babuji's concerns, many of them now incomprehensible, were also fragments of my life, for his diary fragments, painstakingly copied out by hand, crystallized my past of exertion and depression, of waiting and impatience, of births and deaths, of sickness and superstition, of loss and exile—right down to his home remedies for many of the afflictions I left behind when I left India that August.

—VED MEHTA

(*This is the last part of a four-part article.*)

•

Under the new House science committee rule, a member may insert a statement after the hearing if permission is obtained, and a witness can supply information for the record later, but spoken words in the text cannot be altered.

"If you said it's 'water under the bridge' and you meant to say 'water over the bridge,' you cannot change that," a staff member said, explaining the new rule.

Washington Post.

Just as well.

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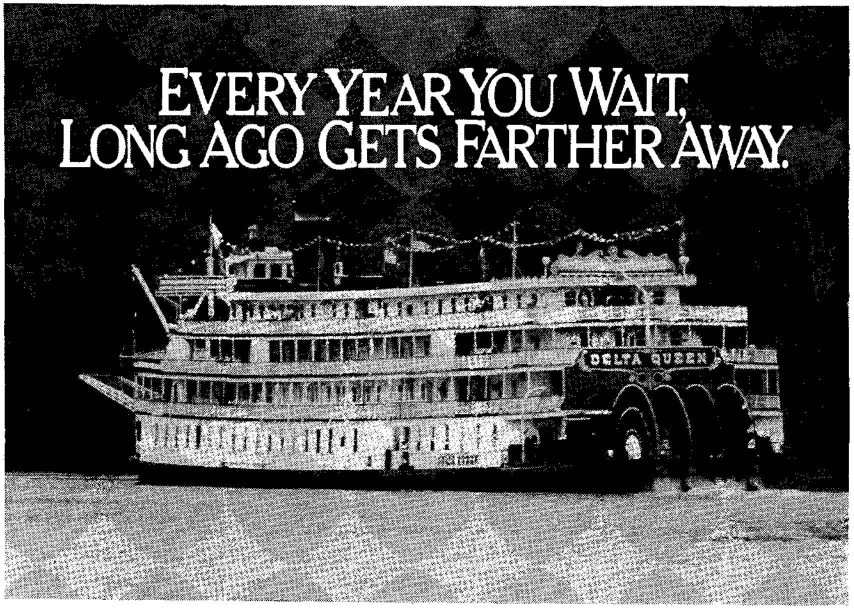

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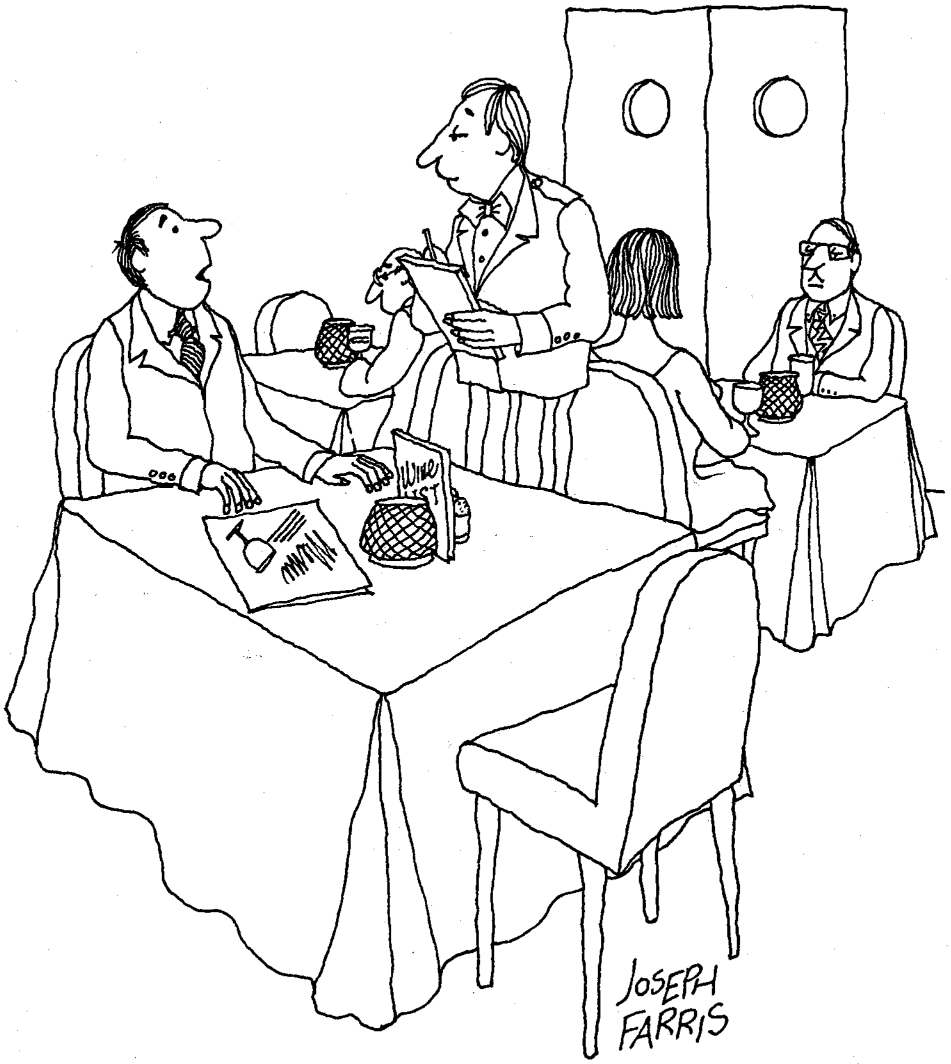
IN July, 1882, Wagner completed "Parsifal" by bringing it to performance in the theatre for which it had been composed, and a month later—at the last performance in the run of sixteen—he conducted the final scene himself, taking over the baton from Hermann Levi at (the chronicles are precise) Bar 23 of the transformation music. A few months later, he died, aged sixty-nine. On his last night, he and Cosima spoke at supper with their children about the ocean and its denizens—they had been reading "Undine"—and, before that, about prisons and punishments, such as the treadmill, as being institutions for the protection of private property. Three nights earlier, Wagner had dreamed of his mother as a young, elegant woman, and, the night after that, of Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, whose inspired performance as Beethoven's Leonore, he wrote in "Mein Leben," determined his decision to become a musician. "All the womenfolk in my life," he told Cosima, "pass before me." (Around this time, he also dreamed of receiving letters from Mathilde Wesendonk and, perhaps, Friederike Meyer, which he left unopened lest Cosima be jealous.) The dreams of his penultimate night are unrecorded, but during it he got up to look for his checkbook, failed to find it, and was disturbed. On his last night, before retiring he embraced Cosima tenderly and said, "Once in five thousand years things work out right!" He played to her the Rhinemaidens' lament at the end of "Das Rheingold"—"False and base those who rejoice on high"—and said, "To think I understood that so clearly at the time!" Once in bed, he added, "I'm fond of them, these humble creatures of the deep, these yearning ones." And with those words Cosima's diary ends. Her daughter Daniela added a brief postscript, recalling among Papa's last observations his ever-increasing admiration for Aeschylus and his distress that men could be so cruel to animals.



"I'm a good guy. What do you recommend for a good guy?"

About fifty years ago, it was reckoned that more books had been written about Wagner than about anyone else except Christ and Napoleon; and each month continues to bring new volumes about him and his works. The most important publication of recent years has been of Cosima's diaries; they appeared in German in 1976-77—a handy paperback edition is now available—and then in English translation (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). They tell one of the world's great love stories, and they provide an intimate daily record of Wagner's thoughts, conversations, memories, dreams, reading during the years when he completed the composition of the "Ring," built Bayreuth, produced the "Ring" there, and composed and produced "Parsifal." On page after page, they throw new shafts of light on his music dramas: on the significance of particular moments, on deep underlying themes. Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's "Parsifal" film, with its dense networks of imagery and rich allusiveness, gives some idea of the linked complexities of the intellectual life revealed in Cosima's diaries. It is enthralling, but not a model for theatre directors to follow. In the theatre, the aim should probably be clarity, not further embellishment—but not simplification, either—of works already so rich.

In Cosima's account of Wagner's last days, his varied concerns—political, emotional, musical, literary, financial, humane—pass in review. His lifework was not yet finished. "Parsifal" was composed, and Bayreuth was built, but there had been only two Bayreuth festivals: the "Ring" in 1876, and "Parsifal" in 1882. His widow, his son, his son's widow, and then, in 1951, when Bayreuth reopened after the war, his grandsons took up the task of bringing all his operas from "The Flying Dutchman" on to performance there, and of establishing Bayreuth as an annual theatre festival whose high seriousness would draw serious-minded people from all over the world. In

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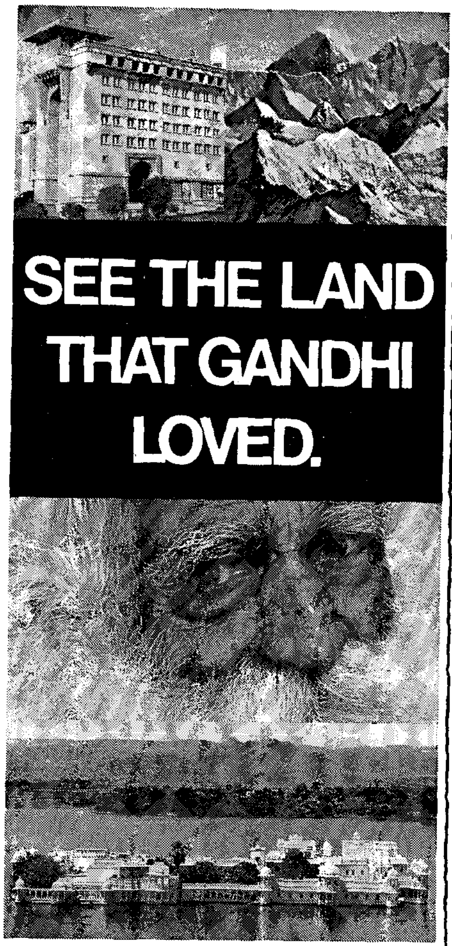

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UNBELIEVABLE
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Wagner's centenary year, the Bayreuth Festival seems more important than ever. Statesmen, philosophers, poets, musicians, and magnates were there in an audience that also contained many passionately concerned (and frequently vociferous) young people. The performances often left much to be desired. But, as Bernard Shaw, that stern critic of much he saw and heard on the Green Hill, once remarked, whatever shortcomings of execution one may encounter, one never regrets making the journey to Bayreuth.

THIS year, besides the new "Ring," there were revivals of "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Parsifal." "Meistersinger" is a 1981 production by Wolfgang Wagner—his second and Bayreuth's fifth since the war. Wieland and Wolfgang have both practiced *Entdeutschungspolitik*—a policy of deliberate de-Germanization, in contrast to the nationalist manifestations of their mother's regime, which led to much misunderstanding of Wagner. All Bayreuth program books now carry on the cover, in three languages, a sentence from Wagner's "Art and Revolution":

> Whereas the Greek work of art expressed the spirit of a splendid nation, the work of art of the future is intended to express the spirit of free people irrespective of all national boundaries; the national element in it must be no more than an ornament, an added individual charm, not a confining boundary.

The declaration was brought into prominence at Wieland's 1963 "Meistersinger" production, and Sachs sang his eulogy of "die heil'ge deutsche Kunst" not as bombastic assertion but, faithful to Wagner's markings, with gentle, unassertive pride. It has been done that way ever since. Wolfgang's new production is good-humored, jolly, and comfortable to a fault. "Meistersinger" is not all nostalgia, picturesque crooked alleys filled with the scent of elder and linden, and lovely melodies. There is a streak of underlying violence running through all human history, as Sachs observes in his famous monologue—present even in dear Nuremberg, and ever to be guarded against with all the resources of love and art. Walther draws his sword to carve a way to his desires; Sachs quietly and firmly opposes him. The violence should not be overstated, as perhaps it was in Wieland's 1963 production. But if it is ignored, as in Wolfgang's new production, if there is no pain at all in the drama, the opera loses some of its richness. Peace and happiness are not lightly won. "Meistersinger" is a warning as well as a joyous celebration. Wolfgang gave us a comedy of Eva and her three suitors—all three of them young and handsome. Beckmesser, not Sachs, was allotted the pantomime at the end of Act I—in defiance of Wagner's score. At the end of Act III, Sachs took the laurel wreath from his brow and went up to Beckmesser (who in this version had stayed behind after his discomfiture, to hear what Walther made of the prize song), and it looked as if he were going to award Beckmesser the crown. Instead, he clapped him on the shoulder in friendly fashion and hung the crown on the Mastersinger shield. While the populace acclaimed their beloved Sachs, he gracelessly sloped off into the wings. It's possible human behavior—but it's not what the music tells us. Wolfgang invites us to hear with an ironic ear Wagner's totally unironic C-major rejoicing.

Half-timbered Nuremberg was replaced by stone buildings, crisp and new-looking. Old Nuremberg was certainly new once, but "Meistersinger" décor should, I believe, reflect the picturesque archaism that is a deliberate element of Wagner's score. Bernd Weikl, the Sachs, was in fine voice, even if the notion of legato singing seems never to have crossed his mind. Hermann Prey was an entertaining and pleasant Beckmesser. Siegfried Jerusalem was a tall, romantic Walther, whose tenor, however, did not run freely into the higher reaches of the role. Mari Anne Häggander's Eva was competent but colorless. Graham Clark was a loud—not a sweet, winning—David. Manfred Schenk's Pogner was firmly sung but lacked personality. The outstanding bass belonged to Matthias Hölle, the nightwatchman; his eleven-o'clock call, which Wagner wanted sung "with gently quavering voice," rang out with the same grandeur and beauty as had the ten-o'clock. The cast (all but the Vogelgesang) has been held intact for three years. The performance ran very smoothly, but there was a slight feeling of routine about it—routine pepped up, not convincingly, by exaggerated "reactions," such as Cosima once deplored ("the so-called liveliness and naturalness of the chorus, the stereotyped exchanges of glances and gestures"). Horst Stein

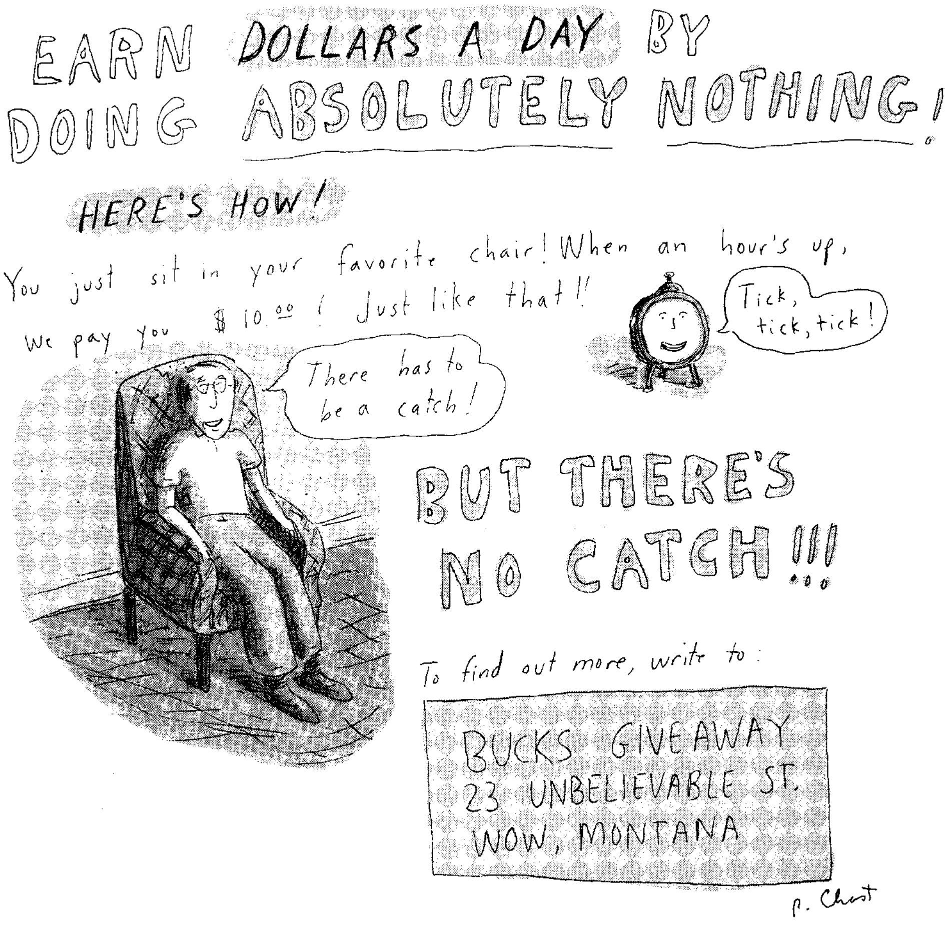
POPULAR RECORDS

Exultation

IN many respects, "Ella à Nice" (Pablo 2308 234) is the most jubilant performance I have yet encountered by the singer Ella Fitzgerald, whether in person or on records. It's a recital ranging, in an exhilaratingly free-swinging way, through Gershwin, Porter, Ellington, Handy, and assorted other composers, seemingly as the mood takes Miss Fitzgerald. Though it was set down in Nice in July, 1971, and was released in France shortly after that, it has only lately been issued in this country. We are all the more fortunate for its availability because, although the singer is in excellent voice, the notes inform us that she overrode the objections of an eye doctor and her producer and manager, Norman Granz, to her going on with the affair. The notes are in French, by the way, as is the identification of the accompanying trio—Tommy Flanagan ("piano"), Ed Thigpen ("batterie"), and Frank De La Rosa ("basse"). As it happens, the enthusiasm of the audience at the Théâtre de Verdure is fully justified, and while the recording balances are less than ideal (this is not the sort of polished work achieved in studio sessions, or even, on occasion, in concert surroundings) the spiritedness of the occasion, the "presence," is on a par with—oh, say, Benny Goodman's memorable 1938 "Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert," itself first issued long after the event.

Miss Fitzgerald has us in her thrall right from the start—in an almost seven-minute frolic with "Night and Day," in which more or less straightforward accounts of the Porter classic precede darting investigations of fragments of the tune, leading to a section where she toys with the title phrase until she works it into a coda, and then, at the crowd's insistence, picks up the pieces again to develop them into a new finish. That opening cannot be topped, naturally, but it leads with engaging ease into a Porter medley consisting of "Get Out of Town," "Easy to Love" (a caressing, sensitive rendition, second only to Miss Fitzgerald's fuller, definitive version of this lovely song in the two-record Verve set "The Cole Porter Songbook"), and "You Do Something to Me."

Other medleys include one made up of the ballads "Body and Soul," "The Man I Love" (the lyric is, unfortunately, botched in the closing section), and an "I Loves You Porgy" in which only the opening phrase is used, its soaring line lifting Miss Fitzgerald into some improvisations that conclude with a stunning pyrotechnic display, as if the singer, at an inspirational high, couldn't wait to whip into the subsequent bossa-nova whirligig, most of it centered on "The [Boy] from Ipanema." After a bit—an expansive "Summertime" is followed by a swinging "They Can't Take That Away from Me"—we come upon an Ellington medley made up of "Mood Indigo," "Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me," and, in a dizzying conclusion, "It Don't Mean a Thing." Winding up this refreshing and seemingly random concert are, in this order, "Something," "St. Louis Blues," "Close to You," and the gospel-like "Put a Little Love in Your Heart."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A SIMILAR feeling of exultation, stimulated by the interaction of soloist and orchestra, can be found in the concert album, taken down well over a year ago, by Sarah Vaughan entitled "Gershwin Live!" (CBS FM-37277). Despite the scope given the songstress, this is a more formal outing than the Fitzgerald one, for the accompanying body is the Los Angeles Philharmonic, under Michael Tilson Thomas, with playing arrangements by Marty Paich. Although much of Miss Vaughan's vocalizing is done with an anchoring trio (George Gaffney, piano; Andy Simpkins, bass; Harold Jones, drums), the full orchestra is usually there to trace a background or to take over entirely—as in the opening "Porgy and Bess" overture—or to assert itself, as it does in the richly arranged finish to the last encore, "A Foggy Day." Nevertheless, even within these limits, and no doubt spurred by the grandness of the musical texture, the protean singer is able to let her voice roam up and down the scale at will, plunging from high, keening soprano to contralto depths, stressing certain notes at the expense of others, and, in general, indulging in all her familiar mannerisms as she turns the recital into a solo display largely of her own design. In a few of the more effective numbers—"Sweet and Low Down," "Do It Again," and the introduction to "The Man I Love"—the singer is heard with piano alone, played by the conductor in his own arrangements. (The languorous introduction to "The Man I Love"

For thirteen years, I'd not been back to Bayreuth, where I was once an almost annual pilgrim, and had relied instead on memories of Wieland's productions, of Astrid Varnay's Brünnhilde and Isolde and Hans Hotter's Wotan and Sachs, of Hans Knappertsbusch's conducting for Wagnerian nourishment. The chop and change of later casts (no dependable truly heroic soprano has emerged since Birgit Nilsson sang her last Bayreuth Brünnhilde, in 1967, and no evident successor as Siegfried to Wolfgang Windgassen, who did the part most years from 1953 to 1967) and the prevalence of lightweight conductors provided small inducement to return. Radio relays tended to confirm what one feared about the musical level. The emphasis seemed to be on novel, startling, "shocking" inscenation, on *succès de scandale.* (Wieland had many new ideas, and some of them were startling, but in his productions he put the emphasis where Wagner insisted it should be—on individual singers inspired to give great performances.) One can't live on memories alone. Although this year the "Ring" was fumbled, "Meistersinger" reduced to a romp, and "Tristan" travestied, Bayreuth cast its wonted spell all the same. "Parsifal" was Wieland's greatest production. It was done from 1951 to 1973. Again and again, I marvelled at it. The new "Parsifal," richly decked where Wieland's had been magically plain, was scarcely less wonderful. —ANDREW PORTER

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Another of the charges was that Robert Perry, former EPA general counsel, lied when he told a congressional subcommittee that he was unaware that his staff kept a "green book" in which they graded EPA employees on political loyalty. Perry had told a subcommittee that he knew of no book that contained "derogatory information."

The investigation disclosed that Perry was aware of a grading book and instructed his staff on what grades to give to EPA employees, but the report said Perry did not lie because the book contained positive as well as "derogatory" statements.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Oh.

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Police Log in the Corte Madera* (*Calif.*) *Twin Cities Times*]

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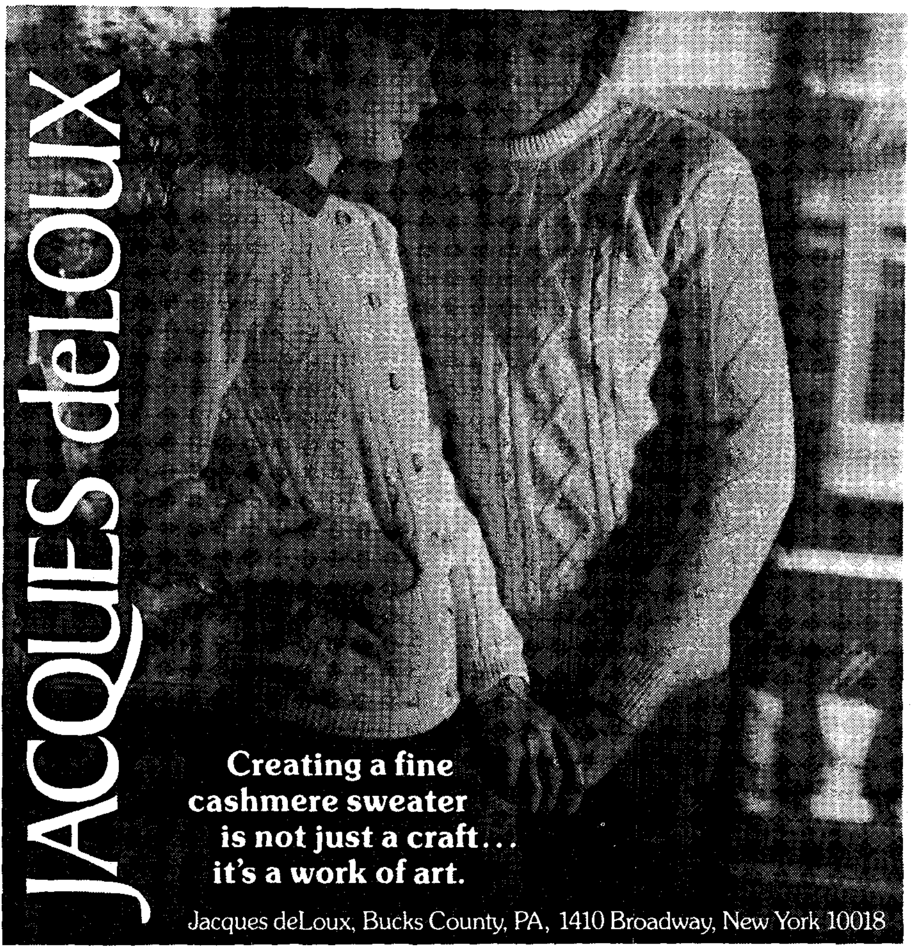
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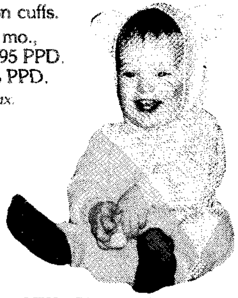

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sonorous, if slightly plain, Mark. Daniel Barenboim's conducting was emotional, episodic, short-spanned, and the orchestra was often too assertive. The Liebestod was accompanied as if to obliterate Miss Meier's faltering voice.

THE "Parsifal," directed by Götz Friedrich and designed by Andreas Reinhardt, was new last year. It's set in a giant tower—the walls a series of arcades, tier upon tier—which has been laid on its side: we look through its base, as it were, past a narrowing perspective of arches on their sides, to a top open to the sky except in the first Grail scene. I'm not sure what it "means," but it makes an arresting frame, packed with visual incident, and within it the individual scenes are well designed. The flower garden has the colorful exuberance of Paul von Joukowsky's sketch for the first "Parsifal;" the Good Friday meadow glows and burgeons with a soft radiance (very unlike the glitzy lighting effects in Ponnelle's "Tristan" grove); the Grail hall is noble and imposing. The production has its oddities: Klingsor summons his knights through an intercom, and they prove to be robots; Kundry indulges in some mannered business with bolts of blue cloth. But otherwise it's a solemn, essentially accurate, and beautiful staging, superlatively well lit. Friedrich's interpretative gloss at the end bears thought: women gather and join the knights as Parsifal elevates the Grail; like Tamino, he initiates the closed brotherhood into less restrictive rites.

Moreover, "Parsifal" was the only opera this year that sounded like an authentic Bayreuth performance. James Levine's reading was broad, long-breathed, unhurried, energetic without febrility. The orchestral playing was full, warm, and beautiful. In the title role, Peter Hofmann, often an uneven performer, was at his best—not brattish, as he'd been in New York, but young, clear, incisive in the first act, noble in the second, and gravely moving in the third. Leonie Rysanek's command of the stage and of the extraordinary character of Kundry was complete; her singing was uneven. There were three first-rate basses in Hans Sotin (a lyrical Gurnemanz), Salminen (a majestic Titurel), and Hölle (second knight). Simon Estes' Amfortas was perhaps a shade overrhetorical, and Franz Mazura's Klingsor was vivid but almost overdone.

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was a solid, rather coarse-grained conductor.

"TRISTAN" is a 1981 production by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle. Ponnelle, in his usual search for striking novelties, such as made his "Flying Dutchman," his "Rigoletto," his "Falstaff" so distasteful and ineffective, rides roughshod over the opera and manages to destroy its most dramatic moments (the drinking of the potion, for example). His set for Act I is a tease. The ship is formalized; its stern rises as a tree trunk, and its gunwales suggest the ramparts of Kareol. But it proves not to be a unit set after all. Act II is realistic-romantic: an immense, stage-spanning leafy tree, with twisted rugose trunk; mossy banks; a pool of real water in which the lovers dabble their hands and gaze at their reflections. It's played upon by a stunning light show in golds, browns, blues, and silver. Act III is not the Kareol castle garden but a bare rocky islet in a tinsel sea. Here Tristan, watched over by Kurwenal and the shepherd, dies in delirium, imagining that Isolde has returned to him and sung him a Liebestod. The shepherd pipes the *alte Weise* over him like a snake charmer and pipes his jolly tune at Kurwenal's bidding. (Where is Isolde meanwhile? Has she settled down as King Mark's wife? Wagner's drama is resolved; Ponnelle's is not.) In Act I, at curtain rise Isolde kneels on the deck in shift and tall crown, a huge cloak spread in a circle around her. (Kneeling is the new cliché at Bayreuth: Sieglinde and Siegmund, Brünnhilde and Siegfried, Kundry and —more appropriately—Parsifal seem to sing most of their music kneeling, and very stagy it looks.) During Isolde's narration, Tristan, behind a gauze screen, mimes the action she describes. Later, they drink simultaneously from a large bowl—with comic effect, for the potion, had there been any, would have slopped out between their mouths.

Johanna Meier, so promising an Isolde a few years ago, and hailed in this production in 1981, was sadly unsteady. Much trouble had evidently been taken to turn Spas Wenkoff into a presentable Tristan. He was accurate. His notes and his words were clear. He acted passably. But his timbre is thick, and his presence prosaic. Hermann Becht's Kurwenal was bawled. Hanna Schwarz's Brangäne was strained and off-pitch. The best singing came from Matti Salminen, a

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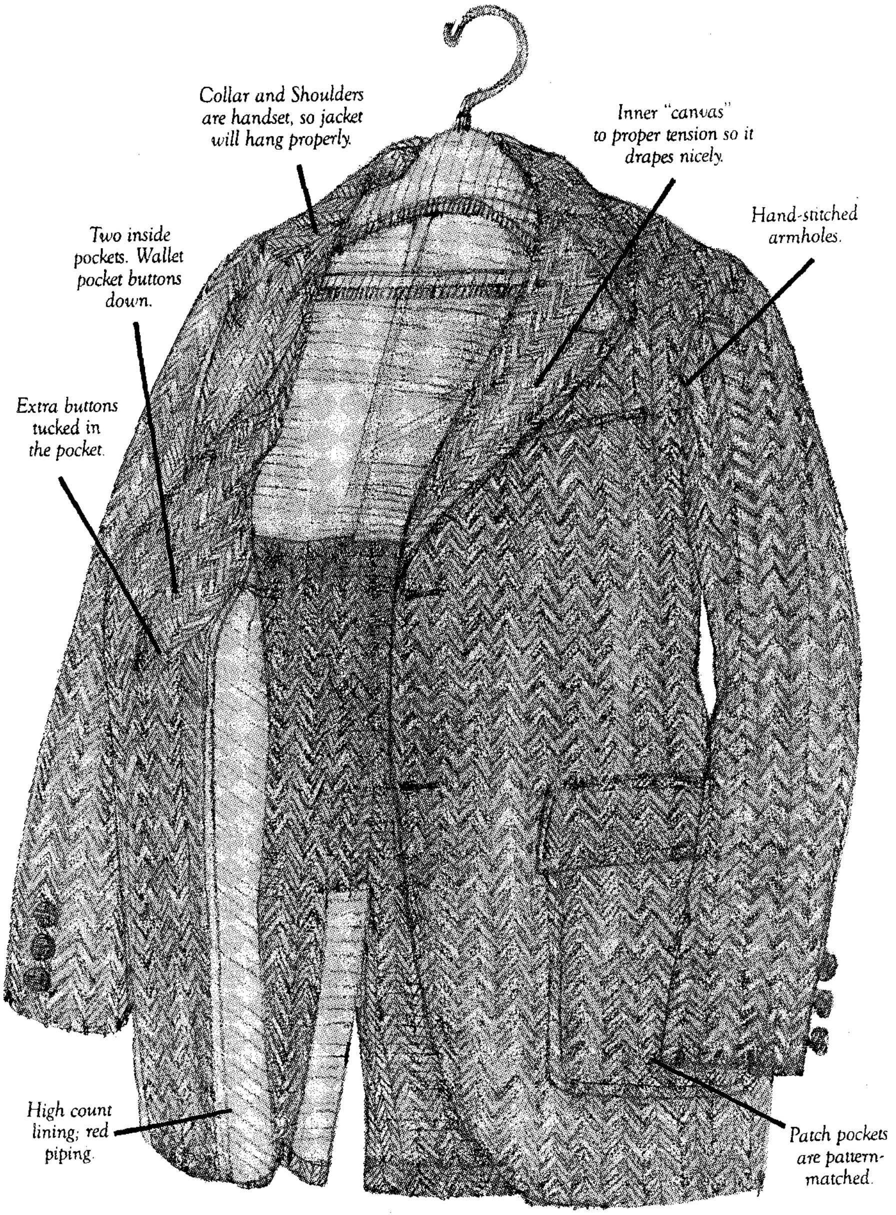
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constitutes a remarkably effective, almost impressionistic piano variation on the Gershwin theme.)

The material is practically foolproof. There is a "Porgy and Bess" medley (Miss Vaughan gives us a full measure of "I Loves You Porgy"); a scattering of Broadway show tunes, including, besides the few already referred to, "Fascinating Rhythm," "But Not for Me," "Embraceable You," "Someone to Watch Over Me," " 'S Wonderful," "Swanee," "Strike Up the Band," and "I've Got a Crush on You;" and the movie songs "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "Nice Work if You Can Get It," and that final Gershwin creation "Love Is Here to Stay."

While Miss Vaughan's vocal excesses can prove annoying at times, they can also be wonderfully expressive, as in the throatily insistent "Do It Again," with an abundance of "do"s employed to stretch out phrases for a slow treatment of the song, or in the scatting chorus of "Fascinating Rhythm." The main thing is that Miss Vaughan, like Miss Fitzgerald on the other record, is so obviously enjoying herself ("Not tonight, baby," she amicably tells a woman in the audience shouting " 'Perdido'!") that one delights in her virtuosity. Only in "My Man's Gone Now," rightfully accorded a spot of its own instead of being inserted in the "Porgy and Bess" medley, does she falter (as does the orchestration, I might add, in a jazz-waltz passage), for the Vaughan stylings are completely out of place in this searing lament, which has not to this day been so affectingly sung as it was by Ruby Elzy in the original and, alas, unrecorded production of the folk opera.

THOSE two paragons of popular singing, Fitzgerald and Vaughan, tend to use songs as vehicles, shaping them to their own designs and impulses, much of the time with sparkling results. But such singers as Susannah McCorkle, heard on "The People That You Never Get to Love" (Inner City IC 1151); Rosemary Clooney, heard on "Rosemary Clooney Sings the Music of Harold Arlen" (Concord CJ-210); Sylvia Syms, heard on "Syms by Sinatra" (Reprise 23724-1); and Joan Morris, heard on "More Rodgers and Hart" (RCA ARL1-4676) place themselves at the service of the composer and the lyricist. Miss Syms, backed by a large orchestra that was arranged for by the late Don Costa and conducted by Frank Sinatra, swings out a bit, sometimes with little fillips, but she doesn't endeavor to reshape the numbers. She persuasively, intelligently, and attractively interprets ten songs—for the most part, standards such as "Hooray for Love," "Them There Eyes," "I Thought About You," and "You Go to My Head." Miss Clooney—supported by a sextet in which pianist Dave McKenna, cornettist Warren Vaché, guitarist Ed Bickert, and tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton are allotted solo breaks here and there—sings choice Arlen pieces ("My Shining Hour," "Stormy Weather," "Out of This World," and "One for My Baby," to name a few) in her characteristically level, unadorned, convincing manner. Miss Morris, accompanied by her husband, the concert pianist William Bolcom, is almost too literal in her approach during this second recording of Rodgers and Hart songs by the pair. In a few instances, she's joined by Max Morath, and while Rodgers and Hart are well outside the province normally occupied by the ragtime pianist, singer, and musicologist—and delver into other early American pop forms—he does add a welcome note of vigor to an otherwise bland concert.

Miss McCorkle is special indeed. She merits attention not only for the appealing naturalness of her singing but also because of her apt choice of material. On previous records, she has investigated the œuvres of the lyricists Johnny Mercer and E. Y. Harburg and the music of Harry Warren. This time, she has put together a winningly unhackneyed recital of songs, by an assortment of writers, in which the only widely familiar works are "I Won't Dance," "I've Grown Accustomed to [His] Face," and "The Lady's in Love with You." Elsewhere (I'm inclined to overlook what appears to be a slight tendency toward songs of rue), she brings us an irresistible "Rain Sometimes," by the superior but infrequently heard from songwriter Arthur Hamilton; Oscar Brown, Jr.,'s frenetic "The Call of the City;" the Arthur Schwartz–Dorothy Fields ballad "Alone Too Long;" "The Hungry Years," a song by Neil Sedaka and Howard Greenfield; a Jobim samba entitled "No More Blues," which Miss McCorkle sings both in the original Portuguese and in the English translation, by the singer-arranger Jon Hendricks and Jessie Cavanaugh; the slyly amusing "Bye Bye Country Boy" of Blossom Dearie and Jack Segal; a fast song about fast food called "Foodaphobia;" and a few other fresh-sounding pieces, which strike the ear with more than moderate interest. The title song, "The People That You Never Get to Love," was for me the least entertaining of the lot. Miss McCorkle has the further advantage of being supported, in her accompanying quartet, by an unusually fine pianist named Keith Ingham, who is able to supply, with unfailing skill and sensitivity, precisely the right, enhancing accompaniment to each song.

A FINAL note: "Hugh Shannon, Saloon Singer" (Audiophile AP 171/172) brings together, on two records, a wide and varied selection from the late singing pianist's vast repertoire. Skipping about among Porter, Coward, Sondheim, Coleman, Mercer, and countless unfamiliar writers (sometimes of pieces I've never heard performed by another—pieces to which this casual but very knowing artist brought his own husky, distinctive baritone), this album represents a memorial collection, with photographs and several pages of notes, of performances taken down during a reasonably long but unfortunately truncated career.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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Like a tree with many branches, all of the above-captioned dockets involve projects to import Canadian natural gas at a point near Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada, for transportation to and sale in the Northeastern U.S. All of the branches appear to grow from a common trunk—a proposed large diameter pipeline to be constructed from the point of entry at the Canadian border to the Leidy Storage Field in Pennsylvania. Some of the branches are maturing faster than others. Some branches have mutated through amendments, while others may mutate in the future through amendments as yet unfiled. Some branches may reach fruition while others may wither. Some branches may (or may not) crowd each other in competition for the sunlight of related markets. The trunk itself may expand or shrink commensurate with the growth dynamics of the branches to be served.

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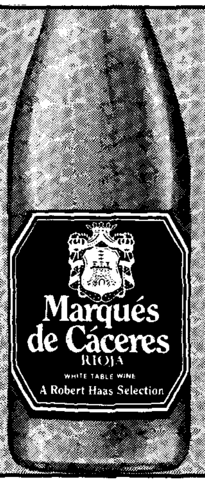

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BOOKS

Wars Ancient and Modern

“Miracle at Midway” is the second volume by Gordon W. Prange, a historian who died in 1980, to be published posthumously through the collaboration of two of his former students, Donald M. Goldstein and Katherine V. Dillon (McGraw-Hill; $19.95). Like its predecessor, “At Dawn We Slept: The Untold Story of Pearl Harbor,” the book is concerned equally with Japanese and American actions. The air-sea Battle of Midway (June 3-7, 1942) was a decisive Japanese defeat and a strategic turning point. The defeat was unexpected, both because the Japanese were numerically and qualitatively superior and because the same men who had led them to victory at Pearl Harbor planned and executed the Midway fiasco. A reversal (or a victory) so stunning leaves its chroniclers to contend with hindsight, that bugaboo of historians, and with chance, that nightmare of military men. These authors cope well. They never write as if the outcome had been foreseeable; in retrospect, however, they can show us Japanese errors, such as the scattering of forces for divided purposes.

Insofar as national characters can be said to match national stereotypes, the Japanese at Midway seem “American” in the confidence they placed in material superabundance. Three separate armadas, with attendant supply flotillas and a submarine screen, were to converge at Midway. The difficulty of coördinating these forces across Pacific distances became acute when Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, commanding the entire operation from a battleship wrapped in fog three hundred miles away, learned, at ten-fifty on the morning of the fourth, that three of four Japanese carriers were afire. (The Japanese committed four carriers to Midway and lost them all; the Americans lost one of three.) The Americans, by contrast, seem “Japanese” in their artfully frugal planning. Though by early May our naval cryptanalysts had warned of the impending attack, our preparations were limited by what was available to defend the atoll—very little, and that poor. Most American aircraft were obsolete, and in 1942 American torpedoes were defective: their course was erratic, and when, by luck, they hit a target they often failed to explode. Many of the American pilots who took off from Midway on the afternoon of the third and in the early morning of the fourth were shot down without damaging any Japanese ships. Then, at ten-twenty-two on the morning of the fourth, American aircraft made it certain that Japan could not win the Second World War. While Japanese fighter planes and anti-aircraft guns were shooting down an American torpedo-plane attack, dive bombers from the Enterprise hit two Japanese carriers. Battle reports were so confused that, to this day, no one knows who hit the third, but most historians think it was a flight from the Yorktown. These authors estimate that the reversal took three minutes. (Samuel Eliot Morison, in “The Two-Ocean War,” allowed six.)

“You are lean and hard, Brian, but Raimundo here is even leaner and harder.”

“Miracle at Midway” is as rich in detail and as fair in its judgments as “At Dawn We Slept.” It clarifies a battle that was a multiplicity of separate, furious, lethal collisions. It does justice to American resourcefulness, skill, determination, and courage. Nevertheless, the most compelling aspect of this volume is its intimacy with the defeated Japanese—with, for instance, Commander Minoru Genda, who remembered that he stood on the bridge of the carrier Akagi at ten o’clock watching American aircraft fall into the sea and telling himself, “We don’t need to be afraid of enemy planes no matter how many there are,” and forty-five minutes later fled his flaming vessel. The Japanese at Midway did not yet realize that their national effort, which had lasted more than ten years—since the invasion of Manchuria, in 1931—had been wiped out in minutes. “Miracle at Midway” is a matchless portrait of war as a gamble.

“War in the Falklands: The Full Story,” by the London *Sunday Times* Insight Team (Harper & Row; $14.95), enlists a larger crew to tell a war narrative deplorably similar to the one told by Mr. Prange and his collaborators. The British victory of 1982 was that of a numerically inferior force responding to a surprise attack launched in the midst of negotiations, and the action took place over ocean distances that, despite the forty years of technological advance since Midway, insured that both sides were often metaphorically as well as literally at sea. Mr. Prange believes that the Japanese plan belittled American thinking; the *Times* reporters find that the Argentine planners underestimated British courage. These reporters have a firm grasp of both sides of the diplomatic negotiations—a minuet of misunderstanding such as seems to precede modern wars—but they do not take sides in the continuing arguments about the keenness or dullness of their government in failing to foresee the Argentine assault, and though they are unsympathetic to the Argentine government, they are by no means uncritical of their own. They report British mistakes, and tell the journalists' side of the guerrilla war between the government and the media.

The *Times* team is as much concerned as Mr. Prange to do justice to the enemy. However, most of the fighting is seen from the British side, starting with the invasion, when the Falkland Islands radio quoted "The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy"—Douglas Adams' delightful science-fiction classic, whose motto is "Don't panic." The *Times* men pick up that vein—a chapter about Britain's counterassault is headed "The Empire Strikes Back"—but as their tale follows sea, air, and land battles it is plain that science fiction still outstrips fact. Except for Argentina's Exocet missiles and Britain's Harrier aircraft, most of the book describes a mechanical nursing home: altimeters do not work, radar dies, naval guns jam, small-boat engines will not start. The cost-conscious authors let us know that this junk heap comes high; they mention that a British Milan missile costs thirty-five thousand dollars a shot, and that one unfired naval torpedo costs eight hundred and seventy-five thousand. Their awareness of the economic expense is exceeded by their horror at the price in lives. Their descriptions of two successful British infantry attacks might serve as explications of Gerard Manley Hopkins' sonnet "The Soldier," which opens, "Yes. Why do we all, seeing of a soldier, bless him?" No matter how much pride the authors take in triumphs over superior numbers, both they and their sources—including one of the combat heroes, Major Chris Keeble, of the Second Parachute Battalion—make

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sure the reader appreciates that these victories were dear. Keeble says matter-of-factly that infantry combat is "gutter fighting."

"THE PURSUIT OF POWER: TECHNOLOGY, ARMED FORCE, AND SOCIETY SINCE A.D. 1000," by William H. McNeill (University of Chicago Press; $20), is a brilliant scholarly attempt to explain how mankind got into its present fix. Mr. McNeill finds repetitive patterns—for example, expensive military technology (such as Bronze Age chariots) encourages a military aristocracy, and an ideal infantry weapon (such as the crossbow) may be hard to make but is always easy to use—yet he is primarily interested in change and development. He believes that most civilizations have been command societies, in which orders proceed from the top—emperor or king—but that Western Europe, the unique exception, allowed the market to mobilize materials and human beings, and to apply inventiveness, innovation, and the search for efficiency to military as well as civilian affairs, with such success that wars achieved a multinational or global scale. He suspects that today the military-industrial complexes are introducing the command system into market societies.

Mr. McNeill starts his story in China in 1000 A.D., where he finds a predecessor of the West's industrial revolution whose unpredictable effects upset the Confucian bureaucracy. The mandarins used state power to smother that market, but Mr. McNeill thinks that China's new wealth had overflowed westward and stimulated the trading centers of the Mediterranean. Soon the Italian city-states created new riches, whose defense Italian businessmen entrusted to professional soldiers. That policy had the advantage of specialization; it also assured that soldiers did not plunder their prosperous employers but spent their pay in taxpayers' shops. Siege cannon challenged the independence of Italy's cities—a challenge that was met by the design of elaborate fortifications, far more costly to build than city walls. Step by step, Mr. McNeill demonstrates that inventions constantly made wars more expensive, and so required ever larger (or richer) political units to support them.

Mr. McNeill sees the origin of today's military-industrial complexes in the Anglo-German naval rivalry before the First World War. The British Navy, modernizing under the

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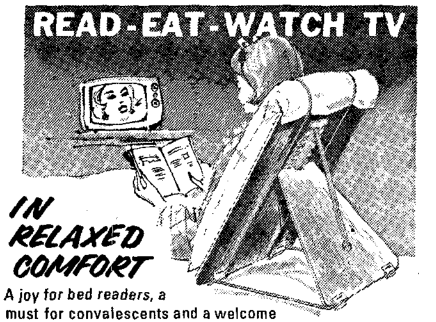

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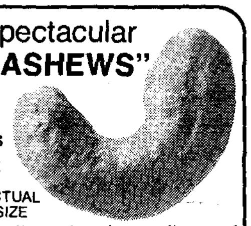

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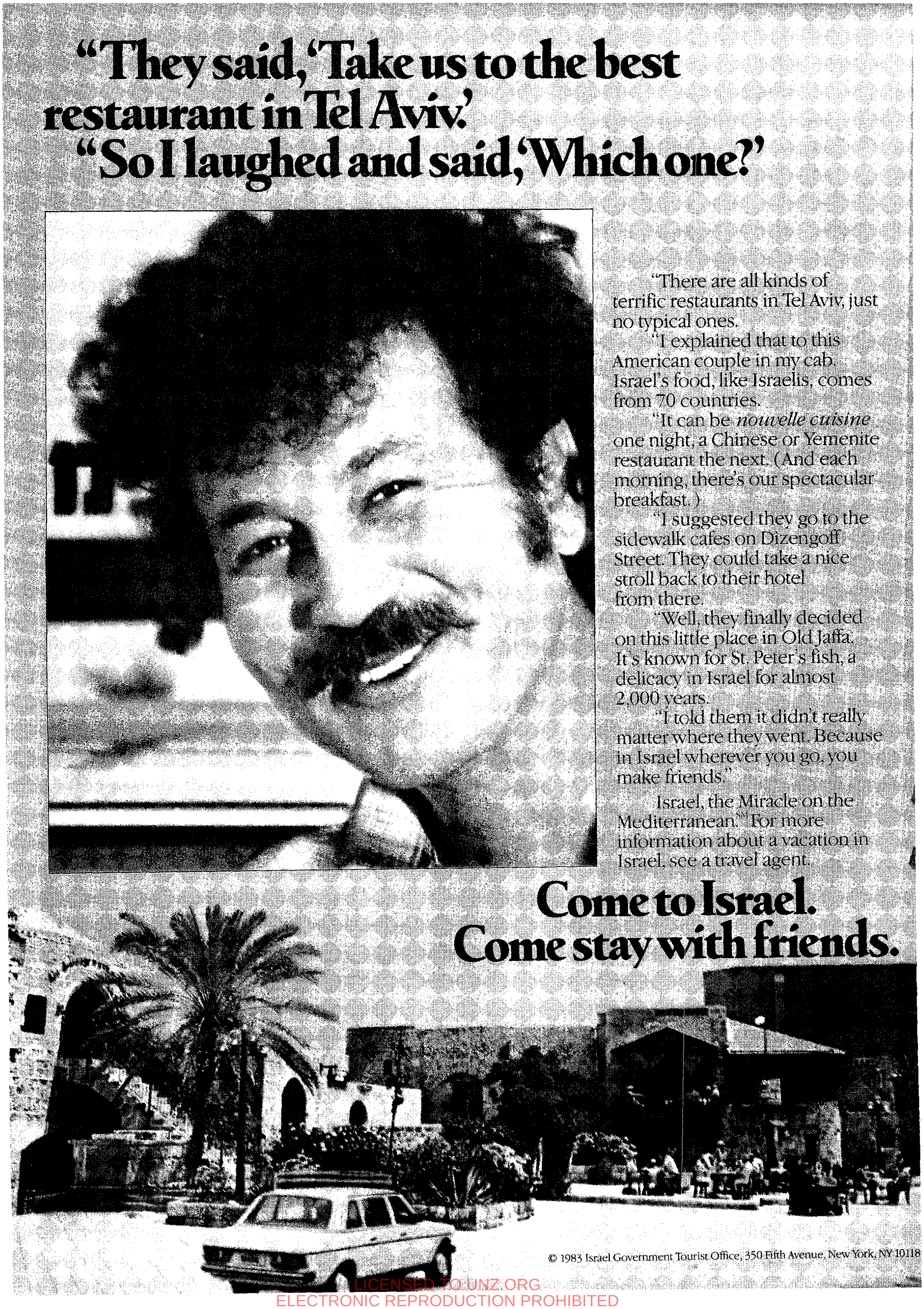
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somewhat hysterical impetus of Admiral John A. (Jackie) Fisher—who always reads to me like an earlier version of our own Admiral Rickover—called on arms manufacturers to invent what Fisher thought it needed, while Fisher, in collaboration with the sensational journalist W. T. Stead, pumped out propaganda to persuade Parliament and the public that the Navy needed what Jackie wanted. The Navy Leagues of both Britain and Germany contributed to anxiety and mutual hostility, and both countries' arms manufacturers, having increased plant capacity to meet new orders, sought the security of steady work. This could sometimes be found in foreign sales, but the interweaving of technical, economic, and personal ties between military men and civilians was most satisfactorily achieved by domestic arms programs. Mr. McNeill does not coarsen his argument by a crude assault on merchants of death. He points to such motives as patriotism (France's arms company Schneider-Creusot, for example, trimmed its sales to jibe with French foreign policy) and—what is perhaps even more compelling among the technologically educated—the delight of problem solving. And it also seems that not only manufacturers and military men enjoy sharing interesting, financially secure, and righteous endeavors; when Mr. McNeill discusses the national mobilizations of the First World War he suggests that the belligerents, and particularly Britain and France, rallied their populations so efficiently that they achieved something like national socialism before Hitler adopted the expression. Mr. McNeill reinforces my own fear that such a system is extremely alluring to all modern societies; he thinks that, in the Second World War the Anglo-American alliance attained the efficiency of a transnational assembly line.

I doubt whether the market was ever as influential as Mr. McNeill suggests: in so-called commercial societies men still value most what they know is priceless. We hear much praise of the market nowadays, possibly because contemporary command societies—Russia and China—are unsatisfactory, but more probably because most people believe, like Mr. McNeill, that the market's day is past, and write or speak as eulogists, exaggerating its power and its benevolence. I daresay most thinkers would prefer to see a system that permitted the freedoms and creativity of the market without its unpredictability and thoughtless cruelty, but it is difficult to discover if this is possible while we are preoccupied with survival. Mr. McNeill is thoroughly pessimistic. He feels that the only solution to the arms race is "a global sovereign power willing and able to enforce a monopoly of atomic weaponry"—a universal command society that would control population growth and would put an end to the "reckless rivalries and restless creativity of the millennium of upheaval, A.D. 1000-2000." One difficulty with such a solution is that command organization does not really cure the problem that human beings, though they are inventive, are not good. Stultifying the majority of humanity has never improved the virtue of its rulers. Although Mr. McNeill's conclusion is anything but utopian, his historical vision and his art in conveying it are imposing, whether he is commenting that the Assyrians devised the system of imperial management which remained standard until the nineteenth century; or explaining the innovations of Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange and Captain General of Holland and Zeeland, who, until his death in 1625, led the Netherlands' struggle against Spain, and who rethought Roman military usage and transformed soldiering from a spasmodic trade into the early-rising, hardworking occupation it has been ever since; or pointing out that European contempt for the United States—which persuaded nineteenth-century Europeans that the duration and ferocity of our Civil War merely proved American ineptitude, and convinced them that the wars of the future would resemble the speedy Prussian victories of 1866 and 1870—prepared Europe for a brief passage of arms in 1914. Mr. McNeill's comprehensiveness and sensitivity do for the reader what Henry James said that Turgenev's conversation did for him: they suggest "all sorts of valuable things." This narrative of rationality applied to irrational purposes and of ingenuity cannibalizing itself is a work of clarity, which delineates mysteries. The greatest of them, to my mind, is why human beings have never learned to cherish their own species. —Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Tiger for Malgudi, by R. K. Narayan (Viking; $14.75). A tale or parable or memoir told by a

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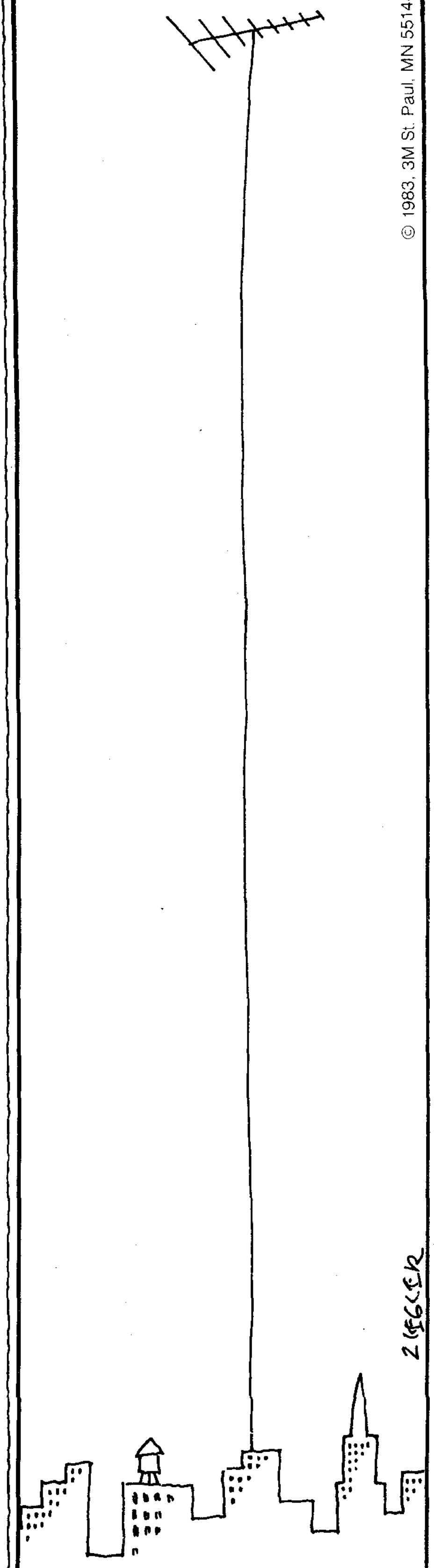

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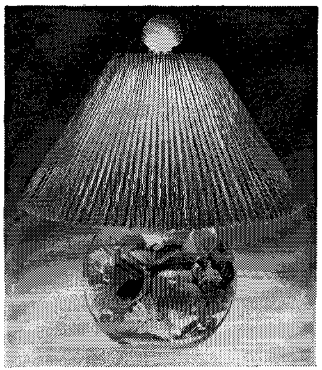

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tiger—physically magnificent and gifted with intelligence and sensibility—that is captured in his jungle habitat, brought to a circus, and there trained to run and jump through flaming hoops and share a plate of milk with a goat, and other such humiliations. He, or Raja, as he comes to be called, escapes, takes refuge in a schoolhouse, thus terrifying a town, and is rescued by a wandering holy man and led back to the wilderness and converted to a life of peace and meditation and only an occasional bite of meat. Much may be read into Raja's innocently sophisticated musings about the nature of man and the ways of civilization, but such enrichment is not necessary to the enjoyment of Mr. Narayan's beguiling company, the magical simplicity of his writing, the grace of his personality.

FISHER'S HORNPIPE, by Todd McEwen (Harper & Row; $12.95). The hornpipe seems a stately dance compared with the manic frenzy of Fisher's life after he slips one subfreezing day on Walden Pond, cracks his head on the ice, and comes up noisy, surly, lazy, and unlucky. Fisher is a young paperpusher at some sort of institute in Boston, and a painfully bad violinist, whose thirst for stout is only partly to blame for the fogs, and then the pickles, that he gets himself into. The pond accident trips off a run of picaresque disasters which comes to a climax with a pre-Christmas riot at Quincy Market after several indoor fiascoes—including one in a suburban commune that Fisher calls the Fruitlands ("She has no interest in *peas* for God's sake said Fisher She's just doing that *to be sitting in a ladderback chair in a kitchen with a woodstove shelling peas*")—and concludes in a hideout south of Boston, where Fisher spends New Year's Day with his one remaining friend, a pack rat who writes poetry about as well as Fisher plays the violin. Todd McEwen, whose first novel this is, has chosen a curiously shapeless typographical style, involving few commas and no quotation marks, but his hero's nasty wit and his own comic timing give the story all the sharp edges it needs.

THE HOUSE OF WOMEN, by Chaim Bermant (St. Martin's; $12.95). "I writhed with undefined longings which, once I began to think of them, were not all that undefined,"

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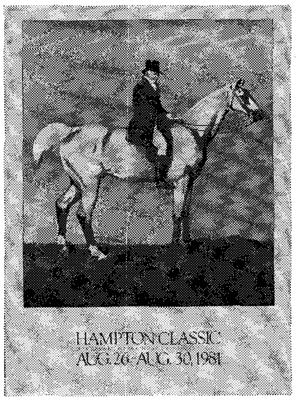

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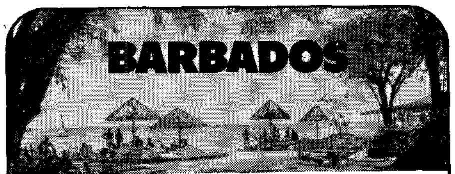

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Ducks, one of four daughters of an Anglo-German businessman, remarks about halfway through her story. "I, too," the reader (longing for more than just longings) may scribble in the margin. There are plenty of vague events here—love affairs that fade away, sibling feuds that are forgiven, family crises that ebb and flow—but they all seem arbitrary or inevitable; the sisters' Jewish ancestry, for instance, which their father would as soon forget, will compound their troubles, and then a wedding in Israel will sort some of them out. Ducks' talk of spinsterhood at the age of twenty-six seems somewhat dated (the time is the late sixties), and her brusque manner with sisters, suitors, and readers ("I nearly miscarried," she reports toward the end, after spinsterhood has been averted, "and was seriously ill for a time") keeps spoiling the illusion that the narrator is really a woman.

NOTE: "Watch Time Fly," a collection of stories by Laura Furman, has been published by Viking ($14.95). Many of the stories first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

JULIA: A PORTRAIT OF JULIA STRACHEY, by Herself and Frances Partridge (Little, Brown; $16.95). A poignant work, part autobiography and part biography, about an English novelist and short-story writer (1901-79) whose parental home fell apart when she was five and who remained a waif—brilliant, magnetic, talented, but a waif nonetheless—her whole life long. Julia Strachey was born in India, was shipped home to England when her parents separated, and was farmed out to relatives, including her father's in-laws from his second marriage—Alys Russell, the deserted wife of Bertrand Russell, and her bachelor brother Logan Pearsall Smith. Frances Partridge and Julia Strachey became friends in primary school. They were never out of touch, so when Julia's incomplete autobiography or her diary or letters fail, Frances can turn to her own diary, letters, and recollections. Julia married twice, both times unhappily; her love affairs also ended sadly. Frances' happy marriage and household offered Julia an intermittent haven. All through her life, Julia's friendships suggest her quality—at a dark time, T. S. Eliot was

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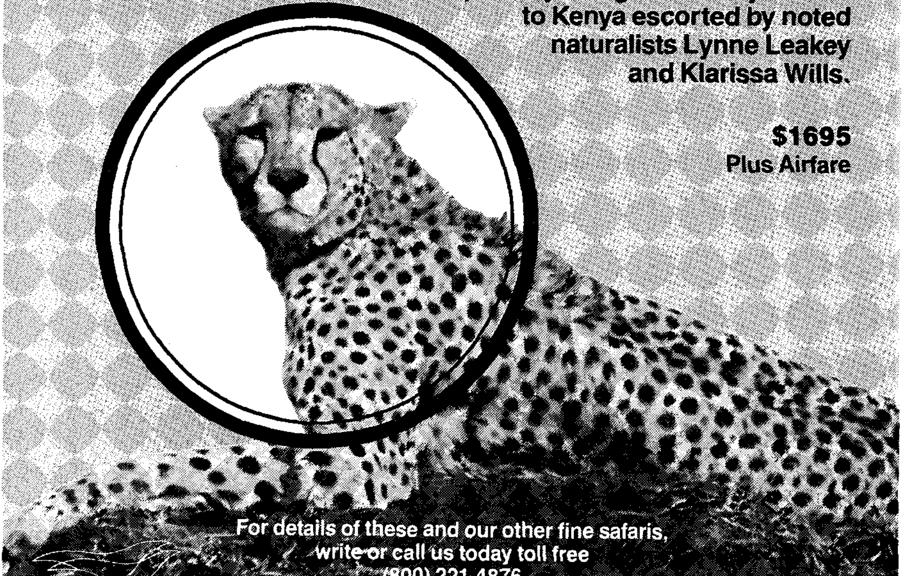

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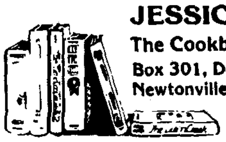

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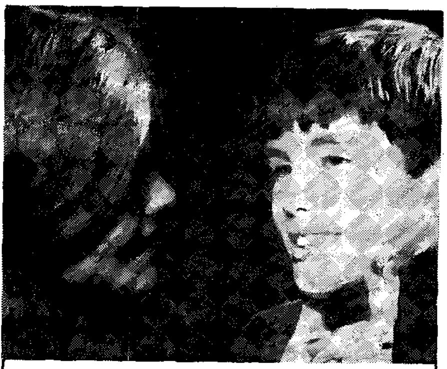
happy to cheer her up—and this book conveys her originality, her exasperating, self-destructive obstinacy, and her charm at the same time that it portrays an indestructible tie between two dissimilar women.

The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth, by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $22.50). In a preface, the authors explain that they initially believed in the innocence of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who were executed as spies in 1953, and that Mr. Radosh, a professor of history, particularly looked forward to examining government papers released under the Freedom of Information Act—two hundred thousand pages or more—in which there might be documentary support for his belief. Besides studying the papers, he interviewed surviving participants in and observers of the Rosenbergs' trial and appeals, and friends, relatives, and neighbors. All this evidence has persuaded both authors that Julius Rosenberg was "the coördinator of an extensive espionage operation," that his wife "probably knew of and supported" his endeavors, and that the strident and inept worldwide campaigns for their reprieve or pardon were managed—and intended to fail—by Communists who wanted the Rosenbergs martyred and the United States embarrassed. The authors find that the government's insistence on indicting Ethel Rosenberg on a capital charge was meant to bring pressure on her husband to confess, and that specialists within the government disingenuously allowed the public to believe that the Russians would not have been able to build an atomic bomb without the Rosenbergs' help. They conclude that though the Rosenbergs were guilty they should not have been executed. The book conveys with great plausibility the attitude of those Americans who believed that spying on the United States for the Soviet Union was more than justifiable—that it was noble.

The People of England: A Short Social and Economic History, by Maurice Ashley (Louisiana State; $20). A sweep through English history, beginning with the first incursions into the British Isles by the Celts and coming down through the Roman occupation (four



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hundred years of it) to 1066, the Elizabethans, the American Revolution, and Napoleon, the Industrial Revolution, Victoria, two world wars, and the welfare state—all in just over two hundred pages. Mr. Ashley conjures up this long vista of English history—and discusses the fluctuations of wealth and poverty, demography, the monarchy, class, public health, the rights of labor, and a dozen and one other semi-abstractions—in prose that is quick with life and color and free of all pedantry. Illustrations.

KLEIST: A BIOGRAPHY, by Joachim Maass, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $22.50). The writings of Heinrich von Kleist (1777-1811) were unevenly appreciated in his lifetime. Among his elders, Wieland thought him a genius, while Goethe did not. The reading public was both enthralled and repelled by Kleist's excesses—breaches of classical literary decorum which, after his scandalous death (a double suicide with another man's wife), became the Romantic literary ideal. His ventures included book publishing in Dresden and editing the first daily newspaper in Berlin—financially disastrous efforts that were historically important to German literary development. He was a passionate German nationalist who loathed Napoleon but also despised Germany's pretentious kings and stuffy kingdoms. Kleist's political writing seems indicative of Germany's long-lasting political backwardness, but Mr. Maass's lucid accounts of his other works, such as the comedy "The Broken Jug," suggest their artistic worth.

DEAR BESS: THE LETTERS FROM HARRY TO BESS TRUMAN, 1910-1959, edited by Robert H. Ferrell (Norton; $19.95). This volume shows an engaging man with an enormous capacity for devotion to his parents as well as to the recipient of these letters, who was, in succession, a young woman he courted, his fiancée, his wife, and the mother of his adored daughter. Though Truman was always frank about his humble origins, the early letters reveal his acquaintance with literature, history, music, and drama—in the great days of the road, even Paderewski played Kansas City, and Truman probably saw more live Shakespeare before the First World

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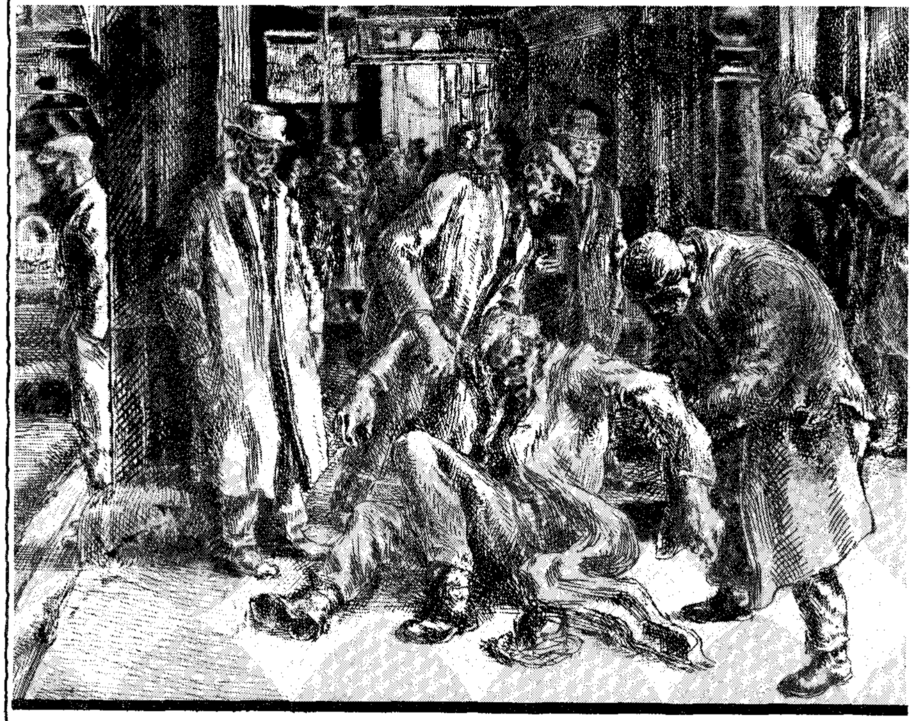

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War than a New Yorker can see today. His lengthy courtship was rewarded by marriage in 1919, when he returned from the war, but his letters continued, for he and his wife were often apart: when Truman attended Masonic assemblages, or summer encampments as a reserve officer; when he travelled for the Old Trails Association; when he served in the Senate and as Vice-President. Even after he became President, Mrs. Truman seems to have visited Washington rather than lived there. The result, luckily, is a running commentary on a half century's political headlines.

SOLO: AN AMERICAN DREAMER IN EUROPE: 1933-1934, by Wright Morris (Harper & Row; $14.95). In the summer of 1933, the author, just out of college, worked in the Schlitz Garden Café at the Century of Progress Exposition, in Chicago, to earn enough money to spend a year in Europe. In October, with three hundred and sixty dollars in his pocket, he sailed from New York, on a freighter, for Amsterdam and his economy-class *Wanderjahr*. He was unimpressed by Paris, went to Vienna, and spent a rent-free winter at an Austrian castle peopled by a cast out of Grimm. Later, with a cloddish American friend, he cycled through a good part of Italy, and was jailed by Mussolini's soldiery for three days on unspecified charges. He was back in Paris for the hottest part of the summer, got into trouble trying to shoplift a copy of Céline's "Journey to the End of Night," went broke, and sailed home with the reluctant help of the United States Embassy. He says he had a good time, but it doesn't sound like it. The book is thin, yet it is so engagingly written—marked, as it is, by Mr. Morris's sharp observation and sidelong humor—that one willingly stays with him to the end.

NOTE: "Politics and Money: The New Road to Corruption," by Elizabeth Drew, has been published by Macmillan ($11.95). The contents originally appeared in these pages.

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MURDER IN THE TITLE, by Simon Brett (Scribners; $11.95). Charles Paris's current stage persona—a corpse in a creaky whodunit at Rugland Spa's own Regent Theatre—looks to be his last: he tends to ap-

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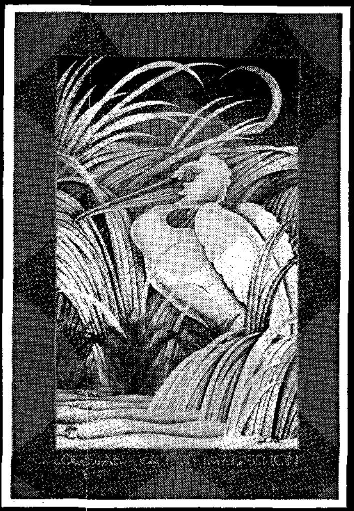

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pear more alive, and drunk, than dead. But his offstage career—this is the ninth mystery in which Mr. Brett has cast him as an amateur detective—begins to revive. More than one onstage disaster must occur before Charles notices that he is not to blame for all the company's bad luck (which involves nooses and swords as well as a bad press), and more than one conversation with local characters—from a snobbish trucker (he is a member of Blake's Club) to an aged fixture in Paris's favorite pub (her opening line is always "I know you")—before he figures out why he has not been fired, and why a colleague has died. An entertaining performance, for the most part; all the pieces fall into place a little too neatly at the end, but Mr. Brett has kept the reader stumbling happily over props backstage ("halberds and croquet mallets, fridges and thrones, wooden lamp-posts and polystyrene boulders"), and he finds time to explain what Kensington Gore is and how a "waspee" belt works.

NOBODY CARED FOR KATE, by Gene Thompson (Random House; $13.95). In his "Murder Mystery," Mr. Thompson gave us an almost flawless facsimile of the classic (Hammett-Chandler-MacDonald) private-investigator novel. Now, changing his voice and his manner, he offers us an almost flawless facsimile of the classic (Agatha Christie–Dorothy Sayers) country-house-party murder mystery. To further display his skills, he gives us the same sleuth, the San Francisco lawyer Dade Cooley, and his helpmate wife, Ellen. The scene is a luxury barge on the Canal du Midi chartered by a hateful American millionaire named Kate Mulvaney for a family gathering of various relatives heavily beholden to her. The plot is ingenious, the atmosphere of southwestern France is enjoyable, and there is much good wining and dining and three excellent murders, but there is also a heaviness, a flatness. Cooley performs better in the U.S.A.

•

"We stopped here to see this house," she said. "We really enjoyed it. We've been up in San Francisco and next thing, we're going to drive down and see the Hertz Castle," apparently referring to the home of publishing czar William Randolph Hertz.—*San Jose (Calif.) Mercury News.*

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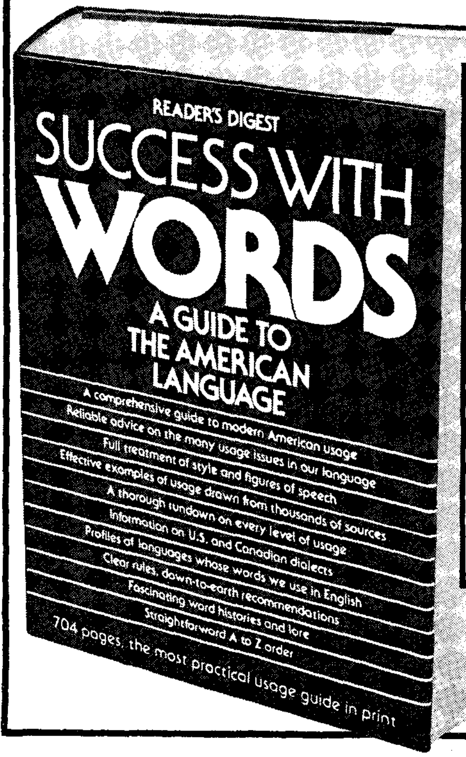
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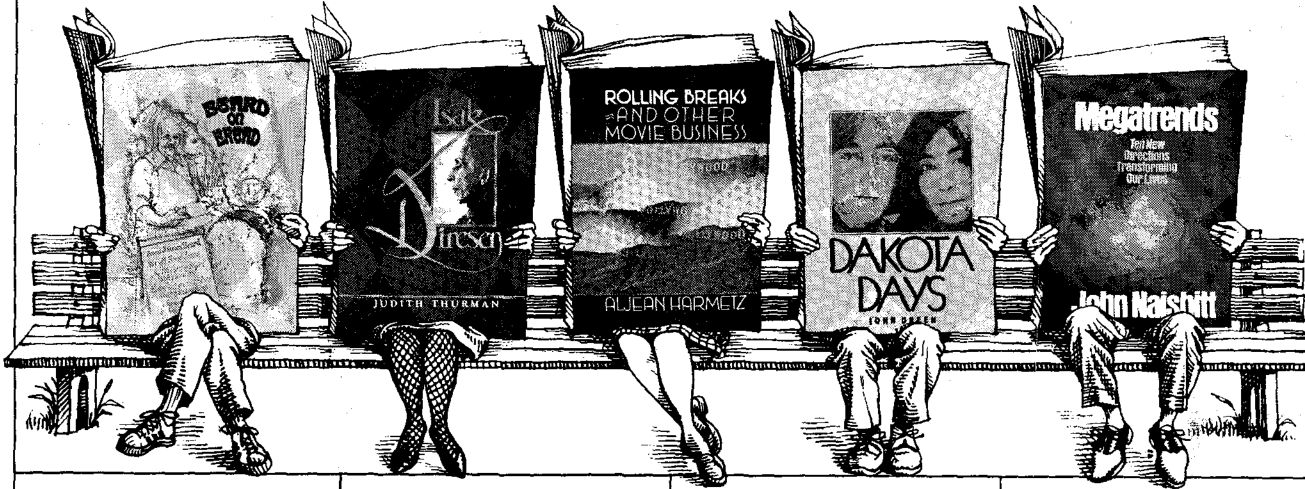

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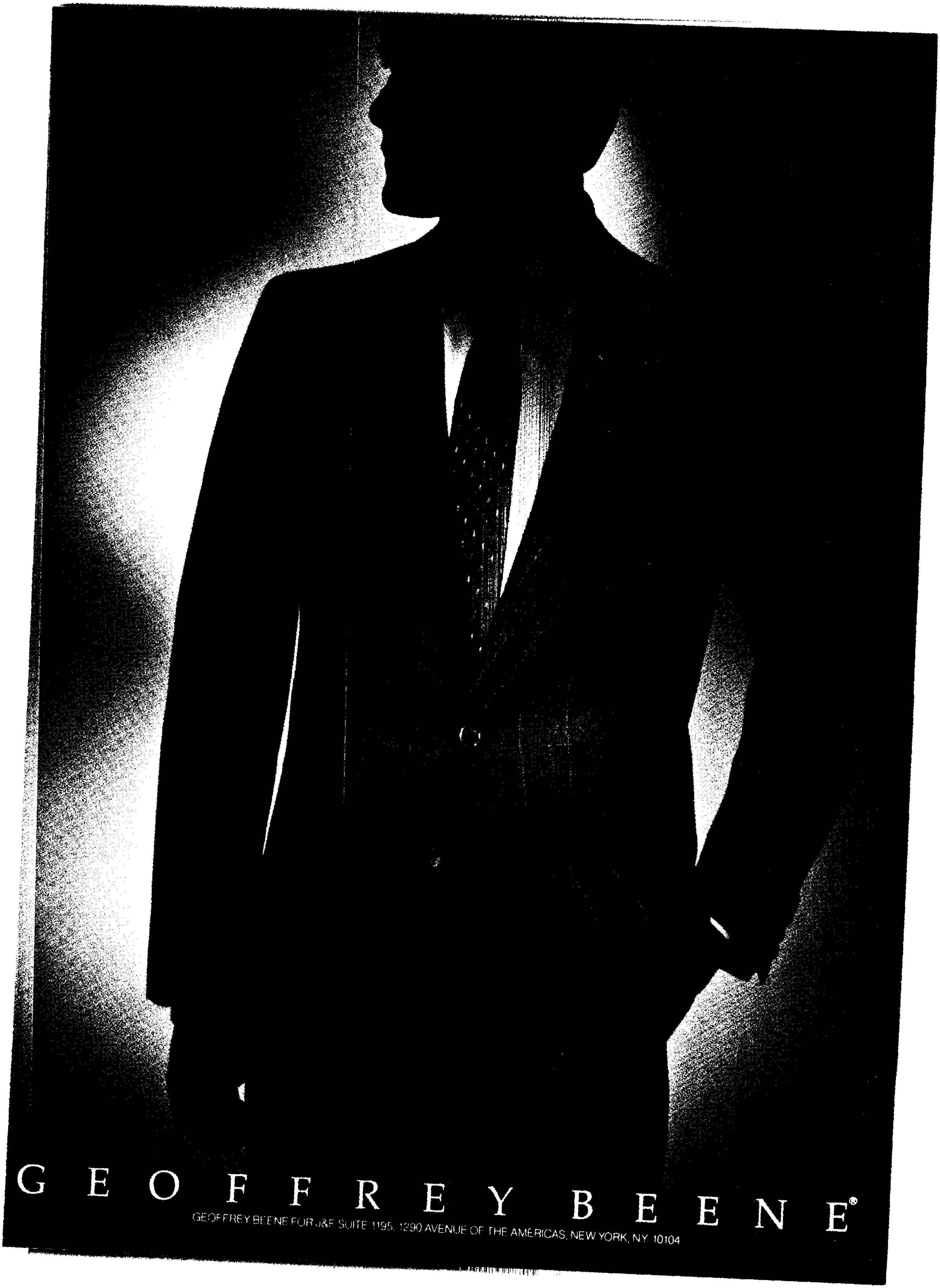
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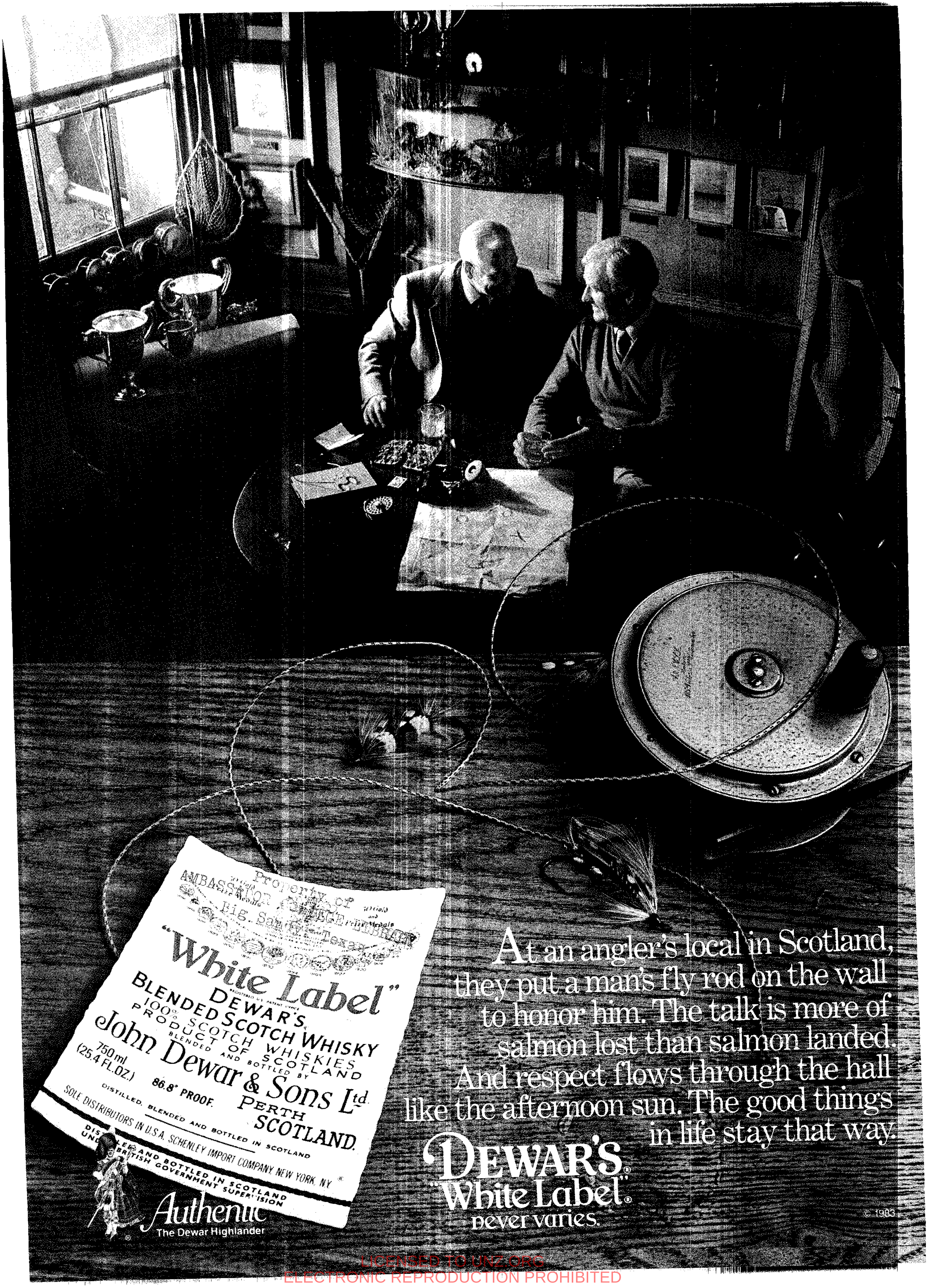
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